A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Book of JOB:

As likewiſe on the SONGS of

MOSES, DEBORAH, DAVID:

On Four Select

PSALMS:

SOME

Chapters of ISAIAH,

AND THE

Third Chapter of HABAKKUK.

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Ut ſi occupati profuimus aliquid civibus noſtris, proſimus etiam, ſi poſſumus, otioſi. Cic. Tuſcul. Quæſt.

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THE PREFACE.

THE great Miſchiefs which we already feel, and the far greater yet, we juſtly fear from the Univerſal Depravation of our Manners, and horrible Contempt of Sacred and Divine Things, have with good reaſon alarm'd all the Wiſer part of the Nation, who have a due Concern for the Intereſts of Religion, or the Good of their Country. Conſidering Men in all places expreſs their Melancholy Apprehenſions, that if Vice and Prophaneſs ſhould without controul ſpread their Infection much farther, the Conſequences would be fatal; and that notwithſtanding we have by His Majeſty's unrivall'd Courage, and moſt prudent Conduct, ſurmounted our fears of Foreign Enemies, the Nation is ſtill in greater Danger from our Vices and Immoralities, our more formidable ones at Home. His Majeſty therefore, to put a ſtop to the progreſs of this dreadful Evil, and after he has ſav'd us from our Enemies, to deliver us from our Selves, (his laſt and hardeſt Task) has been pleas'd to recommend from the Throne the Suppreſſing of Vice and Irreligion; and our Honourable Repreſentatives, in nothing more honourable than in this, have expreſs'd a ready and becoming Zeal for the accompliſhing this Great and Good Deſign.

To think of extirpating Vice would be indeed a vain Imagination; to ſuppreſs its growth, and reduce its

Power

Power and Intereſt, is not impoſſible. And tho' it muſt be granted, that even this is hard to be effected, yet when a Work is neceſſary, the Difficulty ſhould only whet the Courage, *and provoke the* Zeal *of the Undertakers. And when our* Government *ſhall endeavour to ſtop the various* Sources *of this* Miſchief, *when it ſhall attack with vigour the many* monſtrous Heads *of this* Hydra, *that terrible one that* poiſons the Stage, *and from thence conveys a* deadly Contagion *through the* Kingdom, *may, perhaps, receive a* mortifying ſtroke. *It muſt be confeſs'd, but not to the* Honour *of a* Chriſtian Nation, *that* Poetry *was never in the worſt of Times, or among the worſt of Men, employ'd to more* deteſtable Purpoſes *than it has been by the Writers of this Age. This Weapon which might have been manag'd with great advantage againſt* Vice *and* Prophaneſs, *they have made an Inſtrument of* Deſtruction, *and plung'd it into the Bowels of their* Native Country. *I will not ſay that the worſt of our* Poets, *no not he who in the late* looſe Reigns *introduc'd and eſtabliſh'd that pernicious way of Writing, which* corrupted *the* Stage, *and* deprav'd *our* Manners, *had this effect in view, and really deſign'd the* fatal Conſequences *that attended their* performances. *'Tis hard to imagine that any Men ſhould be ſo intellectually Wicked, as to promote* Immorality *and* Irreligion, *meerly for the ſake of doing ſo; but this has been, and is ſtill my complaint, that it is eventually true, that the* Looſe *and* Prophane Writings *of our* Poets, *whatever they deſign'd, have greatly contributed to that decay of* Vertue, *and corruption of* Manners, *which threaten the* Nation *with ſuch dangerous Conſequences.*

The

The Regard I have for the Intereſts *of* Religion, *and my Zeal for the* Safety *and* Happineſs *of my* Country, *have extorted theſe* Complaints *from me: And though I know 'tis impoſſible to eſcape the* Reproaches *of thoſe who will think themſelves either* unjuſtly, *or too* ſeverely *cenſured in this Matter; yet that is no* diſcouragement *to me. If I can* eſcape *the Defamation of their* Panegyricks, *I think my ſelf very ſafe. I have no Perſonal Quarrel with any of the* Writers *I have cenſur'd; and if they think fit to* expoſe *my* Name *for aſſerting the* Cauſe *of* Vertue *and* Religion, *I have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with them for doing me ſo* great *an* Honour. *If it be not poſſible to regulate this* Grievance, *and reform this* evil Manner *of* Writing, *at leaſt I am willing that* Poſterity *ſhould know, if my* Writings *ſhould* continue *ſo long, that the* Intereſts *of* Religion *and* Vertue, *I mean as far as Poetry is concerned in them, were not given up without Oppoſition, or any Proteſtations enter'd againſt it.*

One of the moſt Famous Poets *of the Stage has at laſt expreſly own'd, that the* Charge *brought againſt him is* too juſt. *He has done it in* two Lines; *the* two beſt *he ever writ, and by which, in my Opinion, he has acquir'd more* true Honour *than by all the Volumes he has publiſh'd. The* two Lines *are theſe:*

What I have looſely, or prophanely writ,
Let them to Fires, (their due Deſert) commit.

Verſes before *Beauty in Diſtreſs.*

Though particular Perſons *endeavour to vindicate themſelves, yet in the general 'tis allow'd that the*

Stage *requires a* Reformation. *The* chief *things that are ſaid in the* defence *of our* Modern Plays, *are theſe; that they are an* agreeable Diverſion, *and that they mightily* poliſh *and* improve *our* Language. *But of what Perſons muſt that* Audience *be compos'd, who ſhall call that an* agreeable Diverſion, *where* Prophaneſs *and* Immorality *are kindly treated and encouraged, and* Vertue *and* Wiſdom *expoſed and put out of Countenance? Was it not an Argument of the great* Degeneracy *of the* Romans, *when they became* delighted *with the* bloody Entertainments *of the* Amphitheatre, *where the* Gladiators *mangled and killed one another for the* Sport *and* Paſtime *of the cruel Spectators? But 'tis infinitely more pardonable to be thus* diverted, *than to make* Sport *with the* Tragical *Performances of the* Engliſh Theatre. *'Tis ſad indeed that* Humane Nature *ſhould at any time be ſo far diveſted of all tender Paſſions, as that it ſhould be delighted with the* Torments *and* dying Agonies *tho' of* condemn'd Criminals; *but for any People to make it a* Diverſion *to ſee their* Religion *inſulted, hurt, and wounded, to ſee Vertue it ſelf receive ſuch cuts and deep gaſhes, is a certain* mark *of the moſt* deplorable *Corruption.*

As to what is ſaid of the Improvement *of our* Language *by the* Writers *for the* Stage, *I believe 'tis in part true; though it muſt be own'd at the ſame time that our moſt famous* Maſters, *and moſt correct* Writers *of* Engliſh, *are either of the Clergy, or elſe are Gentlemen whoſe* Stile *ſeems to have nothing of the* Air *of the* Theatre *in it. But ſuppoſe it were indeed* true, *that we owe all the* Refinements *of our* Language

guage *to the* Stage, *will that make amends for the Miſchiefs which are* univerſally *laid to its Charge? Does the Honour and Happineſs of a People depend upon the* Politeneſs *of their* Language, *or the* Purity *of their* Manners? *let theſe* Gentlemen *reſtore the* old Engliſh *Vertue, but ſo far as 'tis impair'd by them, and we'll be contented to take our* old Language *in the Condition they found it.*

There is a degree *of Vertue neceſſary to the* ſupport *of every* Civil Society, *without which the* wiſeſt *Laws, and the moſt* prudent *Proviſions will be in vain. Not many* Princes *have Vertue enough for themſelves, but none, no not the* Beſt, *not our* Great King *himſelf, who has enough for* many Kings, *has enough for himſelf, and his People too. For if the* Corruption *of any* Nation *ſhould encreaſe to that* degree, *that there ſhould not be Men of Vertue* leſt *to put the* Laws *in Execution; if the* Numbers *and* Confidence *of the* Criminals *become ſo* great, *that they ſtand upon their* defence, deſpiſe *the Authority, and* defy *the Power of the* Magiſtrate; *that* Nation *for* want *of Vertue, let the* Magiſtrate *and* Laws *be never ſo* good, *muſt be certainly* undone. *Whoever therefore, as the Poets of the* Stage *have done, ſhall by any means* ſink *the* Vertue, *and* corrupt *the* Manners *of the People, do effectually* undermine *the* Foundations, *and* ſubvert *the* Pillars *of the* Government; *for a* profligate *and* flagitious *People will deſtroy themſelves in ſpite of the* beſt Laws *and the* wiſeſt Miniſters *in the World.*

This is the ground *of my Controverſie with the* Stage. *If a* Foreign *Enemy ſhould invade the* Nation, *every* Engliſh-man *ſhould take the alarm, although*

though he has receiv'd from them no perſonal *Provocation. The ſame Reaſon will juſtifie the* Oppoſition *I have made to thoſe* Poets *I have at any time* condemn'd, *and will plainly ſhow that I did not do it unprovok'd. Whoever* undermines *the* Goverment, provokes *every Man that* loves It, *to* reſiſt *him.*

'Tis a great damage alſo to the Nation, that ſo much of its fineſt Spirit *is thus waſted, or employed to very* bad Ends. *'Tis plain that many of a* Poetical Genius *are likewiſe fit for the* greateſt *and* higheſt *Employments both in* Church *and* State; *and there are but very few, that are ſuch* meer Poets, *as only to be capable of being* Turners of Verſes. *If therefore our* Youth *who are* Poetically *inclin'd, would conſider the Matter, and thereupon apply themſelves to Buſineſs, or* ſeverer *Studies, many of them might ariſe to* eminent Stations, *and at the ſame time* advance *themſelves, and become very* ſerviceable *to their Country; and by this means they would acquire greater Honour and Reputation, than ever they will do by their* Rhimes and Plays: *For if they would reflect, they would ſoon be convinc'd, that tho'* Poetry *is indeed an* Ornament *to thoſe that have more noble and more uſeful Qualities, yet when it becomes a* Profeſſion, *'tis one of the meaneſt and loweſt ſort: 'Tis like* Dancing *and* Muſick *which we value in a* Gentleman, *when a* Muſician *or a* Dancing-Maſter *make no* conſiderable *Figure: So greatly different are the* degrees *of* Eſteem, *which all Men pay, and not without good reaſon, to the ſame* Attainment, *when 'tis in one an* Accompliſhment, *in another, a* Trade.

And

And that I may not only cenſure *the* Performances *of others, but likewiſe give a* freſh *Example of a* Writing *that may both* entertain *and* inſtruct *the* Reader, *I have made a* third, *which I intend as my* laſt Attempt *in* Poetry.

It has been obſerved by great Judges, *and I find Mr.* Le Clerk *of the* ſame Opinion, *that the* Moderns *have wholly* form'd *themſelves on the* Models *of the Ancients, and that we have ſcarce any thing but the* Greek *and* Latin Poetry *in the World. We have no* Originals, *but all* Copiers *and* Tranſcribers *of* Homer, Pindar, *and* Theocritus, Virgil, Horace, *and* Ovid. *Their* Deſign, *their* Phraſe, *their* Manner, *and even their* Heathen Theology, *appear in all the* Poems *that have ſince their* Time *been publiſhed to the World, eſpecially in the* Learned Languages. *'Tis therefore to be wiſh'd that ſome* good Genius, qualify'd *for ſuch an* Undertaking, *would break the* Ice, *aſſert the* Liberty *of* Poetry, *and ſet up for an* Original *in* Writing *in a way accommodated to the* Religion, Manners, *and other* Circumſtances *we are now under. But however we write, I think 'tis* high time *to leave out our* Alluſions *to the* Pagan Divinity; *for how* beautiful *ſoever they might be in in the* Pagan Authors, *who wrote to a People that believ'd in thoſe* Deities, *'tis the moſt* ridiculous *and* ſenſeleſs *thing in the World for a* Chriſtian Poet *to bring in upon all* Occaſions *the* Rabble *and* Riffraffe *of* Heatheniſh Gods; *and yet if we reflect on our* Modern *Poems one would think we were all* Pagans *to this day. What have we to do with* Jupiter *and* Juno, Mars *and* Venus, *and the reſt?*

Parrhaſians.

We know they are a Jest, and yet they are brought into all our most grave *and* chaſteſt *Poems. Solemn Prayers are made to them by* Chriſtian Writers, *than which there cannot be a more intollerable* Abſurdity. *I know 'tis ſaid, as I have elſewhere obſerv'd, that the* Chriſtian Scheme *of* Religion *is not ſo well accommodated to Poetical* Writings, *and therefore our* Poets *are oblig'd to embeliſh their* Works *with the* Pagan Theology: *A* wretched Apology! *Are our* Poets *then ſo dry and barren, have they ſo little* Learning, *and ſo poor a ſtock of* Images, *that they are not able to furniſh themſelves with proper* Alluſions, *ſurprizing* Metaphors, *and beautiful* Similes, *without reviving the old exploded* Idolatry *of the* Heathens? *As in this* Book *of* Job, *they will find a Poem that is indeed an* Original, *and not beholding to the* Greek *and* Latin Springs; *ſo they will find, if it be not depreſs'd by the Paraphraſe, a* ſublime Stile, elevated Thoughts, magnificent Expreſſions *where the* Subject *requires them, and great* richneſs *and* abundance *throughout the whole, without the* Aids *of the* Pagan Syſtem *of* Divinity.

It has been generally allow'd that almoſt all the Book *of* Job *is writ in* Metre; *though a very learned Perſon, famous for his Skill in theſe* Matters, *has aſſured me that this is a* miſtake: *However that be, 'tis univerſally agreed that the* Subject *of it is treated in a Poetical manner; that is, the* Narration, *the* Alluſions, *the* Similes, *and the* Diction, *are ſuch as are proper only to Poems. But 'tis a Controverſie among learned Men what kind of Poem it is: Some are of* Opinion *that there never was any ſuch*

Man

Man in Being as Job, *but that the Perſon is* feigned, *and all the* Sacred Story *concerning him is made up of* Allegories *and* Fables, *compoſed for the Inſtruction of* Mankind, *like the Parabolical Relations in the* New Teſtament; *and of this Opinion were many of the* Ancient Jews. *Others believe that this* Book *contains a relation of nothing but* real Facts, *without* feigned Incidents *or* Epiſodes; *and that therefore it is an* Hiſtorical Poem, *like that of* Lucan, *which contains the* Narration *of a* Series *of* real Actions *in a* poetical *way without interpoſing any* feign'd Stories. *Moſt of the* Commentators *and* Criticks *that have writ on this* Book, *if not all, are of one of theſe* two Opinions. *But I have in Converſation met with learned Men that are of a* middle Opinion; *that is, that this is a* Poem *founded on a* true Hiſtory, *as thoſe of* Homer *probably were: But then they ſay the* Conduct, *the* Method, *the* Machines, *the* Incidents, *and the* Epiſodes, *which make up a great part of the* Poem, *were form'd in the Poet's* Imagination, *and that therefore this* Poem *is of the* Epick *kind. As to the* firſt Opinion, *I think the* Scriptures *fully confute it, by aſſerting the* Perſon *and* Patience *of* Job *ſo plainly, that it leaves no room for any tolerable Evaſion. As to the* two laſt, *many things of Weight and Importance may be urg'd on either ſide; and therefore I ſhall not undertake to decide the Controverſie, but content my ſelf in giving the* Reaſons *that I have read or heard offer'd to ſupport each* Aſſertion.

Thoſe of the laſt Opinion *in the* defence *of it alledge, that the* Frame *of the* whole Book *ſhews it to be the Work of* Imagination *and* Contrivance,

and

and not a relation of a Series of real Actions. *No Body can believe, ſay they, that* Satan *did really appear before* God, *and that the* Diſcourſe *recited in the* Book *was indeed held between them in the Preſence of the* Holy Angels: *'Tis not credible that the* Meſſengers *that brought an account to* Job *of ſo many* Sufferings *that befel him, did really come upon the heels of one another ſo faſt, and in ſuch a manner as is there* related. *They think 'tis improbable that* Job *ſhould ſit ſo long upon a* Dunghil, *and that his* Acquaintance *ſhould wait ſeven days and nights together without ſpeaking a word to their* ſorrowful Friend. *They look on this to be a Poetical way of repreſenting the* vaſt Diſtreſs *that overwhelmed the* patient Sufferer. *They ſay, 'tis incredible that all thoſe* prolix Diſcourſes *ſhould be actually held between* Job *and his* Friends; *and that a Man in ſuch* ſad Circumſtances, *as* Job *is ſuppoſed to be, ſhould ſpeak ſo very long, and uſe ſo many Poetical* Similes, Metaphors, *and beautiful* Deſcriptions *as are found in his ſeveral* Speeches. *They urge alſo that it has an Air of* Contrivance *to ſink a Man ſo ſuddenly from the moſt* proſperous *Condition, and to lay him under ſuch* grievous Sufferings, *and the very* extremity *of* Miſery, *and then by a no leſs* ſudden *and* ſurprizing Revolution, *in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, to make him again the* moſt happy *Man in the World. They urge that in the Cataſtrophe, when this* patient Man *is rewarded for his* inflexible Perſeverance, *the allotting him juſt the ſame number of* Children *as he had loſt, and juſt a double quantity of* Riches *as he enjoyed before, ſeems too* nice *to be a* real Fact. *The Men of this* Opinion

do

do not diſpute the reality *of the Perſon of* Job: *They allow there was a Perſon of that* Name, *eminent for his* Righteouſneſs, *and famous for his* Patience; *for this the* Scriptures *expreſly affirm; and they ſuppoſe ſome* great Poet, *under the Guidance and Aſſiſtance of* Divine Inſpiration, *did for the Inſtruction of* Mankind *chuſe this* Subject, *and contrive the* Poem *upon it of which we are now diſcourſing. They affirm that this Poem of* Job *is of the* Epick *kind, here being found all the* eſſential *parts requir'd in the* Conſtitution *of ſuch a Poem. They add farther as a* confirmation *of their* Opinion, *that though* Machines, *that is, the introducing of* Inviſible Superiour Beings, *and the intereſting of them in the Buſineſs of the Poem, are not neceſſary to an* Epick *Poem; yet as it does greatly heighten and embeliſh the* Narration, *they can't but take notice that this* Conduct *is obſerved here; for the* chief Apoſtate Angel, *and even the* Divine Being himſelf, *are both introduced in the moſt proper manner that can be; and as this perhaps is the* Original *of that ſort of* Writing, *ſo it does thereby diſcover a great* Air *of the Allegorial* Epick *Poetry.*

Thoſe on the other ſide argue thus: As according to a ſettled Maxim *of* Interpreting *the* Scriptures, *we ſhould not without apparent Neceſſity quit the* plain *and* literal Senſe, *and embrace a* foreign, more ſtrain'd *and* leſs obvious Meaning: *ſo without the ſame neceſſity we ſhould not turn the Relation of any* Fact *into* Invention *and* Allegory. *And to make it appear that there is no ſuch* reaſon *in this Caſe, they alledge that there is nothing related in this* Book, *but what may well be ſuppos'd to have actually happened;*

that though many things appear improbable *and hardly* credible *to the* Reader, *this is no* convincing proof *that they were not* real Facts. *For all Men that are are verſt in* Hiſtory *will meet with many wonderful and improbable* Occurrences, *which notwithſtanding upon* ſufficient Evidence *they are forc'd to believe; and they ſay that for that reaſon, becauſe the* Facts *were ſo* extraordinary *and* ſurprizing, *they were recorded in this* Book *for our* Admiration *and* Inſtruction. *They had rather give their* Aſſent *to ſome things that ſound only harſh and improbable, for many ſuch* Relations *are undoubtedly true, than by departing from the* literal Senſe *encourage and embolden* uncautious *and* wanton Wits *to break in upon the* Scriptures, *and turn the* Hiſtory *of the* Bible *into* Parables *and* Allegories; *for the Conſequence of ſuch a* licentious *way of* interpreting *the* Scriptures *they look on as very miſchievous. They think that the unneceſſary* Conceſſions *of ſome* Divines *in theſe* Points *tend mightily to unſettle Men in the* Principles *of their* Religion, *and weaken their* Reverence *of* Divine Revelation.

They do indeed allow the appearance of Satan *before the* Throne *of* God, *and the* Diſcourſe *on that* Occaſion *to be an* Allegory, *for there are* cogent *Reaſons for it; but for the reſt of the* relations *in the Book they ſee no* neceſſity *of making them* Allegorical *alſo. There is the like* Allegory *us'd in the* Hiſtory *of* Ahab, *where 'tis ſaid a* Spirit *appear'd before the* Throne *of* God, *and offer'd to be a* lying Spirit *in the Mouths of* Ahab's Prophets *to perſwade their* Maſter *to go down to* War *to* Raamath Gilead, *and he had leave given him to do ſo:*

But

But though this be an Allegory, *yet without doubt all the reſt of the* Story *about this* Expedition *of* Ahab *againſt the* King *of* Syria *was* real. *And to be more particular, that* Almighty God *ſhould permit the* great Enemy *of* Mankind *to afflict and perſecute a* great *and a* good Man *for the* proof *of his* Conſtancy *and* Uprightneſs; *and to make his* Vertues *more* conſpicuous *and* exemplary, *that he ſhould leave him for a time under this ſharp and ſevere* Trial, *and at laſt* deliver *the* patient Sufferer, *and* reſtore *him to his former* flouriſhing Condition: *This has nothing in it but what is very agreeable to the Courſe of* Divine Providence; *and if there be any* Facts *in the* Book, *that ſeem improbable, 'tis owing to the* Poetical *manner of repreſenting them, in which perhaps the* Time, Order, Place, *and other* Circumſtances, *are not ſo nicely obſerved.*

But whether this be an Epick, *or barely an* Hiſtorical Poem, *which I leave undecided, the* Character *of* Job *may in my* Opinion *be every way proper for the* firſt. *The* Hero *is indeed a* paſſive *one, and this perhaps will be made a great* Objection *againſt this Aſſertion; becauſe* Homer's *and* Virgil's Heroes *are very active Perſons. For the* Criticks *forming their* Model *of an* Heroick Poem *intirely upon the Example of theſe* two famous Writers, *make* great *and* illuſtrious *Actions neceſſary to the* Hero *of the* Poem, *which* conforming *my ſelf to their Precepts, I have formerly* aſſerted. *But upon what Authority is this impoſed on the* World? *What* Commiſſion *had theſe two* Poets *to* ſettle *the* limits *and* extent *of* Epick Poetry, *or who can prove they ever intended to do ſo? They wrote according to their own* Notions

tions *and* Meaſures; *and muſt all* future *Ages be bound up to follow their Examples, without producing any other* Reaſon? *Yet this* Opinion, *how groundleſs and abſurd ſoever it appears, ſome imagine, has been the* great obſtruction *to the* Improvement *of* Poetry *among the* Moderns. *But it may be urged that the* Book *of* Job *was written before* Homer *and* Virgil, *and the* World *has as much reaſon to be governed by this Example, as by that of the* Pagan Writers. *And if we look into the Reaſon of the* Matter, *and reflect on the End and Deſign of an Epick* Poem, *which is to inſtruct the World in ſome important* Moral Truth, *by the* Narration *of ſome great and illuſtrious* Subject-Matter, *there is no queſtion but the* relation *of the Sufferings, as well as the Actions of* great Perſons, *are very conducive to that end; and indeed what elſe is the* Subject *of the* Odyſſes? *'Tis true, the* Iliad *is all* active, *and a very* fighting Poem; *but if the* Odyſſes *be conſider'd, 'tis of another nature, there is more a great deal of the* Heroes Sufferings *not evaded by Arms, but by little* Tricks *and* Subtilties, *than there is of Action; and yet Mr.* Rapin *accounts this the more* perfect Poem. *In ſhort, 'tis hard to offer any Reaſon why the* Hero *of the* Poem *may not be as well* active *as* paſſive. *If it be ſaid, the Authority of* Homer *is againſt it (for as for* Virgil *he is but a* Copier *of* Homer's *Model) the anſwer is, that the* Authority *of the* Book of Job *is* for it; *and moreover that* Homer *is of this* Opinion *in his* ſecond, *tho' againſt it in his* firſt *Poem. If it be ſaid that* Reaſon *is againſt it, let that* Reaſon *be produc'd; let it be ſhown that the* Sufferings *of a* great Man

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manag'd with equal Skill, *will not equally ſerve the Ends of* Epick Poetry. *As for what the* Criticks *ſay on this Point, 'tis plain that* Homer *has been the* great Lawgiver *to thoſe Men; they have done* little *but turn'd his* Examples *into* Precepts; *and bringing no* Reaſons *to ſupport what they* aſſert, *they are of no* weight *in this* Matter. Job *then is a* Hero *proper for an* Epick Poem, *an Illuſtrious Perſon fit to ſupport the* Dignity *of that* Character: *He is by the* Inſtigation *of* Satan *brought into miſerable* Streights *and unparalell'd* Sufferings, *to try his* Conſtancy *and* Integrity. *He appears brave in* Diſtreſs, *and valiant in* Affliction, *maintains his* Vertue, *and with that his* Character, *under the moſt powerful* Temptations, *and exaſperating* Provocations *that the Malice of* Hell *could invent, and thereby gives a moſt noble Example of* paſſive Fortitude, *a* Character *no way* inferiour *to that of the* active Hero. *When the various Efforts to break this* mighty Man's *Invincible* Conſtancy *prov'd ineffectual, he is at the latter end of the* Poem acquitted *by* God Himſelf, *and rewarded highly for his* Patience *and* Perſeverance; *whereby the* Juſtice *of Divine Providence is aſſerted, and Mankind encouraged to be ſtedfaſt in their* Religion *and* Integrity, *upon a ſure* Belief *that* Vertue *will not always be neglected, but will at laſt receive a ſuitable Reward.*

Whatever others aſſert, in my Judgment *the* Hero *of the* Poem *ought not to be drawn without ſome defects; for as the repreſenting of a perfect* Idea *of* Vertue, *which is never to be* found *in any* meer Man, *offends againſt the Eſtabliſh'd Rule in* Epick Writings, *which excludes all things improbable, ſo*

inſtead of promoting, it rather obſtructs the End of that Poetry: *For a perfect* Idea *of* Vertue *and* Excellency *may amaze and dazle us; but when propounded for our* Imitation, *it will rather diſcourage, than excite us: But when the Examples of* Vertue *that are ſet before us, are diſcern'd to have a mixture of* Imperfection, *we are provok'd and embolden'd to* form *our ſelves according to ſuch a Pattern, where there appears no* Impoſſibility, *as there does in the other, of becoming like it.*

This Poem *ſeems to me to abound in all kinds of* Beauties, *which are admir'd in Poetical* Writings. *What noble ſtrains of Eloquence occurr in every place where they ought to appear, eſpecially in the* latter part *of this* Book? *How* tender *and* moving *are the* Thoughts *in the* Paſſionate, *how* proper, juſt *and* inſtructive *in the* Moral, *how* ſublime, admirable *and* majeſtick *in the other Parts? What Variety is there of elegant Expreſſion, beautiful* Similitudes, *bold and ſurprizing* Metaphors, *natural, ſtrong, and lively* Images *and* Deſcriptions *throughout the whole? In many of theſe it exceeds, and in all of them it equals the moſt* Celebrated Writings *of the* Greeks *and* Romans. *And if it ſhould* hereafter *happen, that* Homer *or* Virgil *ſhould be well* Tranſlated *into the Engliſh* Language, *I am very confident that this* Book, *were it Tranſlated or Paraphraſed with* equal Skill, *would outſhine them in all* ſorts of Perfection. *But as to the* chief *End and Deſign of an Epick Poem, the giving a noble and true* Idea *of the* Divine Being, *the* Juſtification *of his* Providence, *the* Inſtruction *of* Mankind *in* Moral Duties, *and animating the* Reader *from proper*

per Motives to imitate *the Illuſtrious Examples of* Piety *and* Vertue *ſet before them, in this reſpect, which is infinitely the moſt conſiderable, this of* Job *puts all the* Poems *of the* Heathen World *out of Countenance. How will* Homer's *wretched Tribe of* Gods *and* Goddeſſes, *introduc'd with all the Follies and Vices too of* corrupt Mankind *appear to the* World *as now inſtructed and inlighten'd with the* Chriſtian Revelation? *And tho'* Virgil *is in that, as in other things, more judicious and cautious than the* Greek Poet, *yet his* Theology *muſt be very odious to a* Chriſtian Reader; *and if the* Machines *of theſe* Poets *in which ſo much of the Beauty of their* Poems *conſiſts are ſo contemptible and ridiculous, a great part of their Excellency is gone.*

There are indeed ſome few Moral Sentences *interſpers'd in theſe* Poets; *but as they ſeem inſerted only as Embelliſhments of the* Writing, *ſo the* Body *of the* Poem *carries little Inſtruction in it. For my part, when I conſider theſe* Poems, *I am of Mr.* Le Clerk's *Opinion, that the* Authors *had nothing elſe in their view than to entertain and pleaſe the* Reader, *and that all the Materials and Contrivance were accommodated to that End. 'Tis true,* Criticks *in after-Ages, a ſort of Men who are very apt to diſcover in* Writings *many notable things that never enter'd into the* Author's Thoughts, *have found out wiſe and inſtructive* Morals *in the* Poems *before-mention'd; yet this ſeems an* Invention *of their own. For as the* Learned Man *before-mention'd obſerves, 'tis ſcarce poſſible to relate any wonderful* Action *of a Great Perſon, or any conſiderable* Occurrence, *but 'twill be very eaſie to draw* Ubi ſupra.

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ſome Moral Inference *from it, tho' the* Writer *never had it in his* Imagination. *And the very ſame Perſon has with as great* grounds *of Probability drawn from the* Iliad *and the* Æneis, Morals *very different from thoſe that are commonly mention'd, and has offer'd ſufficient* Reaſons *to make us* doubtful *whether the* Morals *attributed to theſe* Poems *were ever intended by the* Authors. *And if this be true of theſe two* famous Writers, *that only the pleaſing and amuſing, not the inſtructing of* Mankind *was their* Deſign, *'tis more apparently true of the greateſt part of the* Moderns, *eſpecially the* Dramatick *Poets.*

Since this Book *of* Job, *and other Poetical parts of the* Scripture, *ſome of which I have likewiſe undertaken to* paraphraſe, *does at leaſt equal the* chief Beauties *of the* Heathens, *and by their Uſefulneſs in their excellent* Inſtructions *infinitely excel them, 'tis a Matter of* Admiration *that the* Chriſtian *Poets ſhould be ſo far enamour'd with the Pagan* Writings, *as to form themſelves entirely by their Patterns, to be taken up with the* Study *of them to the* total neglect *of theſe* inſpir'd Writings. *What pains and labour have our Men been at, how great a part of their ſhort* Lives *have they* ſpent, *what a* multitude *of* Volumes *have they publiſh'd to illuſtrate the Meaning and diſcover the Excellencies of* Greek *and* Latin *Poets, and to* tranſlate *them into their own* Languages? *If this were the* Work *of* Gentlemen, *that had nothing elſe to employ themſelves about, and had no other* Capacity *of being uſeful to* Mankind, *it might perhaps paſs for an inoffenſive* Amuſement, *and a pardonable ſort of* Idleneſs. *But 'tis indeed*

wonder-

wonderful that to give a new Senſe *to an Expreſſion in an ancient Poet, to ſtop a Period more exactly, to rectifie a* Word, *to give a* truer Spelling *to a Man's Name, or to reſtore a* corrupt Sentence, *ſhould be look'd on as ſuch a* Perfection, *as ſets a Man in the firſt* Rank *of* Learned Men; *and that a kind of* Knowledge *which does not make* Mankind *any ways* wiſer *or* better, *ſhould procure a* mighty Reputation, *and dignifie the* Owners *of it with the* honourable Titles *of* great Criticks, *and* Maſters *of* polite Learning.

I would not derogate *from the* true value *of* Claſſical Knowledge. *The* Greek *and* Latin Poets *ſhould be ſtudy'd, that we may underſtand thoſe* Languages *of which there is ſuch a* manifeſt Neceſſity: *But 'tis moſt* evident, *that for the* Senſe, *for the noble and ſublime* Thoughts, *and what is more than all other* Conſiderations, *for the* forming *a Man's* Mind *according to the* juſteſt Ideas *of* Vertue *and* true Wiſdom, *and thereby promoting his Honour and his Happineſs, the* Poetical *parts of the* Scripture *have, as before ſuggeſted, an* infinite advantage *above all others put together, and therefore one would think ſhould not be leſs worthy of a* Chriſtian's Study *and* Application, *than* Homer *and his Followers.*

The Language *in which this* Book *was written is* Hebrew; *and conſidering the very great* difference *there is between the* Stile *or manner of* Expreſſion *in the* Eaſtern *and* Weſtern *part of the World, their* Eloquence, *as well as their* Cuſtoms *and* Habits, *being of another kind than ours, 'tis very ſtrange that a* literal Tranſlation *of this* Book *as 'tis now found in*

the Bible, *eſpecially conſidering how long time ſince it was* written, *how* little *the* Language *is underſtood, and how much the* Idiom *of it is loſt, ſhould not ſound much more harſh, and be leſs capable of being* underſtood *than it is. I am confident that if ſeveral of the* Greek Poets *ſhould be* verbally tranſlated, *they would be more* obſcure, *if not altogether* unintelligible. *And if in a* literal Tranſlation *the* Book *of* Job written *in an* Eaſtern Language *does ſo much affect us, and raiſes in our* Minds *ſuch an* Admiration *of its* Beauty *and* Majeſty, *what a* wonderful *and* inimitable *kind of* Eloquence *muſt be ſuppos'd in the* Original, *when we can't* tranſlate verbatim *a* good Poem *from one* Modern Language *into another, tho' it be done by the neareſt* Neighbours, *without a mighty* diminution *of its* Excellence?

As to the Time *when* Job *liv'd, it is highly probable that he was* Moſes's Predeceſſor, *or at leaſt his Contemporary; and that for theſe* Reaſons. *This* righteous *and* devout Man *was allow'd to offer* Sacrifices *to God, which only the* Prieſts *under the* Moſaical Diſpenſation *had* Authority *to do, and that only* before *the* Tabernacle *or* Temple. *This* devout Perſon *ſeems intirely* ignorant *of the* Modes *of the* Jewiſh Religion, *and of their manner of asking Counſel of* God *either by* Urim *and* Thummim, *or by the* Prophets; *and* therefore *'tis evident the* Moſaical Scheme *of* Religion *was not yet* inſtituted. *In the whole* Book *of* Job *there is no mention made of the* Law *and the* Prophets, *nor of the many* Miracles *wrought either in* Egypt, *or in the* Paſſage *of the* Children *of* Iſrael *to* Canaan, *though nothing could have been more* pertinent *and* ſutable *to the*

Deſign

Deſign *of the* Author *of this* Book, *had* Job *liv'd after that* wonderful Deliverance; *and there is ſcarce any* Writer *that follow'd that* Time, *that does not mention or allude to that* famous Hiſtory. *And this is yet farther confirm'd by the long* Life *of* Job, *which was protracted to* two hundred *Years, which agrees to the* Times *of the* Old Patriarchs.

As to the Land *of* Utz, *the* Country *in which this* great Man *liv'd, there are different* Opinions, *occaſion'd chiefly by the* uncertainty *which* Utz *it was* (*for* three *are mention'd*) *from whom it receiv'd its* Name. *The firſt* Utz *the Son of* Aram *is mention'd,* Gen. 10. 23. *who is reported to be the* Founder *of* Damaſcus *and* Trachonitis; *and many* Writers, *for this reaſon, conclude the* Seat *of* Job *to have been in the* Plain *of* Jordan *in the* Region *of* Trachonitis, *where the* Tomb *of* Job *is ſhown to* Strangers *at this day: Others place it in the Famous* Valley *of* Damaſcus.

A ſecond Utz, *the Son of* Nachor *is mention'd,* Gen. 22. 21. *from him the* Country *where he liv'd is call'd* Uſitis *or* Auſitis, *which by* Ptolemy *is plac'd near* Euphrates, *and the City* Babylon; *and therefore many* Authors *believe* Job *had his* Habitation *in that part of* Arabia.

A third Utz, *who, as* Spanhemius *obſerves, was a* Horite *of the* Poſterity *of* Sehir, *and not as commonly accounted of the* Race *of* Eſau, *is mention'd,* Gen. 36. 28. *the* Horites *being driven out by the* Edomites, *their* Country *was after that call'd* Idumea, *which has for its* bounds Arabia, Canaan, *and the* Red Sea, *and in this* Country *many believe was the* Habitation *of* Job.

But if a Man could remove the Obſtructions of great Learning *and* Critical Remarks, *methinks it ſhould*

ſhould be a very eaſie matter to ſettle *this* controverted Point. *'Tis allow'd by all, that* Utz *the Country of* Job *was expos'd to the* Incurſions *and* Depredations *of the* Chaldeans; *and 'tis allowed likewiſe that* Chaldea *was Eaſtward of* Arabia. *Now ſuppoſe that in our* Engliſh Hiſtory *there had been mention'd a* great Man, *that had in ancient Times been plunder'd by a* Band *of* Scotch-men; *and the Habitation or Country of this* unfortunate Man *being mention'd by an obſcure or obſolete* Word, *a Controverſie ſhould ariſe in what part of* England *this Man lived; would not any Man that was delivered from the encumbrance of* great Reading *and* learned Obſervations, *preſently conclude, that he lived in the* North *part of* England *not* far *from the* Borders *of* Scotland? *And muſt it not have been a Critick of extraordinary* Sagacity *that ſhould have* found *out his* Seat *in* Middleſex, *or at the* Land's *End? And yet thoſe that place the Country of* Job *in* Idumea, *or near* Damaſcus, *remove it* farther *from* Chaldea *than thoſe two Places* before-named *are from* Scotland. *'Tis not* therefore *to be doubted but that the Country of* Job *was in the Eaſtern part of* Arabia, *and 'tis probable 'twas near the River* Euphrates, *and that he was of the Poſterity of* Nachor. *The Stories* therefore *of* Job's Well *near* Jeruſalem, *of his Sepulchre in the* Plain *of* Jordan, *and of the Region in the North of* Syria, *which the* Inhabitants *ſhew to* Travellers *for the* Seat *of* Job, *are all* Modern Fables, *and not to be regarded. But much more ridiculous is the Error of thoſe Commentators, who make* Conſtantinople *to have been the Seat of* Job: *The Sepulchre of* Job *in* Armenia *that* favours *this Opinion, 'tis very probable according to the Conjecture of ſeveral learned Men, was erected in honour of ſome Captain of the* Turks *of that Name.*

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As to the Time when the Author *of this Book liv'd, there are many different Opinions. Some believe that this Book was wrote in the* Time *when the* Iſraelites *were under the* Ægyptian *Bondage, and that it was compos'd to encourage them to a* patient ſuffering *of their* Afflictions, *and to confirm them in their dependance upon* God *for* Deliverance. *And thoſe of this Opinion believe, that either* Moſes *himſelf was the* Author, *or at leaſt the* Tranſlator *of it; and that this was a* Tradition *among the ancient* Jews *ſeveral* Authors *teſtifie. Others are of Opinion, that the Writing was of much later date, and give theſe Reaſons for it. They alledge that there are many* Syriack *and* Arabick *Words, and Forms of Expreſſion that were not in uſe among the ancient* Hebrew *Writers, the* Interpretation *of which muſt be fetch'd from the* Rabbins; *that there are many Elegancies relating to the* Conſtellations, *and ſeveral* Fiſh *and* Birds *which ſhew it to be of a Modern* Date, *and from hence they conclude that it was then* wrote *when theſe* Foreign *words and manners of Expreſſion were introduc'd into the* Hebrew Language. *They believe* therefore *that the* Author *liv'd after* David *and* Solomon, *and before* Ezekiel, *becauſe he is* mention'd *by that* Prophet.

Some believe that Iſaiah *himſelf was the* Author, *the time when he lived being very ſutable to this Conjecture, beſides the Majeſty and Sublimity of his* Stile, *his ſinguiar Erudition, the* ſimilitude *of Character, and many Words, and Forms of ſpeaking common to them both.* Grotius *imagines the* Author *to be an* Hebrew, *becauſe after the Cuſtom of that* Nation, *he calls* Arabia *the* Eaſt, *tho' others ſuppoſe he was an* Idumean, *becauſe he abounds with* Syriack *and* Arabick *Words: Whether he was the one or the other, 'tis plain the* Au-

thor *was well vers'd in the* Hebrew Language *and those of the Neighbouring Countries: And that in the Writing of this Book he was under the direction and guidance of* Divine Inſpiration, *has been univerſally acknowledged by the* Jews *and* Chriſtians *in all Ages.*

But one ſingle Reflexion prevails with me to believe that the Author *was of the oldeſt* date; *and that is, that I cannot imagine that if he had lived* after *the Deliverance of the* Children *of* Iſrael *from their* Ægyptian *Bondage, and* after *the* Inſtitution *of the* Moſaical Scheme *of Religion, he could have been ſo perfectly ſilent as to both. 'Tis hardly to be imagin'd that if he had liv'd* after Moſes *he ſhould ever have deſign'd to be ſo accurate and nice in* relation *to* Time, *as not to ſay any thing in the whole Book but what might be well ſuppos'd to have been ſaid by one who liv'd* before Moſes. *This exact Care ſeems not agreeable to the* Writers *of that Age. And if it ſhould be ſuppos'd, that an* Author, *that many years after took this* Subject *of* Job *to write upon, ſhould reſolve to ſay* nothing *but what might be fit to be ſaid in that time when* Job *liv'd; yet 'tis a great* difficulty *to believe that he ſhould be ſo ſucceſsful, as not in any one Place, or in any one Expreſſion, to drop any thing that ſhould mention or allude to ſome* Matters *of* Fact *that happen'd after; eſpecially ſuch* famous *ones, as the* Miracles *wrought when the* Iſraelites *were brought out of* Ægypt, *their* Settlement *in the* Land *of* Canaan, *and the* Rites *of the* Moſaical *Religion. The ſame* Reaſons therefore *that convince me that* Job *himſelf liv'd before, or in the* Time *of* Moſes, *perſwade me to think the* Author *of* this Poem, *whoever he was, did ſo too; and* therefore *'tis very probable that this of* Job *is the oldeſt* Book *in the* World.

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The Argument *of the* Poem *is this:* Job, *a Prince in his Country, of diſtinguiſh'd* Piety *and eminent* Juſtice, *at the Entrance of the* Narration, *is repreſented as happy as the favour of* Heaven, *and the affluence of all* Earthly Poſſeſſions *can make him. From this* preſent State *of* Proſperity *he is all on a ſudden, by the permiſſion of* Providence, *for the* trial *of his* Integrity, *depriv'd of his* Eſtate, *his* Children, *his* Friends *and* Health, *and reduc'd to a Condition as perfectly miſerable, as his former had been happy. After this ſurprizing change of his* Fortune, *to exaſperate the* bitterneſs *and* anguiſh *of his* Soul, *his* Wife, *in a moſt* profane *manner, provokes and tempts him to* quit *all his* Pretenſions *to* Piety, *and* deſperately *to renounce all his* dependence *upon* God, *and all* expectations *of* Deliverance *from him. In this, ſhe is* imitated *by the* Ægyptians *and* old Grecians, *as well as other* Idolatrous Countries, *who us'd under any* great Calamities *to rail* bitterly *at their Gods, to pull down their* Images, *and drag them about the* Streets, *to be reveng'd on them for not* preventing *their* misfortunes. *After this* three Perſons, *eminent for their* Birth, Vertue *and* Wiſdom, Eliphaz, Bildad *and* Zophar (*perhaps* Elihu *was with* Job *before*) *went to* comfort *their diſtreſs'd Friend. Their Deſign was* good, *and* they *conſidering that Wickedneſs was the* meritorious *Cauſe of* Suffering, *and that* Divine Juſtice *was not to be clear'd, if* proffligate *and* impious *Men ſhould go unpuniſh'd; and having themſelves* often *ſeen as well as heard by* Tradition *from their* Forefathers, *that wicked* Nations *and* Families *had* frequently, *by the* juſt Judgment of God, *been utterly deſtroy'd, concluded that,* Job *notwithſtanding the* outward Figure *he made of a very upright and religious* Perſon, *muſt needs be*

guilty

guilty *of ſome* great, *tho'* ſecret *Crimes*: *Otherwiſe* they *could not conceive how it was* conſiſtent *with* Divine Juſtice *and* Mercy *to ſuffer him to be ſo very miſerable. Their* Opinion *was, that a* good Man, *ſuch as* Job *was ſuppos'd to be, could never be ſo far* forſaken *of* God, *and abandon'd to ſuch* prodigious Sufferings. *This is the* Point *they labour to prove. They preſs this very hard on their afflicted Friend, hoping thereby to bring him to a Confeſſion of his* Sins, *and a* ſutable Repentance, *upon which* they *believ'd, as* they often *aſſur'd him*, God *would* withdraw *his afflicting* hand, *eaſe his* Complaints, *and reſtore him to his* former Proſperity. *On the* other *hand*, Job, *who was ſure he was no* Hypocrite, *but that he was in good earneſt a* Lover *of* God *and of his* Neighbour, *and was not conſcious of any ſuch* conceal'd *and* ſecret Guilt, *as his* Friends *reproach'd him with*, aſſerts *in his* defence, *that his* Friends *proceeded in their* Debates *on erroneous grounds: That* they *miſtook his* Caſe, *and the* Methods *of relieving him. He affirms that neither* their Notions, *nor their* Obſervations *were* true. *For tho' they aſſerted the* contrary, *he was* fully *aſſur'd that God did* often *afflict even with the* greateſt Severity *many* juſt *and* upright *Men, and ſuffer'd in the mean time the* Enemies *of* God *and* Man *to live in the moſt flouriſhing* Condition; *and that therefore there could be no* Argument *drawn from any Man's* Sufferings *that he was a* wicked *and* unrighteous Perſon. *In ſome of his* Debates *on this Head, he is ſo* far tranſported *as to* cenſure *raſhly the* Divine Adminiſtration, *as if* God *had too little regard to the* Piety *and* Righteouſneſs *of* good Men, *whom he puniſh'd with ſo* ſevere *a hand, whilſt he* favour'*d the* Wicked, *and proſper'd their Undertakings*;

or

or at leaſt that he made not that diſtinction between them that the Juſtice of Righteous Government requires. But as to himſelf his Anguiſh and Impatience roſe to ſuch a degree, as vented themſelves in many Expreſſions relating to God's Severity to him, unbecoming an humble and patient Sufferer, which made a learned Critick ſay, that Job who had a good Cauſe, diſcompoſed by his Impatience manag'd it ill, as his Friends had a bad one, but manag'd it well. Their Debates being ended, Elihu a wiſe young Man that had heard the Arguments on either ſide, undertakes as Moderator to compoſe the Controverſie, and ſet them both right. He agrees with Eliphaz, and his two Companions, that God was a Hater of Wickedneſs and Irreligion, and that he often puniſhed thoſe that were guilty of them; but then he will not allow that Job may from thence be juſtly condemn'd as a wicked Man, becauſe a good Man may often be afflicted by God for great and wiſe Ends. On the other ſide, tho' he does not cenſure Job for his Hypocriſie, or any concealed or ſecret Guilt, yet he condemns him for the Impatience he expreſs'd in his Sufferings, and for his bold and raſh Expreſſions that ſeem'd to charge God with Injuſtice. After this God himſelf condeſcends to ſpeak and put an end to their long Debate. He condemns Eliphaz, and his two Friends, for their unjuſt Cenſures of Job, and Job for his unjuſt Cenſures of Divine Providence; but on the compariſon declares that Job had the better Cauſe, and had ſpoken better of him than his Friends had done; perhaps that Expreſſion of Job's is alluded to, The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord. Then he delivers him from his great Afflictions and reſtores him to his former happy Condition.

'Tis evident *that the* Design *of the* Book *is to ſhow that the* Providence *of* God *does not only guide and over-rule the* higheſt *and moſt* important Affairs, *The* Enterprizes *of aſpiring* Princes, *and the* Riſe *and* Fall *of* States *and* Empires, *but that it intereſts and mingles it ſelf with all the* Concerns *of* Humane Life, *and thereby prepares the Mind of the* Reader *to acknowledge him as the great* Moderator *of the* World, *the* Director *of all our* Actions, *and* Diſpoſer *of all the* Events *that happen to* Mankind. *By which* Impreſſion *he is diſpos'd to ſubmit* himſelf *and all his* Concernments *with humble* Reſignation *to the* Almighty's Righteous *and* Unerring *Conduct.*

And more particularly, the Design *is to juſtifie the* Divine Providence *in ſuffering* impious *and* flagitious *Men to live in the undiſturbed* Enjoyment *of all the* Power *and* Plenty *their Hearts can deſire, while* good *and* upright *Men are often overwhelmed with* Poverty *and* Diſtreſs, *and expos'd to the ſcorn and outrage of their* inſulting *Enemies. The ſolving of this difficulty, which has ſo often puzled the* Underſtanding, *and diſcompoſed the* Temper *of the Wiſeſt and Beſt of Men, ſeems to be chiefly aim'd at in this* Writing. *And 'tis obſervable that in the* Debates *between* Job *and his* Friends, *when they are preſt with any difficulty concerning the* Divine Adminiſtration *of Affairs, and are at a loſs how to reconcile Occurrences with their own* Notions *of Juſtice and Goodneſs, they fly to* God's Infinite Greatneſs, *and ſeem to reſolve the Controverſie into his* abſolute Sovereignty, *and* uncontroulable Power, *which occaſions many* wonderful Deſcriptions *of* God's *Majeſty and Omnipotence. They ſeem to think that when we are puzled and confounded, and after all our Attempts can by no means*

means account for the Proceedings of Divine Providence, *that directly thwart our Opinions of* Wiſdom *and* Juſtice, *we ſhould enter upon the* Contemplation *of the* Glorious Attributes *of* God, *and conſider they ſo far tranſcend all the low* created Perfections *in Man, that ours are by no means to be a meaſure of* his. *They may and do aſſiſt us in many Inſtances, as* faint Repreſentations *of the* Divine Excellency; *but whenever we ſee any Conduct of* Divine Providence *that we can't reduce to our ways of* Reaſoning, *we ſhould humbly adore and not diſpute. We ſhould fetch a* Solution *from the* Sovereignty *and boundleſs* Perfections *in* God, *who is always Good, and Juſt, and Wiſe, even when in his* Adminiſtration *he ſeems to be moſt the contrary. And 'tis very plain that when* God *beſpeaks them in the latter end of the Book, he inſiſts on no other* Juſtification *of his Proceedings with Men, than his* Dominion *and* Property, *his abſolute* Sovereignty, *and tranſcendent* Greatneſs, *that render him unaccountable to his* Creatures *for all his* Actions. *And therefore in the ſharpeſt and ſevereſt* Trials, *when* Providence *ſeems vigilant and induſtrious, as* Job *expreſſes it, to find occaſions of afflicting, when it runs* counter *to all our Deſires,* defeats *our* Hopes, *and* diſappoints *all our* Deſigns; *in ſuch a hard Caſe we are to moderate our* Paſſions, *ſubmit our* Wills *and our* Reaſon *too, and acquieſce in this Belief, that nothing is more certain than that* God *can do his* Creature *no wrong, and that in all his* Diſpenſations *he has both wiſe and gracious Deſigns, tho' our* ſhallow *and* incompetent Reaſon *is not able to diſcern them.*

'Tis probable that one Reaſon *why we are apt to cenſure* God's *Proceedings is, that we take his* Idea *too nicely from our ſelves. For tho' we muſt* form *our*

Idea

Idea *of him from the* Contemplation *of our ſelves, yet this muſt not be too ſtrict, nor extended too far. For 'tis plain that* God's *Knowledge is another thing from ours; he knows by one ſingle* Act *of* Intuition, *we know by* Reaſoning, *that is by deducing one* Propoſition *from two others, and by forming in a tedious way, a long depending Chain of Conſequences, which are for that reaſon apt to create a diſtruſt. Now as our inferiour kind of Knowledge is by no means a meaſure of that moſt perfect kind in the* Divine Underſtanding, *ſo the Juſtice, Mercy and Goodneſs, which are the* Perfections *of a* Creature's, *may be of a lower kind, and therefore an unfit meaſure of thoſe* Perfections *in the* Divine Will. *'Tis probable that for this reaſon the* Diſputants *in this* Poem, *for the clearing of* God's Juſtice *and* Goodneſs, *betake themſelves ſo often to the tranſcendent* Greatneſs *and* Excellency *of the* Divine Nature, *whereby they plainly intimate that we are by no means* competent Judges *of his* Actions.

Another means to quiet Men's Minds concerning the Wiſdom *and* Juſtice *of* God's Diſpenſations *in thoſe Inſtances that are the harſheſt and moſt unaccountable to us, is to reflect on the narrow and broken, as well as obſcure* Proſpect *which we have of the wide* Sphere *of his* Providence. *Did we clearly and fully underſtand how we are related to all the Parts of* Mankind, *both to our* Contemporaries, *and to thoſe who have liv'd in the* paſt, *or ſhall live in the* future Ages *of the World; had we beſides a clear Knowledge of our* relation *to other* Reaſonable, *but* Superior Creatures, *I mean the* Angels *that inhabit the* Immenſe *and* Glorious Regions *above us, and to thoſe that fill the* Stars *and* Planets; *(for 'tis improbable this Ball of* Earth, *the Dregs and Sediment of the* World *ſhould be ſo full of*

Reaſonable

Reaſonable Beings, *and the nobler Parts of the* Creation *ſhould not be peopled with ſutable* Inhabitants) *Had we a perfect and comprehenſive View of the whole* Scheme *of the* Divine Oeconomy *in relation to all theſe* Parts *of his* Government, *and how in his* Adminiſtration *in the different Parts of it he promoted the* great *and* glorious Deſign *of the whole, we ſhould have quite another* Apprehenſion *of* God's *Wiſdom and Juſtice. He that contemplates a* Leg *or an* Arm *with its relation to a* Humane Body, *of which they are Parts, has a very* different Notion *of them from him, who conſiders them divided, without any dependance on, or connexion with the Whole. It is not in our Power to make any but partial and very lame* Obſervations *of* God's Government *of his* Creatures, *and upon ſuch imperfect* Views, *'tis no wonder if our Conſtructions and Concluſions are often* erroneous, *and this, it may be, is another Reaſon why theſe* Wiſe Men *that manage the* Debate *about* Providence *in this* Book, *lead us ſo often to contemplate the* Works *of* God's Creation, *of which our ſelves are ſo ſmall a Part.*

Beſides this Principal and moſt Conſpicuous Deſign, other Uſeful and Excellent Ends are purſu'd in this Poem: *One of which is to enlarge and raiſe our* Conceptions *of the* Divine Being, *to give us worthy and honourable* Thoughts *of his* Infinite Perfections, *and* form *in our* Minds *a ſutable* Idea *of his* Greatneſs. *The* Repreſentations *of* God's Tranſcendent Excellencies, *of* his Independent, Sovereign *and* Irreſiſtible Power, *as well as of his* Purity, Wiſdom, Juſtice *and* Beneficence, *are in many Parts of this* Book *ſo noble, ſo lively and admirable, that they are very capable of leaving in our* Thoughts *very deep and laſting* Impreſſions: *And to give us right and juſt* Conce-

ptions *of the* Divine Nature, *on which our* Notions *of* Religion, *the* Conduct *of our* Lives, *our* Honour *and our* Happineſs *depend, is to do one of the greateſt* Services *that can be done to* Mankind.

Another great End is to ſet before us for our Imitation *an* Illuſtrious Example *of* Piety, *and all kinds of* Vertue, *in the moſt* contrary *Circumſtances of* Life *that can be, the moſt* Flouriſhing, *and the moſt* Miſerable. *And this is done in the* Character *of* Job: *While he poſſeſs'd a greater* Subſtance *than any Man in the Country where he liv'd, and was bleſt with a* compleat *Collection of all thoſe* Enjoyments, *that are ſuppos'd to make a Man happy in this* World, *he maintain'd his* Religion *and* Integrity *inviolable, he was no leſs* eminent *for his* Piety, *than for his* Power *and* Abundance. *He ſtrictly preſerv'd his* Moderation *and* Humility, *his* Temperance *and* Juſtice, *his* Continence, *his* Compaſſion, *and his great* Love *to* Mankind; *as appears by the firſt, and Thirty firſt Chapters of this* Book. *And when by a ſtrange and ſurprizing* Revolution *the* Scene *was chang'd, and this* Righteous Perſon *being depriv'd of his Children and Poſſeſſions, and afflicted with grievous Pain and Sickneſs, became the moſt* wretched *and* unhappy Man *that can be imagin'd, he then by the Exerciſe of other rare* Vertues, *maintains as great a Character in his* Sufferings: *He ſhows an admirable* Inſtance *of* Patience *and* Reſignation, *of* Conſtancy *and* Perſeverance, *holds* faſt *his* Religion, *and ſtill expreſſes his unalterable* Dependence *on his* God. *In ſhort, his Mind was neither elated, nor ſoften'd by the greateſt* Proſperity, *nor ſowr'd or broken by the greateſt* Adverſity. *'Tis true indeed that he vented ſeveral* paſſionate, raſh, *and unbecoming Expreſſions;*

but

but when we conſider the Anguiſh *of his* Soul *under ſuch* prodigious Sufferings, *the* profane Provocations *of his* Wife, *the exaſperating* Reproaches *of his miſtaken* Friends, *who after all his heavy* Loſſes *would have robb'd him too of his* Integrity, *it will not be hard to excuſe thoſe Expreſſions: And no more can be concluded from them than this, that tho' he was an Excellent, he was not a Faultleſs* Man. Moſes, *who was honour'd with the* Character *of the* meekeſt Man *on Earth, did on ſome provoking* Occaſions *loſe his* Temper; *and* Job *may be allow'd to be the moſt* patient Perſon *in the World, tho' in ſuch* Streights *and* Diſtreſs, *and urg'd with ſuch* Provocations, *ſome impatient* Speeches *might be extorted from him.*

I cannot but obſerve in this place, that Job *a Perſon of ſuch* Piety, *and ſo many rare and admirable* Vertues, *had no* Advantages *from the* Divine Revelations *made to* Moſes *and the* Jewiſh Prophets. *He was a* Stranger *to their* Law *and their* Syſtem *of Religion. The* Light *that directed him muſt be only that of Natural Reaſon and Conſcience, aſſiſted by ſome Oral Traditions from* Adam *and* Noah, *and by what* God *was pleas'd ſometimes to communicate by* Dreams *and* Viſions *in thoſe darker* Ages *of the World. By this it appears, that great* Advances *may be made in* Vertue *by a diligent attendance to the* Dictates *of our* Natural Light. *Would Men but improve their Reaſon, reverence their Conſciences, and ſtand in awe of themſelves, they would become* Worſhippers *of God, as well as* Sober *and* Righteous *in an* eminent *degree. I refer this to the Conſideration of thoſe* Gentlemen *that do not acknowledge the* Divine Authority, *either of the* Moſaick, *or of the* Chriſtian Inſtitution.

Another End, and a very uſeful *one too, is by the Example*

Example of Job *to convince the* Reader *of the* Inſtability *of a* proſperous Condition, *and the* great Viciſſitude *of* Humane Affairs, *whereby his Mind may be diſpos'd to* Moderation, Humility, Temperance, Compaſſion *and* Charity, *and preſerved from that Pride and Contempt of others, from that arrogant, cruel and haughty* Temper, *which* great Riches *and* high Stations *are too apt to produce, eſpecially in Men of a* mean *and* low Spirit.

I have not attempted a cloſe Tranſlation *of this* Sacred Book, *but a* Paraphraſe. *For the* Original *being written in an* Eaſtern Language, *their Manner and Turns of* Expreſſion *are, as before-mention'd, ſo very different from ours, that I thought a* Paraphraſe *more proper and advantageous for a* Modern European Language. *But as I judg'd it would not bear a ſtrict* Tranſlation, *ſo on the other hand I have endeavour'd, that the* Paraphraſe *ſhould not be too* looſe *and* wide, *but that the* Reader *may all along carry with him the* Senſe *of the* Original. *I have often diffus'd the* Senſe *in other Expreſſion. I have amplify'd the* Text *in many Places that appear'd more* Poetical, *and from* General Heads *I have deſcended ſometimes to* Particulars, *the Enumeration of which, I believ'd, would illuſtrate and enliven the* Original. *I have avoided the immediate Repetition of the* ſame Thought *in Words little different from the firſt, which is ſo very common in this* Book, *as well as in that of the* Pſalms, *and other* Poetical *Places of the* Scripture. *For tho' this was no doubt accounted in the* Eaſtern Countries *at that time a great* Beauty *and* Ornament *to the* Writing, *yet we have quite another Taſte of* Eloquence, *and therefore I have thought it beſt to accommodate that Matter to the*

Modern

Modern *way of* Writing. *The Method of* Writing *in the* Eaſtern Countries *is what the* Europeans *think irregular; the ſame Matter treated on before frequently recurs, and the Connexion is ſometimes broken, and often obſcure. The* Tranſitions *are ſometimes neglected, and a new* Subject *enter'd upon without the preparation for it which we expect ſhould be made. We cenſure theſe* Modes *and* Cuſtoms *in* Writings *as defects, and no doubt they would cenſure ours as much. I would not peremptorily condemn their Taſte, for the Opinion of* Beauty *and* Ornament *ſeems not to be capable of being determin'd by any fixt and unalterable* Rule. Truth *and* good Senſe *are ſetled upon Eternal and unchangeable* Grounds *and* Reaſons; *but the manner of Expreſſion, and the method of conveying them, and what concerns the* Dreſs, *the* Pomp *and* Ornament *of them, theſe are perhaps indifferent Ceremonies, and every* Nation *may have* Authority *to eſtabliſh which they pleaſe. 'Tis plain the Eaſtern* World *have not the ſame* Apprehenſions *of* Beauty *and* Ornament *that we have: They believe there is a great* Beauty *in the* neglect *of what we call* Order *and* Regularity, *as is evident in their* Gardens *and* Buildings. *What we cenſure as careleſs, wild and extravagant, ſtrikes them with more* Admiration, *and gives them greater* Pleaſure, *than all our elaborate and orderly Contrivances. All that can be ſaid is, that our* Taſts *are different, and if they are barbarous to us, we are ſo to them, ſome of which eſpecially the* Chineſe *are, or at leaſt have been very Wiſe and Polite* Nations.

We in this part of the World *are all ſo full of* Homer *and* Virgil, *and are ſo bigotted to the* Greek *and* Latin Sects, *that we are ready to account all*

Authors Heretical *that are without the* Pale *of the* Claſſicks. *This ſeems to me to be a narrow* Sectarian Spirit, *that prompts Men to impoſe their* Fancies *and* Opinions *on all the* World *beſides. Whatever high Opinion we have of our own* Attainments, *we ſhould have that* Temper *and* Moderation, *that might preſerve a due regard for the* Wiſdom *and* Judgment *of other* Nations; *and not with the* haughty Air *of a* Supercilious Critick, *cenſure and condemn every thing that deviates from the* Examples *of the* Greek *and* Latin Authors.

I have therefore in this Paraphraſe *proceeded all along from* Chapter *to* Chapter, *and* Verſe *to* Verſe, *in the Order they are ſet down, excepting ſome very* few *inconſiderable* Tranſpoſitions: *So that I have by no means alter'd the Method and Order of the* Narration, *or any way chang'd the* Model. *And 'twill be hard to give a* Reaſon *why the* Author *of this* Book *has not as great a* Right *to be made the* Standard *whereby to try* Homer *and* Virgil, *as thoſe* two Authors *have to bring this to their* Tribunal. *If the Knowledge of the* Hebrew Language *had been look'd on in* Europe *to have been as neceſſary as the* Greek *and* Latin; *had it been as great an* Honour *and* Accompliſhment *for a Man to underſtand the firſt as the laſt; and had there been as great a* variety *of* Authors *of all ſorts of* Learning *left in the* Language, *that there might have been an equal* Inducement *to have ſtudy'd and taught it univerſally in the* Schools, *I ſay had this been, the* Grammarians *and* Criticks *might perhaps have fixt on this as the beſt* Model *of* Poetical Writings, *and have drawn their* Rules *and* Remarks *from the* Example *they found here: For 'tis plain all their Precepts are founded on* Examples,

and

and on thoſe Examples *with which they were moſt converſant, and in ſuch* Languages *as were moſt in vogue, and which moſt of them were oblig'd to* profeſs *and* teach.

I have indeed ſupply'd in ſome Places the Tranſitions *and other* Connexions, *which according to their manner of* Writing *are omitted in the* Original, *that the* Reader *of the* Paraphraſe, *who is unaccuſtomed to that way, may not be embarraſs'd or interrupted. There are many* hard *and* obſcure Places, *about the meaning of which I have conſulted the* ableſt *and moſt* famous Writers, *and have taken that* Senſe *which I look'd on as moſt* natural, *and* ſupported *by the beſt* Reaſons: *And in this I have chiefly been obliged to the Excellent* Paraphraſe *of the* Learned Biſhop *of* Ely, *and the* Collection *of the* Critici.

I have added a Paraphraſe *upon ſeveral other* Poetical *Parts of the* Bible; *which, in my Opinion, are* nobler *Examples of the true* ſublime Stile, *than any can be* found *in the* Pagan Writers. *The* Images *are ſo ſtrong, the* Thoughts *ſo great, the* Expreſſions *ſo divine, and the* Figures *ſo admirable, bold and moving, that the wonderful manner of theſe* Writers *is quite inimitable. One thing I muſt advertiſe the* Reader *of, that in the* Prophets *'tis common with them, that they may* repreſent *the Certainty of their* Predictions *with the greater* Advantage, *to uſe the* paſt *for the* future Tenſe, *that is, to ſpeak of* Things *to come, as already done; ſo that their* Prophecies *often ſeem* Hiſtorical Narrations *of* Matters *already tranſacted: Therefore the* Reader *is not to be ſurpriz'd, when in the ſecond* Song *of* Moſes *he finds that* great Prophet *ſpeaking of what befel the Children of* Iſrael *in* Canaan, *as things paſt in his own Time, which did*

not

not happen till long after his Death. I am of Mr. Cowley's Judgment, who in his Preface declares that there are no more noble Subjects of Poetry to be found than those the Scriptures furnish us withal, and therefore I have made this Attempt. 'Tis true, Mr. Sandys, a Gentleman of great Merit, has done this before; but that I did not know till after I had begun this Work, and made some Progress in it; and when I had perus'd part of his Paraphrase, I thought I might be able to supply some Defects, especially in relation to Perspicuity and Coherence.

As to the Leviathan and Behemoth, mention'd in the latter Part of this Book, I have appropriated the Character of the first to the Crocodile, and of the last to the Elephant. I believe the Marks enumerated by the Learned Bochart, do justly determine the Description of the Leviathan to the Crocodile; but I can't see any necessity from what he urges, to conclude Behemoth to be the Hippopotamus, or River-Horse. The Character given in Job is, in my Opinion, more sutable to the Elephant. The Reasons alledg'd on both sides may be seen in the Critici before-cited; and whether the one or the other be true, is not a Matter of that Importance as should oblige me to transcribe the Arguments in this Place. Perswaded by the Reasons of some Learned Commentators, I have taken the Unicorn for the Uri or wild Bull, and not the Oryx, or wild Goat, according to Bochart, or the Rhinoceros, according to others. I impose not my Opinion on others: These are Matters of small Moment, and every Man is at liberty to think as he pleases.

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE Book of JOB.

IN ancient Times, e'er *Moſes* Wonders wrought, CHAP. I.
And murmuring *Iſrael* back from *Egypt* brought,
A Prince of great Renown, and wide Command,
Whoſe name was *Job*, dwelt in *Arabia*'s Land.
He in the Heav'nly Paths of Virtue trod,
And fear'd to Sin, becauſe he fear'd his God.
Sev'n goodly Sons that Admiration bred,
And Three Fair Daughters crown'd his Nuptial Bed
With gracious Heav'n's peculiar Favour bleſt,
The proſp'rous Man unmeaſur'd Wealth poſſeſt.
His Fleecy Flocks o'er all the Hills were ſpred,
And in his Stalls a Thouſand Oxen fed.
When he decamp'd to find a new Abode,
Three Thouſand Camels bore along the Road
His precious Goods, and groan'd beneath the Load.
No Lord was found thro' all the Spicy Eaſt,
Whoſe Herds and Stores ſo vaſtly were increaſt.

His Sons to Feaſt each other did prepare
By turns, rich Liquors and delicious Fare.

And to their Treats their Siſters they invite,
To paſs the flowing hours in ſoft delight;
While Charming Muſic, Dances, Sports and Play,
Gave ſwifter Wings to Time to fly away,
Beguil'd the Night, and hurried on the Day.
Conſcious that Sin does oft ſuch Mirth attend,
The Father fear'd his Sons might Heav'n offend.
For he with mournful Eyes had often ſpy'd,
Scatter'd on Pleaſure's ſmooth, but treach'rous Tyde.
The Spoils of Virtue over-power'd by Senſe,
And floating Wrecks of ruin'd Innocence.
He therefore for his Sons to Heav'n convey'd
His Supplications, and Atonement made;
And while they Feaſted, he devoutly pray'd.

There was a Time when all the Sons of God
Came to th' Allmighty's bright and bleſt Abode,
To pay their Adoration at his Throne,
Which high on Adamantine Pillars ſhone.
Around in Throngs the proſtrate Seraphs lay
Abſorpt in Glory, and Exceſs of Day.
'Midſt the bright Cherubs haughty *Lucifer*,
By marks of Guilt diſtinguiſh'd, did appear.
To whom th' Eternal thus. Apoſtate, whence
Com'ſt thou to theſe bleſt Seats of Innocence.

Th' Apoſtate ſaid. I Lands and Seas have croſt,
And paſt from Clime to Clime, from Coaſt to Coaſt,
Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,
And all its Empires and its States ſurvey'd.

My

My Courſe compleated to theſe Seats of Light,
Mounting th' Aerial Void I wing'd my Flight.

Th' Allmighty then demanded. In thy Way
And toilſome Courſe, Ambitious Spirit, ſay,
Haſt thou obſerv'd good *Job*, my Servant, one
In Righteouſneſs and Piety, by none
Thro' all the wide Terreſtrial World out-done?
Whoſe perfect Virtue Admiration draws
From Men on Earth, and finds in Heav'n Applauſe.

I've long obſerv'd, reply'd falſe *Lucifer*,
Thy Favourite, and watch'd his Steps with Care.
Without, the Saint is in Perfection ſeen,
But is the Saint without, a Saint within?
He ſerves his God, but does he ſerve for nought?
Does he thy Glory, or his own promote?
Does he Religion for it's Self regard;
And Virtue Court, not Virtue's bright Reward?
Is it his Honour to Revere his God,
Who has his Smiles, but never feels his Rod?
Haſt thou not crown'd the Labour of his Hand,
Increas'd his Stores, extended his Command?
He can't complain unleſs with Wealth oppreſt,
With Favours over-laden, over-bleſt.
Entrench'd within th' impenetrable Fence,
Within the Works and Lines of Providence,
He can defy the moſt impetuous Shock;
And all th' Aſſaults of Hoſtile Forces mock.

With ſuch Abundance bleſt, with Honour Crown'd,
The Weakeſt Virtue may maintain its ground.
But let this Proſp'rous, Wealthy Saint be try'd;
Let this pretended Gold the Teſt abide;
Change but the Scene, and let thy Frowning Brow,
The marks of Anger and Diſpleaſure ſhow;
Extend thy Hand, and touch his tender Part;
Thou'lt find his Power and Subſtance next his Heart:
Deſpoil'd of theſe, he'll Curſe thee to thy Face,
And naked Virtue will no more embrace.

Th' Eternal to th' Apoſtate thus reply'd,
Let him Affliction's ſharpeſt Edge abide.
The Fence I rais'd around him I remove:
Go, let thy Malice try his Truth and Love.
Let Righteous *Job* thy fiery Teſts endure,
But let his Perſon be from Pain ſecure.

He ſaid. Th' Apoſtate from his Preſence went,
And on his fierce, malicious purpoſe bent,
He on *Arabia* made a ſwift Deſcent.

Mean time it happen'd at a ſplendid Feaſt,
Job's Eldeſt Son in turn receiv'd the reſt.
The Siſters with their Brothers Drank and Eat,
All the delightful kinds of Wine and Meat.
When at *Job*'s Houſe a Courier did arrive,
Sweating with Speed, Panting, and ſcarce alive.
Horror and Wildneſs in his Aſpect, bred
Juſt Fears of diſmal News, and thus he ſaid.

Invading

Invading Robbers from *Sabea*, warm'd
With hopes of Booty, and with Lances arm'd,
An Inroad made; and firſt the Men deſtroy'd
Who kept thy Herds, and then the Spoil enjoy'd.
I am alone by favourable Fate
Eſcap'd, th' unwelcome Tydings to relate.

While he was ſpeaking, with as ſwift a pace
Another came, and with as ſad a Face:
And thus he ſaid: O *Job*, a ſuddain Storm,
And lowring Clouds did all the Sky deform.
The bellowing Engines did all Nature ſcare,
Spouting their ruddy Vomit thro' the Air.
Tempeſts of Fire, like that which burns in Hell,
And blew Caſcades of flaming Sulphur fell,
Dreadful to Sight, and deadly to the Smell.
The rav'ning Flames were on the Mountains pour'd,
And all thy Shepherds, with their Flocks, devour'd.
I only am eſcap'd, to let thee know
Thy heavy Loſs, and this ſad Scene of Woe.

Scarce had he ended, when another came,
His Horror was alike, his haſte the ſame.
And thus he ſaid: The fierce *Chaldeans* made
Three choſen Bands, thy Camels to invade:
Thy Servants by ſurprize they've overcome;
And with their Spoil they march'd in Triumph home.

Mean time another enter'd, who in Speed
And Conſternation, did the reſt exceed.

And

And thus he ſpake. *Job*, At a ſplendid Treat
Thy Sons and Daughters were together met,
Within their Eldeſt Brother's pleaſant Seat:
When riſing from the Salvage Wilderneſs,
A howling, hollow Wind, with ſuch a Streſs
Bore on the Houſe, that the high Roof and Wall
Disjoynted crack'd, and fell; and with the Fall
Cruſh'd, and interr'd at once th' aſſembled Youth.
I only ſcap'd to tell ſo ſad a Truth.

Then *Job* his Garment rent, and ſhav'd his Head,
And on the Ground adoring fell, and ſaid:
Naked at firſt I left my Mother's Womb,
And ſhall return as Naked to my Tomb.
The Lord has giv'n, and taken back again:
Becauſe he takes his Own, ſhall I complain?
Tho' now he Frowns, I'll praiſe th' Allmighty's Name,
And bleſs the Spring whence paſt Enjoyments came.

CHAP. II. The glorious Sons of God, a ſecond time
Adoring ſtood, around his Throne ſublime.
A ſecond time ambitious *Lucifer*,
Amidſt the happy Seraphs did appear.
To whom th' Eternal thus. Apoſtate, whence
Com'ſt thou to theſe bleſt Seats of Innocence?

Th' Apoſtate ſaid. I Lands and Seas have croſt,
And paſt from Clime to Clime, from Coaſt to Coaſt,

Till

Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,
And all its Empires, and its States ſurvey'd.
And now am hither come. In all thy way,
Th' Allmighty ſaid, Ambitious Spirit, ſay,
Haſt thou obſerv'd good *Job*, my Servant, one
In Righteouſneſs and Piety, by none
Thro' all the wide Terreſtrial World out-done?
How 'midſt his Suffrings he aſſerts my Cauſe,
Defends my Juſtice, and Obeys my Laws.
He perſeveres unchang'd, and ſtill holds faſt
Th' Integrity which he has long embrac't.
Thou mov'ſt me to afflict his Soul in vain,
He ſtill his generous Virtue does retain.
Shock'd with this Storm, he ſtill takes deeper root,
Nor is he leſs adorn'd with Noble Fruit.
The Conſtancy th' unſhaken Man has ſhew'd,
Does thy malicious Policy Elude.
Still againſt Sin he makes a brave defence,
Deſpoil'd of all things, but his Innocence.

Th' Apoſtate then reply'd. Mankind, 'tis known,
Will give their Childrens Skins, to ſave their own.
To ſave their Lives, their Treaſures they produce;
Rather than Death, a naked Being chuſe.
But now extend thy Hand, and let the ſmart
Of ſome Diſeaſe, afflict him to the Heart;
And thou wilt find my Accuſation true,
That he with Curſes will his God purſue.

Then ſaid th' Allmighty, *Job* is in thy power,
Afflict his Fleſh, but be his Life ſecure.

In haſte th' Apoſtate on this Errand went,
Pleas'd with a Power to vex the Innocent.
He ſoon collected thro' the Atmoſphere,
Crude Exhalations, and corrupted Air.
He fetch'd raw Vapours, and unwholſom Damps
From ſtanding Lakes, low Caves, and marſhy Swamps.
Then finding *Job*, he ſecretly convey'd
Thro' all his winding Veins, th' infectious Seed.
The poyſon'd Blood with Peſtilential Boyls,
From Head to Foot the guiltleſs Man defiles.
In Aſhes humbly ſilent, down he ſate;
With Groans bewailing his unhappy Fate.
To clean his Skin, he with a Potſherd took
The Filth away, that from his Ulcers broke.

Then thus his Wife the Conſtant Man addreſt.
How much thy pious dullneſs I deteſt!
Doſt thou not ſee that thy Devotion's vain;
What have thy Pray'rs procur'd but Woe and Pain?
To ſuff'ring Virtue wilt thou ſtill adhere,
And harden'd in Religion perſevere?
Wilt thou retain thy Praying, Whining Cant?
And bleſs thy God; for what? for Plagues and Want?
Haſt thou not yet thy Int'reſt underſtood,
Perverſly Righteous, and abſurdly Good?

Theſe painful Sores, and all thy Loſſes ſhow,
How Heav'n regards the fooliſh Saint below.
Incorrigibly Pious, can't thy God
Reform thy ſtupid Virtue with his Rod?
Since only Woe attends thy Piety,
Be Wiſe and Brave for once, Curſe God, and Dye.
Provoke th' Allmighty thus to be thy Friend,
To take thy Life, and ſo thy Suff'rings end.

Then *Job* reply'd. Thou ſpeakeſt as the Weak,
As the Prophane, Flagitious Women ſpeak.
What! ſhall a Man, a Worm with God contend?
Diſpute his Will, his Rule of Juſtice mend?
He once enrich'd, and made us to abound,
Fill'd us with Goodneſs, and our Wiſhes crown'd:
Shall we receive his Bleſſings, but complain
When his afflicting Hand Creates our Pain?
We ſhould our Patience in our Suff'rings ſhew;
Bleſſings are not, but Suff'rings are our Due.

When *Bildad*, *Zophar*, and Wiſe *Eliphaz*,
Rever'd for Knowledge, and their Noble Race,
All three to *Job* by Friendſhip long endear'd,
The News of his Calamitys had heard;
They left their Seats, and meeting on the Day
And Place of Rendezvous, they took their way
To Mourn with *Job*, to ſhare his mighty Grief,
And by their Councels to afford Relief.
His Pain in part, by Kindneſs to remove,
And ſooth his Anguiſh by condoling Love.

Then from afar they lifted up their Eyes,
Directed by his Moans, and wofull Crys,
And ſpy'd th' afflicted *Job* upon the Sand,
In Aſhes laid, his Potſherd in his Hand.
Conſummate Sorrow in his Eyes appear'd,
And Tears and Duſt his meagre Cheeks beſmear'd.
Deform'd he lay, Disfigur'd, Cover'd o'er
With running Boyls, and undigeſted Gore.
They ſought him in himſelf, and ſcarce did know
Their ancient Friend, diſguis'd with ſo much Woe.
At laſt convinc'd, they whiſper'd, ſure 'tis he;
But, O, how chang'd with Pain and Poverty?
What wondrous Turn of Providence is this,
And how precarious is Terreſtrial Bliſs?
Amazing Change! how ſoon, O Righteous God,
Man's Glory fades beneath thy blaſting Rod?
To ſee a Righteous Friend ſo much diſtreſt,
Awaken'd various Paſſions in their Breaſt:
Grief, Pity, Wonder in their Boſoms pent;
Preſt with like force, and ſtrove at once for Vent.
They tore their Veſts, like Men in deep Deſpair,
And ſcatter'd Clouds of Aſhes thro' the Air;
Which thence deſcending, on their Heads did reſt,
Their inward Grief and Trouble to atteſt.
Not to moleſt a Sorrow ſo profound,
Sev'n Nights and Days they Silent ſate around.
So long a Time they held their Peace, to ſhow
A Rev'rence due to ſuch prodigious Woe.

CHAP. III.

And then afflicted *Job* firſt Silence broke.
His Friends attentive ſate, while thus he ſpoke.
Curſt be the fatal Day that cheer'd my Sight,
With the firſt Beam of Inauſpicious Light.
Curſt be the luckleſs Night, be Curſt the Morn,
When firſt they ſaid an Infant Man was born.
Periſh that Day, let it no more appear,
Cut off from all Connexion with the Year.
O'ercharg'd with Sorrow, let it move ſo ſlow,
That all Times ſwift-Wing'd Race may ſtill out-go
That lagging Day, ſtill let it pant behind,
And never more its Place and Order find.
May it be baniſh'd from its Mouth, and may
No ill-deſigning Mortal ever Pray,
To ſee again this Abdicated Day.
May it its Courſe and Turn for ever miſs,
Ingulph'd, abſorpt, and loſt in Time's Abyſs.

As for the Night, let Darkneſs to be felt,
Impenetrable Darkneſs, ſuch as dwelt
On the Dun Viſage of Primeval Night,
Shut every Starbeam out from Mortals Sight,
And cloſe up every Paſs and Road of Light.
Let not the cheerful Face of Joy appear;
Let no harmonious Sound delight the Ear.
O let no other Accents fill the Air,
But ſtrains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Deſpair.

Ye Mourners, all ye wretched Sons of Woe,
Who on your Birth-day dreadful Curſes throw,
Some Execrations on this Night beſtow.
Ye Stars withdraw your Light, let not a Ray
Be ſuffer'd o'er the gloomy Air to ſtray,
Let Men in vain expect the dawning Day.
Becauſe it did not ſhut the Womb, and keep
Me from my Sorrows in Eternal Sleep.

Why did a falſe Conception not elude
My Parents hopes, and Life from me exclude?
Why was I ſhap'd and faſhion'd as a Man?
Why Life not ſtifled when it firſt began?
O, that a quick Abortion had ſuppreſt
The vital Flame, when firſt it warm'd my Breaſt.
Why did I not continue ſtill too weak,
And deſtitute of Force enough to break
The Bands which firſt did me an Embryo hold,
And in the Womb my tender Limbs enfold.
Why did the Womb give me a paſſage forth?
Or why did I ſurvive th' unhappy Birth?
Why did my Mother's Knee and Nurſe's Breaſt,
Preſerve my Being, and prevent my Reſt?
Had they in Mercy ſuffer'd me to lye
Without their help, and kindly let me dye;
I then had early met as good a Fate,
As Princes, Kings, and Councellors of State,
Who lye in Stately Sepulchers Interr'd,
Which by themſelves at vaſt Expence were reer'd:

Who once with Gold and Silver did abound,
But now as Poor as Common Men are found.
I had like Infants ſtifled in the Womb,
Slept undiſturb'd, laid in the quiet Tomb.
The Wicked there no more the Juſt moleſt,
And there the weary are diſſolv'd in Reſt.
There near th' Oppreſſor lyes th' Oppreſt in Peace,
And there the Pris'ners Crys for ever ceaſe.
Levell'd by Death the Conquerour and the Slave,
The Wiſe and Fooliſh, Cowards and the Brave,
Lye mixt, and undiſtinguiſh'd in the Grave.

Why is that Peaceful Place, that ſoft repoſe
Deny'd to vaſt unſufferable Woes?
Why does the Man that drags in Sweat and Pain,
His Chain of Life demand to dye in vain?
Why is he not allow'd to yield his Breath,
T' enjoy the cool, refreſhing Shades of Death?
Why does the courted Bleſſing ſtill elude
His eager Arms, and fly him when purſu'd?
Relentleſs Death! Inexorable Grave!
Why will you not your wretched Vot'rys Save?
Who to enjoy you more deſire and ſtrive,
Than e'er two happy Lovers did to Live?
Why ſtrikes not Death the Man who meets her Dart
With an expanded Breaſt and leaping Heart?
Why can't he taſte her bleſt Ambroſial Bowl,
To eaſe the bitter Anguiſh of his Soul?
When a poor Wretch conſum'd with raving Grief,
And ſunk in deep Deſpair, to find relief

Shall

Shall dig with eager Labour to explore
Death's Leaden Vein, as if 'twas Silver Oar:
Why does he not ſo cheap a Treaſure find?
By envious Life why is he countermin'd?
Why muſt he live, who begs and prays to dye,
'Tis Cruelty this Refuge to deny
To one who knows not whither elſe to fly?

This is my Caſe. For when I ſit to Eat,
Tears are my Wine, and Trouble is my Meat.
My Grief Tempeſtuous, and unruly grows,
And as a roaring Flood my raging Sorrow flows.
For now I groan beneath thoſe ills oppreſt,
Which my ill-boding Mind did ſtill ſuggeſt.
When I poſſeſt the ſofteſt hours of Eaſe,
My ill preſaging Thoughts diſturb'd my Peace.
My anxious Fears did my Enjoyments Awe,
And now I feel what from afar I ſaw.

CHAP. IV. Then *Eliphaz* reply'd. To mourn thy Fate,
And with ſoft Words thy Sorrow to abate
We came, but ſuch Impatience thou haſt ſhown,
And haſt on Heav'n ſuch bold Reproaches thrown,
That now inſtead of yielding kind Relief,
My Language may exaſperate thy Grief.
Such is thy Wound, Balm will be us'd in vain;
And if I Lance it, I increaſe the Pain.
Yet who can hold from ſpeaking to defend
Juſtice Divine, and guide an Erring Friend?

Oft

Oft have thy Words and Wiſe Inſtructions made
The Feeble Strong, and giv'n th' Afflicted Aid.
Th' Unfortunate and Wretched taught by Thee,
Reviving, have forgot their Miſery.
The Mourners and the Comfortleſs have found
Thy Words like healing Balſom, eaſe their Wound.
The moſt perverſe, inexorable Woe,
And ſullen Grief thy charming Voice did know.
Drooping Deſpondency, and deep Deſpair
Liſten'd to Thee, and would thy Councels hear.
But ſince it is thy Turn to undergo
The Suff'rers Part, ungovern'd Paſſions ſhow,
How much a lighter Task it is to give
Councel and wiſe Advice, than to receive.
How eaſy 'tis to praiſe, how hard to bear
Th' afflicting Rod, thy wild Complaints declare.

Impatience under Pain the Spring betrays
Of thy Devotion and Religious Ways.
Affliction has detected thee, and ſhown
Thou didſt not ſeek Heav'n's Int'reſt, but thy own;
For with thy Wealth, thy Piety is gone.
None whoſe Religion's Pure, and Mind Sincere,
Did e'er ſuch Marks of Heav'n's Diſpleaſure bear.
Heav'n will not let the Righteous ſink ſo low,
In ſuch a vaſt profound Abyſs of Woe.
They are by adverſe Providence annoy'd,
Kindly Corrected oft, but not deſtroy'd.
They bear the Frowns, but not the Wrath of God,
Nor Feel his Vengeance, tho' they do his Rod.

A ruin'd Upright Man was never known,
Never as thou art, perfectly Undone.
He that delights to ſow Iniquity,
Shall a ſad Harveſt of Deſtruction ſee.
The Breath of God, like Peſtilential Air
Shall blaſt, and leave him with'ring in Deſpair.
So a fierce Lyon long inur'd to Spoil,
Shall roar entangled in the Hunter's Toil:
Or elſe the Bloody Ravager o'erpowr'd
When Old, by Famine's Teeth ſhall be devour'd.
His rav'ning Whelps ſhall o'er the Mountains ſtray,
And periſh on the Sands for want of Prey.

I ſhould be impious, vain and arrogant,
Should I of Heav'nly Correſpondence vaunt:
Yet to convince thee of thy Error, hear
The Language of a Heav'nly Meſſenger.
When Night in Sable Clouds had Nature dreſt,
And weary Lab'rers ſought refreſhing Reſt;
I had a Viſion, which a Sacred Dread
And Reverential Horror in me bred.
The awful Object cloath'd in glorious Air,
Struck thro' my trembling Joynts reſiſtleſs Fear.
A Heav'nly Spirit paſs'd before my Sight;
My Hair with Terror ſtiffen'd, ſtood Upright.
Approaching me, the bright Appearance ſtood,
And I a plain Corporeal Glory view'd:
But in ſo great Confuſion, ſo much Awe,
That I no Form or Shape diſtinctly ſaw.

Then thus th' immortal Stranger ſilence broke,
And with a ſtill Celeſtial Accent ſpoke.

Shall mortal Man than God more Righteous be?
Shall Man's out-do his Maker's Purity?
Full Confidence ev'n in the Godlike Race
Of Seraphims th' Almighty cannot place.
He does Arch-Angels for their Folly blame,
Who bow their conſcious Heads, and bluſh for ſhame.
And ſhall a Man his Innocence defend?
With his great Maker ſhall a Man contend?
A worthleſs Wight that triumphs for a Day,
Whoſe Habitation is a Houſe of Clay.
Whoſe Fort of Life is founded in the Duſt
Which quickly falls, and diſappoints his Truſt,
Tho' but a gnawing Worm the Work aſſails,
Or but a ſilly Moth the Fabrick ſcales.
Each hour the ſap'd Foundation feels decay,
And Life ev'n in its blooming fades away,
Made to its own devouring Flame a Prey.
So faſt Men periſh, that the common ſight
No more does wonder, or regard excite.
On Power and Wealth in vain for aid they cry,
For as they liv'd, they in their Folly dye.
Therefore, O *Job*, thy raſh Diſcourſe correct,
No more, poor Mortal, on thy God reflect.

Perhaps the Fooliſh may thy Conduct praiſe CHAP. V.
And againſt Heav'n may bold Objections raiſe.

But try the Wiſe and Upright, call and ſee
Which Saint of all the ſacred Hierarchy
Will thy raſh Words applaud, thy Cauſe maintain,
And with audacious Charges Heav'n arraign?
Why doſt thou, *Job*, thy Diſcontent expreſs
That wicked Men do Power and Wealth poſſeſs?
That Power and Wealth they will not long enjoy,
For wrath Divine will the vile Race deſtroy.
I have with wonder ſeen the Wicked ſhoot
Deep in a fertile ſoil his thriving Root:
But ſoon aſſaulted with a ſuddain ſtorm,
His ghaſtly Ruin did the Ground deform.
His Limbs and Leaves and wither'd Fruit were ſpred
Round his diſmember'd Trunk, and blaſted head.
His hated Sons impleaded by the Poor,
Their Wealth by *Rapine* gotten did reſtore.
Inextricable Troubles, vaſt Diſtreſs
Did this accurs't, deſpairing Race oppreſs.
The Hungry did their thorny Fences leap,
Enjoy their Labour, and their Harveſt reap.
Robbers did Inroades make in furious Bands,
Their Houſes rifle, and lay waſt their Lands.

What means theſe Cries? why this Impatience ſhown?
Is Trouble rare? are Woes uncommon grown?
'Tis true, Affliction ſprings not from the Earth,
Nor to the Ground owes a ſpontaneous Birth;
Yet Men to Woe as to their Center tend,
As Streams to Seas, and Flames to Heav'n aſcend.

This

This is the ſad Inheritance convey'd
From Man to Man ſince *Adam* diſobey'd.
This is the Lot which God does Man aſſign;
Wherefore, O *Job*, were thy Affliction mine,
I would to Heav'n's dread Majeſty ſubmit;
All my own Ways Arraign, but his Acquit.
I would his Juſtice and his Truth adore,
Revere his Greatneſs, but my ſelf abhor.
By humble Reſignation I would ly
Beneath his Feet, and for his Mercy cry.

His Deeds are great, unſearchable his Ways,
Which in obſerving Minds Amazement raiſe.
His Providence when leaſt 'tis underſtood,
Is always Juſt, and Merciful and Good.
The Wonders of this dark, unfathom'd Deep,
Our Thoughts in endleſs Admiration keep.
He hangs his Clouds, amazing to behold,
And ſhapes his Rain-drops in an unknown Mould.
Then he his Waters on the Mountains pours,
And on the Vallys his Prolific Showers.
He ſets the Servant in the Maſter's place,
And wipes the Tears off from the Mourner's Face.
The crafty he Entangles, Countermines
The Councellor, and blaſts his Wiſe deſigns.
He turns againſt himſelf the Stateſman's Art,
And does the Politician's Hopes ſubvert.
By interpoſing Miſts, the cleareſt Sight
He oft obſtructs, and intercepts the Light.

Involv'd in thicken'd Shades they loſe their way,
Believe 'tis Night, and ſeek at Noon the Day.
He from th' Oppreſſor does Protect the Poor,
And from his Mighty Foe the Weak ſecure:
So to the Poor he gives reviving Hopes,
And the black Mouth of proud Injuſtice ſtops.

Thrice happy is the Man, who feels the ſmart
Which kindly God's correcting Strokes impart.
When chaſten'd, think, thou art with Favours crown'd;
Let no deſponding Thoughts thy Hopes confound,
The Hand that made, will likewiſe heal thy Wound.
He'll from thy various Troubles ſet thee free,
And change to Joy this Scene of Miſery.
His powerful Word ſhall call the ſmiling Light
From this wild Chaos, and this ſullen Night.
He ſhall protect thee with a tender Care
From the fierce Jaws of Famine and of War.
The poiſonous Arrows of the Sland'ring Tongue,
Shall neither gall thy Fame, or Honour wrong.
When grim Deſtruction with her horrid Train
And dire Attendants, Anguiſh, Woe and Pain
Advances, ſhaking her tremendous Spear,
Her Threats ſhall move thy Laughter, not thy Fear.
All Nature reconcil'd ſhall give thee Peace,
If thy juſt Ways the Lord of Nature pleaſe.
The Stones and all the Elements with thee,
Shall ratify a ſtrict Confed'racy.
Wild Beaſts their ſalvage Nature ſhall forget,
And for a firm Allyance with thee treat.

The Finny Tyrants of the ſpacious Seas,
Shall ſend a Scaly Embaſſy for Peace.
His plighted Faith the Crocodile ſhall keep,
And ſeeing thee, for Joy ſincerely Weep.
Dragons ſhall thee with friendly Hiſſings greet,
And wanton Serpents roll, and lick thy Feet.
The fawning Lyon ſhall thy Friendſhip Court,
And gentle Tygers ſhall around thee ſport.
Theſe awkard Sycophants ſhall thee addreſs,
And unaccuſtom'd Flattery expreſs.
Thy Habitation ſhall be ever bleſt
With undiſturb'd Tranquility and Reſt.
Thy Houſe in Numbers ſhall ſurpaſs the Sand,
And as the Rocks around, unſhaken ſtand.
When watchful Death ſhall on her Harveſt look,
And ſee thee ripe with Age invite the Hook,
She'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the Grave her Granary.
Weigh theſe undoubted Truths, and thou wilt find
Great Conſolation to thy wounded Mind.

CHAP. VI.

He ceas'd, and *Job* in Pain and Anguiſh ſaid,
O, that my Grief was in a Ballance laid,
And all my Suff'rings were againſt it weigh'd!
Then let an equal Judge decide my Caſe,
Whether my Grief my Suffrings does ſurpaſs.
My maſſy Burden and my pondrous Woe,
In weight the Sand around the Sea out-do.

Un-

Unutterable Groans my Soul oppreſs,
Nor have I words to ſhew my deep Diſtreſs.
Th' Allmighty's Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
And every feſt'ring Wound gives deadly ſmart.
Arrows whoſe heads, like pointed Lightning, ſhine,
Steep'd in the ſtrongeſt Lees of Wrath Divine.
Their raging Poiſon ſpreds without controul,
Drinks up my Life, and Eats my very Soul.
Th' Allmighty's Terrors drawn out in Array
Surround me, and invade me every Way.
You that can triumph free from Care and Pain
In Peace and Plenty, never need Complain;
Is the Wild Aſs in graſſy Fields diſeas'd?
Or o'er his Fodder lows the Oxe diſpleas'd.
But did you my Affliction undergo,
Your groans with mine would ſome proportion ſhow,
And to as high a Tyde your ſwelling Sorrows grow.
Who in unſavory Meats can take delight?
What Taſte is in an Egg's inſipid White?
Then noxious Food, ſuch as my Sorrows are,
'Tis madneſs to commend, as wholſom Fare.
I'm now compell'd, my Poverty is ſuch,
To feed on Meats which I abhorr'd to touch.
My Troubles riſe to ſuch amazing height,
Such is my Grief's unſufferable Weight;
My Soul to ſuch extremity is driv'n,
That I muſt ſtill implore the God of Heav'n
That I may find the Bleſſing I require,
That he would grant my paſſionate deſire;

That

That he my Life in Mercy would deſtroy,
And let me Death, for which I long, enjoy.
That he would bowels of Compaſſion ſhow,
And looſe his Hand to give the fatal blow.
To welcome Death I would my Arms extend,
Embrace and hug my Dear, tho' ghaſtly Friend.
Did I but ſee the kind Deliverer near,
Did from the Grave ſome dawning hope appear,
This Anodyne my Anguiſh would appeaſe,
That with my Life my Grief would quickly ceaſe.
I'd then a firm, unſhaken Courage ſhow,
Harden'd in Grief, and ſtrengthen'd by my Woe.
I hate to live, of Death I'm not affraid,
Conſcious that Heav'n I ſtrictly have obey'd.
What is my Strength? how weak, and how abſurd
Is it to hope it er'e ſhall be reſtor'd?
What is my End? where is my Period ſet
When I no more ſhall my ſad moans repeat?
Waſted and worn I linger and complain,
And by prolonging Life prolong my Pain.

I from your Love and Council hop'd Relief,
Thought your Diſcourſes would abate my Grief;
But your perverſe, unskilful ways confeſs
You know not how to treat your Friend's diſtreſs.
Miſtaking my Diſtemper you enrage
The ſharp Diſeaſe, but not the Pain aſſwage.

Am I a Marble Rock that cannot feel?
Are all my Muſcles Braſs, my Sinews Steel?

That

That I this mighty Load of Grief muſt bear,
While Death which I invoke neglects my Pray'r,
And at a diſtance keeps, deriding my Deſpair.
O *Eliphaz*, was I deſponding left,
Of help without, and ſenſe within bereft,
Yet ſtill a Friend Compaſſion ſhould expreſs
To one in ſuch Affliction, and Diſtreſs.
As when with burning heat a Trav'ller fry'd
Finds out the Brook, but ſees the Channel dry'd,
Where he expected cooling Streams ſhould flow,
Since 'twas in Winter fill'd with Ice and Snow;
But when the Waters felt a warmer heat,
They roſe in Vapours, and forſook their Seat:
Won by the Summer's importuning Ray,
Th' eloping Flood did from its Channel ſtray,
And with enticing Sun-beams ſtole away:
The Trav'ller caſting down a troubled look,
Sighs and upbraids the falſe deceitful Brook.
Fair *Sheba*'s Convoys and the thirſty Troops
Of *Tema* mourn their diſappointed Hopes.
Confounded they expreſs their Grief and Shame,
To find the Banks without th' expected Stream.
No leſs am I amaz'd, no leſs I grieve
That you my boſom Friends my hopes deceive.

You are unable to afford me Aid,
Seeing my Grief you ſtart and are affraid.
Do my prodigious Woes my Friends amaze?
Why do you wildly ſtare, and at a diſtance gaze?

Has my Diſeaſe this Conſternation bred?
D'ye fear my Ulcers will Infection ſpred?
D'ye fear your Friend now Poor, will craving grow,
And beg Supplies of you to eaſe his Woe?
Did I e'er importune my Friends to grant
Part of their Subſtance to relieve my want?
Did ever *Job* at your Expence demand
To be deliver'd from th' Oppreſſor's hand?
If your Inſtructions can my Ways correct,
Thankfull I'll hold my Peace, and not reject
The Heav'nly Light, that will my Crime detect.
Right Reaſon's Beams a quick admiſſion find,
And breaking all Obſtructions force the Mind:
But whom can your Weak Arguments confute?
Short, or beſide the Mark you ever ſhoot.
Will you your Ignominious Slanders throw,
And tho' I am your Friend, inſult my Woe?
Almoſt bereft of ſenſe yet I can find
Your Words are vain and empty, as the Wind.
Your Indiſcretion far from your Intent,
With cruel Comforts does my Grief augment.
You ſink me down too low before depreſt,
And in your ſubtile Snares your Friend Arreſt.
And now if you my Troubles would ſurvey,
And with deliberate Thoughts my Sorrow weigh,
You would pronounce I juſtly did Complain,
Acquit my Speeches, and your own Arraign.
Return I pray, to Reaſon's Paths return,
You'll then aſſert my Cauſe, my Suff'rings mourn.

You will defend my Righteouſneſs, and all
Your raſh and unconſider'd Words recall.
I do not find my Reaſon ſo debas'd,
Nor yet ſo undiſtinguiſhing my Taſte,
But I can ſee your words are miſapply'd;
They cannot Truth's Impartial Teſt abide.

CHAP. VII. The Life of Man has a determin'd date
Fix'd by Divine, Irrevocable Fate.
His Days will at a certain time expire,
As his, who lets his Labour out for Hire.
The Weary Slave does for the Evening pray,
Knowing his Labour ceaſes with the Day.
Then why ſhould I with toilſom Life oppreſt,
Not be allow'd to pray for Death and Reſt?
Th' uneaſy Day in ling'ring Pain I ſpend,
And think the tedious Night will never end.
By Night when Men their anxious Thoughts disband,
And gently ſtrok'd by Slumber's downy hand;
Reluctant Cares at laſt from raging ceaſe,
And Sleep till Morn, to give the Wretched Peace.
Ev'n then my reſtleſs Thoughts to vex my Soul,
In everlaſting Agitations roll.
My ſalvage Grief let looſe, like Beaſts of Prey,
By Night grows more outragious, than by Day.
My ſwelling Sorrows never will ſubſide,
But higher riſe in their Nocturnal Tyde.
A thouſand times I turn, but turn in vain,
I change my Side, but always keep my Pain.

With

With longing Eyes I ſeek the dawning Light,
But Woe ſucceeds, as Day ſucceeds the Night.
My Ulcerated Fleſh is cloath'd with Worms,
And Putrefaction every Limb deforms.

My Days in quick Succeſſion go and come,
As the ſwift Shuttle traverſes the Loom.
Lord, in Compaſſion to me, call to mind,
That ſwift-wing'd Life out-flys the fleeteſt Wind.
No grateful Object more ſhall pleaſe my Sight,
No more Harmonious Sounds my Ear delight.
I muſt for ever my Abode forſake,
For ever of my Friends my Farewell take.
Shouldſt thou diſpleas'd give me a frowning Look,
I ſink, I dy, as if with Light'ning ſtruck.
As ruin'd Clouds diſſolve, and flow in Air,
And ne'er their loſt Connexion can repair:
So he that once deſcends into the Tomb,
Before the great and Univerſal Doom,
No more his Form and Vigor will reſume.
He'll never break the Leaden Chains of Death,
Nor more by turns exclude and draw his Breath.
He ſhall no more enjoy his former home,
Nor from the Grave to his dear Neighbours come.
Since Life by Common Fate muſt quickly ceaſe,
And griping Death will ne'er her Prey releaſe;
I'll not refrain, but for Compaſſion Cry,
For ſome repoſe and Eaſe, or elſe to Dye.
I'll ſpeak, for Grief is bold and eloquent,
My Prayers and Crys ſhall give my Sorrow vent.

Expoſtulations and Complaints ſhall eaſe
My tortur'd Soul, and the ſharp Pain appeaſe.

Am I a vaſt, a wild, Impetuous Deep,
That thou art forc'd to ſet thy Watch, and keep
Me thus in Bounds? Can I e'er dangerous grow,
E'er paſs my Banks, and o'er the Region flow?
Am I a furious Monſter of the Main,
That thou in Fetters doſt my Rage reſtrain?
No. I extended lye upon my Bed,
And on my Couch repoſe my reſtleſs Head:
But then if Sleep around me nodding flyes
With flaggy Wings, and lights upon my Eyes;
Viſions and Dreams compos'd of frightful Air,
The drowſy Stranger from my Eye-lids ſcare.
Therefore my Soul does quick Deliv'rance ask
From tedious Life's unſufferable Task:
Life I abhor; let me alone to Dye;
Why ſhould I ſtill in ling'ring Torments lye?
Why does Coy Death from my Embraces fly?
Why ſhould I Live? Was I from Pain releaſt,
Life's but a vain and empty Name at beſt.
O, what is Man? What is the Hope and Truſt
Of a poor piece of ill-cemented Duſt?
What is the Wight, that God ſhould condeſcend
To try his Strength, and with him ſhould contend?
Wilt thou ſuch Honour on a Wretch beſtow,
Is he or worth thy Notice, or thy Blow?
Wilt thou thy Power againſt a Worm engage,
Is Man a proper Object of thy Rage?

But

But if thou ſcourgeſt with a kind Intent,
And thy ſharp Strokes are for Correction meant
To make the Suff'rer thy juſt Laws obey,
And to reduce the Wand'rer to his way,
Still what is Man, that every Day his God
Should both Chaſtiſe, and Guide him with his Rod?
That he ſhould Wound his Fleſh to heal his Mind,
Beneficent in Wrath, and in Diſpleaſure Kind?
Lord, ſpare a Wretch that has not long to live,
Some eaſie Minutes, ſome ſhort reſpite give.
I own my Guilt, and my Offences blame,
Delug'd in Tears, and overwhelm'd with Shame.
What ſhall I do thy Favour to regain?
Can I implore th' Allmighty's Aid in vain,
Whoſe gracious Power does all Mankind ſuſtain?
In deeds of Kindneſs thou doſt moſt rejoyce,
Chaſt'ning is forc'd, but Mercy is thy choice.
Why haſt thou ſet me as a Mark, to ſtand
Againſt the Darts of thy reſiſtleſs Hand,
Which ſo much gaul my feſt'ring Fleſh, that I
Would lay my Life, my Burden down, and dye?
Forgive of all my Guilt the mighty Debt,
Remember Mercy, and my Sin forget.

Then *Bildad:* CHAP. VIII.

How long wilt thou the Bounds of Patience break?
And thus abſurdly and perverſly ſpeak?
How long ſhall thy Reproaches Heav'n Arraign?
Does the leaſt Spot Eternal Juſtice ſtain?

Why

Why does thy Paſſion's Tyde its Bank o'erflow?
Why do thy Words, like Winds, Tempeſtuous grow?
Does God Deceit to Sacred Truth prefer?
Rather than *Job*, muſt God be thought to err?
If thy Rebellious Children did provoke
Th' Allmighty's Wrath, and felt his Vengeful ſtroke,
If thou his Perfect Juſtice would'ſt adore,
If thou his Mercy humbly would'ſt implore;
And to thy Pray'r joyn Purity of Heart,
For thy Support he would his Power exert.
His Bleſſings yet would Crown thy righteous Ways,
And thou in Peace might'ſt paſs thy proſp'rous Days.
Tho' thou art Poor and deſpicably low,
Thy Subſtance ſhould increaſe and vaſtly grow,
And Wealth around thee would profuſely flow.
Conſult thy Fathers, look on Ages back,
Turn o'er the Rolls of Time, and ſtrict enquiry make.
We are of no Experience, no regard
When with our long-liv'd Anceſtors compar'd:
Thoſe Venerable Heads will give thee Light
In this Debate, and ſet thy Judgment right.
They'll from repeated Obſervation ſhew,
That all the Maxims we advance, are true.

Ev'n as a Ruſh that in a Wat'ry Mead
With haſty growth reers its preſumptuous Head;
In its chief Verdure withering away,
Prevents the Mower by a ſwift decay.
The Plants that once with Envy on him gaz'd,
Stand at this unexpected Change amaz'd.

So

So ſhall the Beauty of the Wicked fade,
Who to endure has no Foundation laid.
His ſwelling Hopes in their high Tyde ſhall ebb;
His Truſt is weaker than a Spider's Web.
He on his Houſe ſhall lean, a fruitleſs Prop,
His Houſe will ſink, and diſappoint his Hope.
Will he on Servants and his Wealth depend,
Servants and Wealth their Lord ſhall not defend.
Tho' he to Heav'n ſhould raiſe his ſhady head,
And his thick Branches o'er the Garden ſpread;
Should he beneath the Summer's burning Ray
Continue Green, which makes the Ruſh decay;
Should all his interweaving Roots around,
Embrace the Stones in firm and ſolid ground;
Could he deride the Winds that him invade,
And Tempeſts with their Impotence upbraid;
Did he thus ſtand ſecure from Storms and Heat,
Proud of the Strength and Beauty of his Seat;
He ſhall his ſuddain Extirpation Mourn,
Fell'd by the Axe, or elſe by Thunder torn.
Compleat Deſtruction ſhall all marks efface,
And all Remains, that might confeſs his place.
The ground ſhall no diſcov'ring Footſteps ſhew,
Nor neighb'ring Trees remember, where he grew.
No other milder Fate or happier End,
Shall all his Pomp and proſp'rous Pride attend.
He ſhall be rooted up, and in his Ground
No fruitful Plant ſhall be hereafter found,
But neighb'ring Trees ſhall thrive, that ſtand around.

His

His God will never the Perfect Man reject,
Nor may the Wicked e'er his Aid expect.
Hence, *Job*, thy want of Virtue does appear,
That God abandons thee to thy Deſpair.
But this is certain, if thou wilt not mourn
Offences paſt, and to thy God return,
Utter Deſtruction ſhall thy Ways attend;
But if convinc'd thou wilt thy Errors mend,
He ſhall thy former Joy and Power reſtore,
Encreaſe thy Friends, and multiply thy Store;
Till Songs and Shouts thy great Delight atteſt,
And mighty Joy extends thy lab'ring Breaſt.
Thoſe who revil'd thee, and thy Dwelling curſt,
Shall bluſh with Shame, with Indignation burſt;
When they ſhall ſee thy Happy Days reſtor'd,
And greater Wealth and Honour on thee pour'd.
Mean time reſiſtleſs Ruin ſhall efface
The Wicked Man, and all his impious Race.

CHAP. IX. Then anſwer'd *Job*. This Sacred Truth I own,
That God has ſtill unblemiſh'd Juſtice ſhown.
Nor can a Man his Innocence defend,
If with him God ſhould in Debate contend.
What Reaſonings e'er he offers in diſpute,
Man of a thouſand could not one Confute.
He's Wiſe in Heart, and guides all Nature's Ways,
And at a View the Univerſe ſurveys.

The Heart he ſearches with his piercing Eye,
And bubbling Thoughts does in their Spring deſcry.
Unfiniſh'd Notions in the Mind he ſees,
And the rude Lines of half-drawn Images.
He views the Spark that firſt our Boſom fires,
And the firſt ſtruggling of unborn Deſires.
He from the Hills of Time looks down, to ſee
The boundleſs Vale of dark Futurity.
He ſees all Ages from Duration's Deep
Come rolling on, and how they Order keep.
All things he ſees in Time's Capacious Womb,
And turns the Annals o'er of Years to come.
He ſees each Chance, and every future Turn,
And reads the Lives of Monarchs yet unborn.
He views Events that in their Cauſes lye,
And ſees Effects in Nature's Energy.
He minds our Ways, and to his clearer Sight
Thoſe Paths are crooked, which we thought were right.

His Strength proportion with his Wiſdom ſhows,
Fit to Protect his Friends, and Cruſh his Foes;
Who with Succeſs did e'er his Arm oppoſe?
Hills with their Woods, when his fierce Anger burns,
He from their Seat amidſt the Vally ſpurns.
He turns up Mountains Roots againſt the Sky,
And from his Wrath the Rocks find Wings to fly.
He makes the Earth with ſtrong Convulſions ſhake,
Her Pillars ſtart, and their old Baſe forſake.
Vaſt, gaping Chaſms, amazing to the Sight,
Mingle the Day with Subterranean Night.

Th' inclining Poles as wrench'd aſide appear,
And diving Iſles conceal themſelves for fear.
At his Command the riſing Sun will ſtay,
And from the World keep back the ling'ring Day.
His marſhal'd Clouds to intercept the Light,
Seal up the Stars the twinkling Eyes of Night.
The ſpreading Heav'n's he as a Curtain draws,
Treads down aſpiring Waves, and gives the Ocean Laws.
With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Sphears,
And ſtuds the Sable Night with Silver Stars.
He all the Conſtellations hangs on high,
And bids the Planets wander thro' the Sky.
Stormy *Arcturus* round the Northern Pole
By his direction does unweary'd roll.
Orion and the *Pleiades* diſpence,
At his Command, their Rays and Influence.
His skillful hand on Airy Pillars reers
The Vaulted Chambers of the Southern Spheres.
The long Succeſſion of his Mighty Deeds,
Our everlaſting Admiration feeds.

Behind a black impenetrable Screen
Of Pitchy Clouds, th' Allmighty walks unſeen.
He that to follow in his Steps eſſays,
Thro' all his craggy, dark, perplexing Ways,
Scar'd by the ſacred Horrors of the Place,
Will own, the Maze Divine he cannot trace,
Nor the black Gulph, and trackleſs Mountains paſs.
He'll ſtand aſtoniſh'd, and bereft of Senſe,
Loſt in the awful Wilds of Providence.

If

If he his ſettled Purpoſe has expreſt,
A Man of Wealth and Honour to diveſt,
What hardy Mortal will his Power withſtand,
Or dares a reaſon why 'tis done, demand ?
Till God withdraws the heavy, galling Yoke,
And reconcil'd, forbears th' afflicting Stroke:
Thoſe who would reſcue, may their Pride expreſs,
But by their fall their weakneſs ſhall confeſs.

Since none a Match in Power with God contends,
And none his Ways and Counſels comprehends,
Can I pretend to ſpeak, my Caſe to ſtate,
And grapple with th' Allmighty in debate ?
Can I his Ear with choſen Language charm,
And God of all his Arguments diſarm ?
Tho' I believ'd my Cauſe moſt Right and Juſt,
I would my doubtful Innocence diſtruſt.
I would not plead with God, but only pray
That Juſtice he with Mercy would allay.
Tho' he ſhould kindly grant me my Requeſt,
Yet I ſo much deſpond, am ſo Diſtreſt,
That I th' amazing Truth ſhould ne'er believe,
But, as a gawdy Dream the joyful News receive.
Both ſharp and laſting Suff'rings I have born,
With Wrath Divine, as with a Tempeſt torn;
He perſeveres and multiplies his Strokes,
Tho' no uncommon Guilt his Wrath provokes.
So faſt his fierce, redoubled Blows deſcend,
That I can ſcarce to all my Wounds attend.

No breathing Time is giv'n, no ſhort Relief
From exquiſite and never-ceaſing Grief.
Should I his Throne with all my force Aſſail,
Againſt Allmighty Strength can I prevail?
If I Appeal to Judges and to Laws,
What higher Court can Sit to hear my Cauſe?
If I my Righteouſneſs before him plead,
Will not my Words to my Conviction lead?
Will he not thence my Condemnation draw,
And in my pureſt Virtue find a flaw?
Should God pronounce me juſt, yet I'd refuſe
Uneaſy Life, and Death's Embraces chuſe.

To all things you advance, to repreſent
God's Power and Juſtice fully, I aſſent.
But then you err, when you aſſert that God
Exempts the Righteous from his ſcourging Rod.
No Fav'rite Son is from his Frown ſecure,
But in his Turn does his ſharp Stripes endure.
The Fooliſh from the Wiſe you cannot know
By the falſe marks of Happineſs, or Woe.
'Twixt Good and Bad there's no diſtinction made,
Unleſs more frequent Darts the Good invade.
Againſt the Juſt th' Allmighty's Arrows fly,
For he delights the Innocent to try.
To ſhow their Conſtant and their God-like Mind,
Not by Afflictions broken, but refin'd.
He to the Wicked gives the Earth away,
And raiſes Monſters to Imperial Sway.

He makes them Peace and Plenty to poſſeſs,
And crowns their Undertakings with Succeſs.
While Men for Empire fit, and Publique Truſt,
Quick in diſcerning, in deciding Juſt,
Worthy of Thrones, Men of unblemiſh'd Fame,
Are oft expos'd to Miſery and Shame.
This is th' Allmighty's Deed, if not, declare
Its genuine Authors, who, and where they are.

My Life conſumes in never-ceaſing Woe,
My rolling Days uninterrupted flow,
To diſembogue their Flood within the Deep,
Where all the Streams of Time collected Sleep.
No eager Couriers in their greateſt haſte,
Nor Ship before the Wind advance ſo faſt.
The Eagle from the Mountains Airy top,
To ſtrike his Prey, does ne'er ſo ſwiftly ſtoop.
If I reſolve my Sorrow to forget,
That I'll no more my raſh Complaints repeat,
That my unbridled Paſſion I'll reſtrain;
This humble Reſignation is in vain.
For God will never my Diſtreſs relieve,
He'll puniſh on, and tempt Men to believe.
That *Job* by ſome unuſual, black Offence,
Has Heav'n provok'd ſuch Judgments to diſpence.
In vain I ſtrive my Innocence to clear,
Since I muſt ſtill theſe grievous Suffrings bear,
Still the ſad marks of Heav'n's diſpleaſure wear.
If by my Vindication I ſhould grow
As clean and ſpotleſs, as the Fleecy Snow,

When

When God replies, my Stains before conceal'd
To my Confuſion would be all reveal'd.
My Foulneſs he'll detect, that I no more
Should boaſt my Cleanneſs, but my ſelf abhor.

He's not a Man, my equal in diſpute,
That I ſhould hope his Reaſons to refute.
Can I in Courts of Judgment take my place,
And plead againſt th' Allmighty Face to Face?
In this Debate what Umpire ſhall preſide,
Hear all our Arguings, and the Cauſe decide?
Let him his Terrors, and his Rod withdraw,
And let his Mercy mitigate his Law;
For humane Frailty due Allowance make,
And I with Courage will my Tryal take.
I then will boldly ſpeak, and free from fear
I'll quickly make my Innocence appear.
But this requeſt th' Allmighty does refuſe;
He does the Rigour of his Juſtice uſe.
His awful Terrors which my Soul ſurround,
Drink up my Spirits, and my Hope confound.
As I have done, I therefore will complain,
This only way is left to ſooth my Pain.

CHAP. X. My conſtant Woes, ſuch conſtant Groans create,
That Life's a black, uncomfortable State.
My Soul abhors this loathſom Lump of Clay,
Longs to be free, to wing to Heav'n its way.
I'll make my moan to give its Sorrow vent,
Elſe will my Breaſt be with its Tempeſt rent.

I cannot ſmother ſuch Gigantick Woe,
Nor on my raging Grief a Muzzle throw.
I can't forbear, to God I'll thus complain,
As one that's Wicked, do not me Arraign.
Why doſt thou let me thus in torment lye,
And thus in vain for Heav'n's Compaſſion Cry?
Do not thy Servant by uncommon Woes,
To Publique Cenſure and Reproach expoſe.
Mankind will Me Condemn, and cry, we know
His Crime's enormous, ſince his Pain is ſo.

Can God Complacence in Oppreſſion take,
And vex his Creatures for the Pleaſure's ſake?
O, can a God of Mercy cruel grow,
No Pity feel, no tender Paſſion ſhow?
Can God my Father e'er Unnatural prove,
Shut up his Bowels, and forget to love?
Will he with hoſtile Force his Sons invade,
Pleas'd to deſtroy the Works his hands have made?
While he mean time with more auſpicious Rays
Shines on the Wicked, and approves their Ways?
Has God an Eye of Fleſh, that needs the Light?
Has he, like Man, a Weak imperfect Sight,
That he's ſo curious in his ſearch, and makes
Such ſtrict enquiry after my Miſtakes?
Or are th' Allmighty's days like thoſe of Man,
That in extenſion ſcarce exceed a Span?
That he makes haſte to puniſh, on pretence
That Death may interpoſe for my Defence.

By blacker Crimes than others, thou doſt know
I'm not diſtinguiſh'd, tho I am by Woe.
Thou know'ſt that none thy Vengeance can withſtand,
Or reſcue me from thy Afflicting Hand.
Should'ſt thou deny me Aid, I am bereft
Of all Aſſiſtance, and am hopeleſs left.

Thy hands have wrought and faſhion'd every Part
Of this weak Fabrick with amazing Art:
And now, as if thou didſt thy Labour blame,
Wilt thou in pieces daſh the curious Frame?
O let but God remember how at firſt
He form'd my Limbs, and rais'd me out of Duſt.
How with ſtupendous Skill he did convey
My Flame of Life thro' crooked Tubes of Clay.
What need he cruſh me then with mighty Pain,
When of my ſelf I turn to Duſt again?
To him my Parent, I my Being owe,
The Fountain whence precarious Beings flow.
He the prolific Principles infus'd,
From whence the crude Conception was produc'd.
He form'd me when an Embryo in the Womb,
And made my Limbs their proper Shape aſſume.
He warm'd the heaving Maſs with Vital Heat,
Hung in the Breaſt my Heart, and bid it beat.
He of connected Bones a Bullwark made,
Againſt the Ills which every way invade.
About the Bones he the ſtrong Sinews wound,
And fenc'd the tender Plant of Life around.

He taught my breathing Lungs to draw the Air,
Which might the Vital Flame within repair.
He made the Veins o'er all the Body ſtray,
Which Purple Life in winding Streams convey.
He ſpun the various threads with Art Divine,
Wherewith he weav'd my Fleſh, and curious Skin.
He did not only make me Life poſſeſs,
But did my Life with ſweet Enjoyments bleſs.
I was with Peace, and with abundance cloy'd,
And long a true Terreſtrial Heav'n enjoy'd.
At firſt he kindled, and he ſtill maintains
The Flame of Life which wanders thro' my Veins.
Sure God remembers, how he has been kind,
And treaſures up theſe Favours in his Mind.
And on his former Love can he reflect,
And me at laſt, tho' unprovok'd, reject?

If I am Wicked I thy Vengeance bear,
And if I'm Righteous, ſtill thy Frowns I fear.
Confuſion and Deſpair my Soul Oppreſs,
Lord, ſee my Woe, and pity my Diſtreſs.
My ſad Complaints increaſe, my Suff'rings grow,
And every Moment propagates my Woe.
As a fierce Lyon o'er the graſſy Lawn,
With Hunger urg'd, purſues the flying Fawn;
So doſt thou hunt me down by Night and Day,
So doſt thou ſeize, and tear the trembling Prey.
Thou doſt my Spirits and my Strength devour,
And mark me out to Celebrate thy Power.

Thou doſt thy Judgments and thy Strokes renew,
And my vext Soul with hotter Wrath purſue.
Thou ſtill reviv'ſt the War, and doſt employ
All Arts and Arms thy Creature to annoy.
Did I for this amidſt the Living come?
Didſt thou for this releaſe me from the Womb?
Oh! that from thence I ne'er had broke away,
Or had expir'd, when firſt I ſaw the Day!
For then had I been carried from the Womb,
And laid to Sleep within the ſilent Tomb.
My Minutes fly, my Days roll on apace,
And haſty Life will ſoon compleat its Race.
Some Comfort therefore, ſome ſhort reſpite give,
And ſpare a Wretch that ſoon muſt ceaſe to Live.
Some hours of Reſt, ſome Intervals beſtow,
And for a Moment interrupt my Woe;
Before I'm carried to the Grave beneath,
The Land of Darkneſs and the Shades of Death:
A Region undiſcover'd to the Light,
Th' Imperial Seat of unmoleſted Night:
A Place ſecur'd with ſuch a gloomy Mound,
So fenc'd with Walls of ſolid Darkneſs round,
That not a ſtreak of Light, no wand'ring Ray
E'er came to view it, or explor'd the Way
To introduce the Foreign Power of Day.

Then *Zophar* did his Speech to *Job* direct:
Thou doſt Prolix Diſcourſes much affect.

Thy

Thy Words abound, and roll in Floods along
With mighty noiſe, but are they therefore Strong?
Shall thy loud Deluge ſober Reaſon drown,
And bear thy Friends, thy kind Inſtructers down?
Shall thy Devices make us hold our Peace?
Muſt we not anſwer, leſt we ſhould diſpleaſe?
Shalt thou with ſuch unſufferable Pride,
Deſpiſe thy Brethren, and thy God deride,
And yet, muſt no Man undertake to blame
Thy faulty Conduct, and expoſe thy Shame?
For thou haſt ſaid, that in th' Allmighty's Sight
Thy Hands are clean, and thy Opinions right.
Would God would interpoſe, and undertake
This Argument for thy Conviction's ſake!
His All-diſcerning Eye would quickly find
Stains in thy hands; and Errors in thy mind.
If he would Wiſdom's hidden Stores expoſe,
Its awful Depths and Wonders would diſcloſe.
Wonders and Depths of Wiſdom yet conceal'd,
Surpaſſing all which he has e'er reveal'd.
Thou would'ſt adore his methods, and declare
How much above thy reach his Councels are.
Thou wouldſt no more thy raſh expreſſions uſe,
No more th' Allmighty's Providence accuſe.
For of thy Sin he has forgiven part,
Exacting leſs by far than thy deſert.

Why does thy peeviſh Folly God Arraign?
Why wouldſt thou fix on Providence a Stain?

Can humane Reaſon ſuch wide Arms extend,
As ſhall th' Allmighty's Wiſdom comprehend?
Let down thy Underſtanding, try to ſound
And ſearch a Deep ſo vaſt, and ſo profound.
Canſt thou the Reaſons of his Conduct find,
And view the ſecret Councel of his Mind?
It is as Heav'n inſuperably Steep,
Wide as the boundleſs Ocean, and as deep;
What canſt thou do but awful diſtance keep?
If God from off the Earth a Nation cuts,
If wretched Captives he in Priſon ſhuts;
If he ſhall give a harraſs'd Kingdom eaſe,
And from his Chains the ſquallid Slave releaſe,
Who can againſt him ſuch Objections raiſe,
As ſhall detect Injuſtice in his Ways?
Tho' Man ſo little knows, is ſo unfit
In Judgment on his Maker's Ways to ſit;
Yet God our Folly and our Raſhneſs knows,
And can our ſecret Wickedneſs expoſe.
He can diſcover all our guilty Thoughts,
And tho' we hide them, will reveal our Faults.
Tho' thou doſt vaunt that thou art free from Sin,
He may diſcern Hypocriſy within.
Nor ſtands he unconcern'd, but will chaſtiſe
The Wickedneſs, which he in Man deſcrys.
And yet this vain, this deſpicable Wight,
This fooliſh Creature Man, takes great delight
In being thought divinely Wiſe, and fit
Th' Allmighty's Deeds to cenſure or acquit:

Tho'

Tho' as to things Divine, which moſt advance
Man's Happy State, he does in Ignorance,
In Headineſs and Dullneſs far ſurpaſs
The ſtupid Offsrping of the wildeſt Aſs.

If Penitential Groans prepare thy way,
And thou ſhalt humbly to th' Allmighty pray;
If thou his Lands and Treaſure doſt reſtore
(If thou detaineſt any) to the Poor;
If thou the Cauſe of Sin wilt not eſpouſe,
But chaſe it from thy Heart, and from thy Houſe;
Thou ſhalt to Heav'n thy chearful Face erect,
To Heav'n that does the Innocent Protect.
On ſtrong Foundations ſtedfaſt thou ſhalt ſtand,
Danger deride, and all thy Fears disband.
As Summer Floods which o'er the Meadows flow
With equal Speed back to their Channel go:
So thy ſubſiding Sorrows ſhall retreat,
And thou ſhalt all thy Miſery forget.
Thou ſhalt diſpel with thy prevailing Light,
The Shades and gloomy Horrors of the Night.
Thou ſhalt emerge from Woe and deep Deſpair,
Bright as Noon-day, and as the Morning fair.
Thou ſhalt in Peace thy Fields and Herds ſurvey,
Secure as well from Beaſts, as Men of Prey.
Surrounding Bulwarks ſhall thy Dwelling fence,
Againſt all hoſtile Rage and Violence.
When thou ſhalt lay thy weary Limbs to reſt,
No ſuddain Dangers ſhall thy Sleep moleſt.

To thee thy Neighbours ſhall in Throngs reſort
To ſee thy Splendor, and thy Friendſhip Court,
And from thy Power ſhall humbly ask Support.
But mighty Woes the Wicked ſhall Aſſail,
In looking after Help their Eyes ſhall fail:
Their Hope ſhall vaniſh as a blaſt of Air;
How ſhall they ſcape, 'tis God denounces War?

CHAP. XII. Then *Job* reply'd. No doubt but you are Wiſe,
And may the barb'rous, ſenſleſs World deſpiſe.
You've all the Wiſdom of Mankind engroſt,
Can more than Humane Underſtanding boaſt.
If you ſhould dye, the Grave and endleſs Night
Would overwhelm all Intellectual Light.
Blind Ignorance would unmoleſted reign,
And Folly Univerſal Empire gain.
But know, ſince you your Friend ſo hardly preſs,
As well as you, ſome Reaſon I poſſeſs,
Nor is its Light more dim, or Vigour leſs.
Yet you and I in this debate muſt own,
We've no great Flights of Wit, or Depths of Wiſdom ſhown.
That God is Wiſe, and ſtill does Right decree,
All other Nations grant, as well as we.
But you perverſly manage the Debate,
And the true Queſtion never juſtly State.
You ought to prove, that ſome enormous fault
Has on my Head this ſore Affliction brought.
You ſhould my cloſe Hypocriſy detect,
Which makes th' Allmighty my Complaint reject.

In-

Inſtead of this you with unnatural Pride
Your ſuff'ring Friend inſultingly deride.
Becauſe th' Allmighty does his Ear incline
To hear your Pray'r, while he is deaf to mine;
Becauſe your Days are proſp'rous, you deſpiſe
And mock your Neighbour that in Torment lies.

Contempt th' afflicted Righteous Man attends,
And Scorn, inſtead of Pity, from his Friends.
A Man reduc'd to Miſery and Want,
Who once could Honour and Abundance vaunt,
In his ſucceſsful, thriving Neighbour's Sight,
Tho' like a Lamp eſteem'd when freſh and bright,
Is ſcorn'd, when glimm'ring with expiring Light.
Yet of the Juſt this is the Common Fate,
While Wicked Men enjoy a proſp'rous State.
Robbers and Spoilers ſee their Wealth endure,
And thoſe, who God provoke, live moſt ſecure.
With laviſh hand he does his Favours throw,
And undeſerv'd Rewards on theſe beſtow.

Ask of the Beaſts, the Beaſts will ſtrait return,
That they the ſame ſad Circumſtances mourn.
They'll cry, the tawny Tyrants that poſſeſs
The lawleſs Empire of the Wilderneſs,
The ſtrip'd and ſpotted Monſters of the Wood,
The Bears and Wolves inur'd to Spoil and Blood,
Theſe fat with Rapine, Peace and Power enjoy,
Yet perſevere to ravage and deſtroy:

Mean

Mean time the harmleſs Flock and uſeful Herd,
By the Deſtroyer's Hand are never ſpar'd.
They fall, unhappy Creatures! either way,
To Men their Friends, or Beaſts their Foes a Prey.
Ask all the Feather'd Nations of the Air,
They'll all with one Confed'rate Voice declare,
That the voracious Vulture and the Kite,
The Hawk and Eagle that in Blood delight,
With all the long-wing'd Rovers of the Skies,
Which Cruize among the Clouds to ken a Prize,
They'll ſay this rav'ning Race is moſt ſecure,
Whilſt the meek Dove, and harmleſs Fowls endure
A thouſand Miſchiefs from th' Invader's Power.
Then on the Ocean's oazy Margin ſtand,
And of the finn'd Inhabitants demand
How 'tis with them; they'll all, as one, complain
The ſame unequal Fate attends the Main.
They'll cry the vaſt *Leviathan* that moves
The Deep around, and Seas before him Shoves,
With all the Spoilers, and the murth'ring Race
Of ſcaly Ravagers that vex the Place;
In Peace poſſeſs the Empire of the Flood,
And undiſturb'd, regale themſelves with Blood.
Unweildy with their Fat, without controul,
The lazy Tyrants on the Billows roll:
Pamper'd with Spoil, the wanton Monſters Sleep
Along the Shore, or Sport within the Deep.
While their Luxurious Bellies to ſupply
Whole Shoals of inoffenſive Fiſhes Dy.

But

But whoe'er entertain'd a doubtful Thought
If God this State of Things ordain'd, or not?
Who by his Power all Beings did produce,
And by his Wiſdom fix'd their end and uſe:
He may, his Creatures lives at Pleaſure take,
They are his own, who can Objections make?
God's Soveraign Right of Empire I reſpect,
But this Conceſſion can't my Cauſe affect.
Can you ſome monſtrous Guilt or Error ſhow,
Commenſurate to my ſtupendous Woe?
Have Patience then, with an attentive Ear
My juſt Defence and Allegations hear.
Uſe a Judicious and Impartial taſte,
And you'll no more unjuſt Reproaches caſt.
You'll ſee with what Integrity I act,
And all your Cenſures raſhly made, retract.

Bildad the Cauſe between us would refer
To antient Fathers, as leſs apt to err.
Wiſdom I grant in Hoary Heads appears,
And Underſtanding is matur'd by Years;
Rarely a Beardleſs Oracle we know,
Judgment by Age does to Perfection grow.
But when we moſt our Anceſtors commend,
Their greateſt Wiſdom can't with God's contend.
Antiquity's Traditions can't decide
Againſt a Rule Divine, our certain Guide.
We can't in any but th' Eternal Mind,
Councel and Knowledge in Perfection find.

God is a Mind all Intellectual Light,
Clear without Miſt, without a Blemiſh bright.
From him the Spring thoſe ſtreams of Wiſdom flow,
That feed the thinking, reaſ'ning World below.
The Wiſe on Earth who moſt deſerve our Praiſe,
Shine but with dim and delegated Rays.

We ſhould with equal Reverence adore
The Wonders of his Wiſdom and his Power.
He levels with the Duſt the proudeſt Town,
O'erthrows her Forts, and breaks her Bullwarks down.
Her gilded Palaces he overturns,
And her high Towers amidſt the Rubbiſh ſpurns.
Her Rooms of State, and Roofs of Cedar meet,
Huddled in Ruin in th' embarraſt Street.
Tho' all bewail her miſerable Fall,
None dares attempt to build again her Wall.
If wretched Slaves in Priſon he reſtrains,
Who ſhall releaſe them from their pond'rous Chains?
He tyes the Clouds the Bottles of the Skies,
And to the Earth his Heav'nly Dew denies.
Then cleaving Drought the Sunburnt Mountains chap,
And for the Rain the thirſty Meadows gape.
Anon the Rivers ſwell at his Command,
O'erflow their Banks, and kindly drown the Land.
Wiſdom and Strength are his, 'tis he imparts
To all the Crafty their ſucceſsful Arts.
He ſhows them how to lay a wiſe Deſign,
How to Attack, and how to Countermine.

Mean time their Neighbours he of Senſe bereaves,
Whom he a Prey to the Deceiver leaves.
He puzzles famous Sages in Debate,
And leads in Triumph Councellors of State.
From learned Judges Wiſdom he withdraws,
And they are left, as Fools without Applauſe.
He haughty Monarchs Bonds and tort'ring Racks,
And all their Engines of Deſtruction breaks.
He Rifles all their Stores of Death and Pain,
And binds the Tyrant with the Captive's Chain.
He over-turns the Mighty in their Pride,
And makes Men, thoſe they dreaded once, deride.
Warriours with ſpreading Laurels often crown'd,
Part of th' Almighty's Triumph ſhall be found,
Drag'd at his Chariot Wheels a Captive Throng
Of Monarch's choak'd with Duſt ſhall pant along.
Tyrants deſpoil'd ſhall rave at their defeat,
And mixt with vulgar Slaves ſhall Curſe and Sweat:
Princes in Chains ſhall in his Train appear,
And weary Kings come lagging in the Rear.
He takes their Underſtanding from the Wiſe,
And makes their Friends their Oracles deſpiſe.
He pours Contempt on Princes of the Land,
And wreſts their awful Scepter from their Hand.
He ſinks the mighty Warriour's Martial Fame,
And covers his once glorious Head with Shame.
Th' Almighty's bright all-penetrating Eye,
Does Councels deep and dark as Hell deſcry:
He ſees their ſecret Works, and Countermines
Myſterious Stateſmen's moſt profound Deſigns.

Plots wrap'd in Clouds, and Death like Shades of Night,
To him lye all expos'd, as Noon-day Light.

He gives a City wide Imperial Sway,
And does her Yoke on vanquiſh'd Nations lay.
She on the Necks of Captive Princes treads,
When he her Armys forth to Conqueſt leads;
She does with unexhauſted Wealth abound,
And as a Miſtreſs awes the World around.
Then on a ſuddain he corrects her Pride,
And to her Banks drives back her ebbing Tyde.
He breaks her Yoke, and reſcues from her hand
The Realms he ſubject made to her Command.
He thro' her Streets does Deſolation ſpread,
And caſts down from the Clouds her tow'ring Head.
Great Chiefs, when he rebukes them, Cowards grow,
And all the marks of Conſternation ſhow;
His Terrors pierce their Breaſts, like poiſon'd Darts,
Enfeeble and diſmay the proudeſt Hearts.
For Hills and Mountains they'll forſake their Home,
And thro' the trackleſs Woods deſpairing Roam:
They'll ſeek the loneſom, ſalvage Wilderneſs,
There to conceal their vagabond Diſtreſs.
They and the Beaſts each other ſhall affright,
At diſtance gaze, then fly each other's ſight.
They ne'er ſhall ſee a Beam of dawning Hope,
But for their way involv'd in Darkneſs grope.
With Wrath Divine intoxicated they,
Like Drunken Men, ſhall Reel and loſe their way.

Since

Since you are pleas'd oft to enumerate CHAP. XIII.
God's Wiſe and mighty Works in this debate,
I the ſame Method have obſerv'd, to ſhew
That I his Wonders know, no leſs than you.
I do not then your long Diſcourſes want,
To prove thoſe Truths Divine, I freely grant.
I to th' Almighty my Defence would make,
And not to you, who ſtill my Caſe miſtake.
He does my Heart, and pure Intention know,
And would ſome Mercy, ſome Compaſſion ſhow,
Which my relentleſs Friends will never do.
Perverſly in the Wrong you perſevere,
And to erroneous Doctrines ſtill adhere.
You ſtill your Thoughts with Confidence expreſs,
That mighty Suff'rings mighty Guilt confeſs.
That great Afflictions and uncommon Woe,
Are marks the Wicked from the Juſt to know.
But you unskilful vain Phyſitians are,
Who know not how your Med'cine to prepare.
If the Diſeaſe by Chance be underſtood,
Ill Drugs you give, or miſapply the Good.
Your Silence would your Wiſdom beſt have ſhown,
That ſtill had kept your Ignorance unknown.

Will you for God ſophiſtically plead?
Does he deceitful ways of arguing need?
Will you pretend to manage his Defence,
By falſe Conſtructions of his Providence?

Will he in this your forward Zeal applaud?
And with Rewards approve your pious Fraud?
Will you the Perſon Try, and not the Cauſe,
And like corrupted Judges wreſt the Laws?
Will you believe your Arguments are ſtrong,
Becauſe you hang upon a Cauſe ſo long?
Will your contentious Wrangling never end?
Will peeviſh Cavils at your injur'd Friend,
You to th' Almighty's Favour recommend?
Would it your Honour or your Peace promote,
If God your Speeches try'd, who knows your Thought?
Why will you Mock your Maker? can't his Eye
Your Pride and want of Charity deſcry,
Tho' cover'd with affected Piety?
If you will Right pervert and Judgment wreſt,
Tho' this your Guilt lies hid within your Breaſt,
God will expoſe your Crime, and in the end
His vengeful Blow ſhall on your Heads deſcend.
His high Perfections ſhould in you have bred,
A ſacred Awe and Reverential Dread:
Should not his Power, and Truth that cannot err,
From raſh Determinations you deter?

All your Councels vain and fruitleſs find,
Like Duſt, that flies before the driving Wind.
Your high Diſcourſes weak and tott'ring ſtand,
Like heaps of Clay, or uncemented Sand.
Hold then your Peace, and let your Friend alone
To eaſe his Grief, and freely make his moan.

I will my Boſom of its Burden free
By ſad Complaints, whate'er the Iſſue be.
Will God pronounce my Failing mortal Sin,
When he diſcerns an upright Heart within?
For Liberty of Speech ſo much I long,
To vent my Woe, my Paſſion is ſo ſtrong;
That if deny'd, I muſt in deep Deſpair,
Deſpiſe my Life, my Fleſh in pieces tear.
Tho' God yet hotter Anger ſhould expreſs,
And with redoubled ſtrokes my Pains increaſe;
Tho' he advances with his glitt'ring Dart,
And o'er me ſtands to ſtrike me to the Heart;
I on his Truth and Juſtice would rely,
And with ſtrong Faith would to his Mercy fly.
Th' Almighty knows my Virtue is ſincere,
I'm not flagitious, tho' I often err.
The Faithful God the Faithful will protect,
Scourge them he may, but can't the Juſt reject.
I'll undertake with humble Confidence,
Before his Bar to manage my Defence.
Whatever Blots my Converſation ſtain,
I ſtill can my Integrity maintain.
I'm ſure the God whoſe Mercy I implore,
My Peace and Comforts will at laſt reſtore:
By Methods and by Ways which pleaſe him beſt,
My Burden he'll remove, and give me reſt.

My Declaration with Attention hear,
My Words ſhall make my Righteouſneſs appear.

The

The Method I have fix'd for my Defence,
I do not doubt will clear my Innocence.
Who'll with me plead? Oh! that it was my Fate
That God would pleaſe to manage this debate.
For if in ſuch a ſtrait I ſhould not ſpeak,
My Heart diſtended with my Grief would break.
My Friends Reproaches, and th' Almighty's Hand
Which lies ſo heavy, my Complaints demand.
Let but th' Almighty grant my double Pray'r,
And I'll with Courage ſtand before his Bar:
Let him withdraw his Hand, my Pains ſuſpend,
And give me eaſe my Tryal to attend;
In Power and Glory let him not appear,
But my Defence with gracious Meekneſs hear;
Then let th' Almighty me arraign at large,
And I'll defend my ſelf againſt the Charge.
Or I will argue, and let him declare
The reaſon why his Hand is thus ſevere.
I'm not ſo vain and wicked to pretend,
That I th' Almighty's Laws did ne'er offend;
But that my Crimes are of ſo deep a dy,
As you my Friends ſuggeſt, I muſt deny.
Detect theſe Crimes that are to me unknown,
And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.

Why in Diſpleaſure doſt thou ſhun my Sight,
And of thy gracious Eyes withdraw the Light?
Why hangs this Cloud upon thy frowning Brow?
Why treateſt thou thy Servant, as thy Foe?

Wilt thou to cruſh me needleſs Power engage,
Laviſh of Vengeance, and profuſe of Rage?
Wilt thou thy keen Immortal Arms employ,
A poor and helpleſs Mortal to deſtroy?
Wilt thou involv'd in rolling Clouds deſcend,
And arm'd with Thunder with a Worm contend?
Should Storms ariſe a ſapleſs Leaf to tear
The ſport of every Wind and blaſt of Air?
Muſt Tempeſts rage, and pointed Light'ning fly,
And dreadful War infeſt the troubled Sky,
Only to chaſe the empty Straw away,
To every Spark of Fire an eaſie Prey?
Me, as a Malefactor God indicts,
And terrible Decrees againſt me writes.
Stern Juſtice gripes me in her rigid Arms,
And youthful Guilt afreſh my Soul alarms.
Thou doſt my fetter'd Limbs in Priſon lay,
And then with Care doſt all my Paths ſurvey;
Doſt cloſely at my very Heels purſue,
And with a ſearching Eye my Footſteps view.
To mark ſome great Tranſgreſſion of thy Laws,
And for my Condemnation find a Cauſe:
Then Putrefaction executes the Doom,
And does my Fleſh, as Moths a Veſt, conſume.

CHAP. XIV.

Unhappy Man as ſoon as Born decays,
He numbers few, and thoſe uneaſy Days.
As in a verdant Mead a blowing Flower,
The ſuddain Offspring of a Summer Shower,

Unfolds its Beauty to the Morning Ray,
But is e'er Evening Cut, or fades away:
So Man a while diſplays his gawdy Bloom,
But Death her crooked Scyth does ſoon aſſume,
Mows down, and bears her Harveſt to the Tomb.
He, as a Shadow, or a Shape of Air,
Does ſuddainly diſſolve and diſappear.
The Flame of Life does, as a Lambent Fire,
Or Evening Meteor Shine, and ſtrait expire.
And wilt thou Man regard, and condeſcend
With ſuch a Wretch in Judgment to contend?
I am deriv'd from Man's infected Race,
A piece extracted from the tainted Maſs.
Man propagates th' Hereditary Crime,
Nor does the Stain wear out by length of time.
From a baſe Stock can Noble Branches grow,
Or Cryſtal Streams from muddy Fountains flow?
I therefore can't a faultleſs Life proteſt,
I own Offences common to the beſt;
Unclean I am, but not above the Reſt.
This is the thing I humbly would demand,
Why I am ſingled out, and made to ſtand
The chiefeſt Mark of God's avenging hand.

Since thou doſt know Man's Days, and canſt relate
Their number written in the Rolls of Fate,
And haſt determin'd Lifes laborious Race,
And ſet the Bounds o'er which it cannot paſs;
Since his few fleeting Hours are quickly ſpent,
And painful Life is its own Puniſhment;

Let

Let this ſuffice, and do not on him throw
A cruſhing weight of ſuperadded Woe.
Grant him the Reſt his Torments make him ask;
And let him finiſh Life's appointed Task.
For if a Swain with mercenary toil
Cuts down a Tree, and draws away the Spoil;
Still there is hope that Tree again may ſprout,
And from its Stock thruſt tender-Branches out.
For tho' the Root defrauded of Supply,
Appears to Wither in the Ground, and Dy;
Yet when it feels the freſh prolific Flood,
It will again with youthful Vigour bud.
But when a dying Man reſigns his Breath,
He ne'er returns from the dark Shades of Death.
The Sea may ſuffer by deſerting Waves
That ſteal thro' ſecret ſubterranean Caves,
Or by the lighter Steams which fly away,
Drawn by the Sun's attenuating Ray;
But Heav'n and Earth in Rivers and in Rain
Reſtore their Spoils, and reimburſe the Main.
A flowing River, or a ſtanding Lake,
May their dry Banks and naked Shores forſake;
Their Waters may exhale, and upwards move,
Their Channel leave to roll in Clouds above;
But the returning Winter will reſtore,
What in the Summer they had loſt before:
The Snow and Rain, and Torrents, will repay
What the warm Sun ſtole with his plund'ring Ray,
And by his Summer Inroads bore away.

But if, O Man, thy vital Streams deſert
Their Purple Channels, and defraud the Heart,
With freſh Recruits they ne'er will be ſupply'd,
Nor feel their leaping Life's returning Tyde.
When once the breathleſs Man has clos'd his Eyes,
And in the ſilent Grave extended lies;
In Death's cloſe Priſon he ſhall ſtill remain,
He ne'er ſhall break from the rough Tyrant's Chain.
When the laſt ſtroke of Fate is once receiv'd,
This mortal Life can never be retriev'd.

Would God would hide me in ſome hollow Cave,
Some place as ſafe, and ſilent, as the Grave;
Till theſe black Storms of Wrath which overcaſt,
The low'ring Heav'n's around my Head are paſt.
As he has done to Life, ſo let him ſet
Bounds to my Grief, and not thoſe Bounds forget.
Since none who enter once the darkſome Tomb,
This mortal Life can afterwards reſume;
'Tis beſt for me with patient Hope to wait,
Till God is pleas'd to change this mournful State.
Till he is pleas'd his Bleſſings to reſtore,
Thoſe ſweet Enjoyments I poſſeſs'd before.
Then ſhall he call, and with a gracious Ear
He'll my Defence and Supplications hear.
Then to his Creature he will Kindneſs ſhow,
Revive my Comforts, and remove my Woe.

But oh! how different is my preſent Fate;
For now th' Allmighty loves to lye in wait

To

To take me halting, what a watchful Eye
Does he employ my Errors to deſcry?
This ſearch he makes, as if he Pleaſure took,
To find freſh Reaſons to repeat his Stroke.
He in a ſtrong and ſecret place has ſtor'd
My Sins; as wealthy Men their Treaſures hoard.
He Seals up my Tranſgreſſions, not a fault
Is e'er left out, not an ill Word or Thought;
Nor is th' impending Puniſhment forgot.
As a high Hill with ſtormy Weather worn,
With inbred Tempeſts, or with Thunder torn,
Does with its Ruins all the Vally ſpread,
But can no more erect his lofty Head:
Moulder'd to Duſt, it hopes no more to break
The Clouds long Order with its ſnowy Peak.
As a vaſt Rock by Earthquakes once remov'd,
And from its Baſe amidſt the Ocean ſhov'd;
It's ſhatter'd Pillars never after reers,
Nor thruſts his tow'ring Top amidſt the Stars.
As Stones which ever-flowing Waters wear,
When once diſſolv'd, their Ruins ne'er repair.
As ſweeping Inundations oft convey
Towns, Herds, and Forreſts floating to the Sea,
Whence to return they never find a way.
So when thy fatal Darts a Man deſtroy,
The World's Delights he ſhall no more enjoy.
He never from the Sepulcher ſhall riſe,
No more revive to ſee the lightſome Skies.
He leaves his Honour and his Wealth behind,
And quite another Face of things will find.

He's

He's unconcern'd at what's tranſacted here ;
For if his Sons ſhine in a noble Sphere,
He'll not rejoyce, nor will he e'er complain
If they are cruſh'd, and drag the Pris'ners Chain.
Hard Fate of Man, who either, if he dies
Hopeleſs of e'er reviving, mould'ring lies;
Or if he lives, muſt ſtill expect to find
Pain in his Fleſh, and Anguiſh in his Mind.

CHAP. XV. Then *Eliphaz.*

Should a Wiſe Man, and ſuch thou wouldſt appear,
Make us ſuch fruitleſs, frothy Language hear ?
Much leſs with Tempeſts ſhould we be addreſt,
Words fierce and ſtormy, as the Wind at Eaſt.
Of Idle Words why this Eternal Flood?
Can theſe vain Speeches e'er promote thy Good ?
True Piety, which ſhould thy Mind adorn,
Thou haſt expos'd to univerſal ſcorn.
All Reverence to pure Religion due,
Will ſoon be loſt, if thy Aſſertion's true.
If God's afflicting Strokes Mankind invade,
Without diſtinguiſhing the Good and Bad,
Who at his Throne will Adoration pay?
Who will to Heav'n their Songs of Praiſe convey ?
Thy Irreligious Maxims will reſtrain
All future Pray'r, for Pray'r will be in vain.
Thy bold irreverent Speeches have expreſt
Th' Impiety which has thy Mind poſſeſt.

The Poiſon which thy Lips diſcharge, is part
Of the malignant Treaſure in thy Heart.
Yet thou, unwary Judges to eſcape,
Beneath Divine Religion's lovely ſhape,
Haſt all thy black Hypocriſy conceal'd,
Which thy uncautious Tongue has now reveal'd.
Thou by thy own Defence art clearly caſt,
And thy own Mouth has Sentence on thee paſt.

Art thou the Man that God did firſt Create?
And has thy Birth with Time an equal date?
What didſt thou live before th' impriſon'd Light,
At God's Command ſprang from the Womb of Night?
Before aſpiring Hills the Plains ſurvey'd,
Or verdant Meads their flowry Laps diſplay'd;
Before the Rocks their Craggy Ridges reer'd,
Or bounding Billows in the Deep appear'd;
That by unnumber'd Obſervations made,
Thou haſt a perfect Scheme of Knowledge laid?
Doſt thou the long, uninterrupted Chain
Of Cauſes and Effects ſo well retain,
That thou canſt reaſon right, and clearly ſee
From what is paſt, what ſhall hereafter be?
Have thy Enquiries and Experience, run
Thro' all the years roll'd up, ſince Time begun,
That thou art full of Science, richer far
In wiſe Remarks, than we thy Brethren are?
Doſt thou with God in ſecret Council ſit?
To his Debates does he wiſe *Job* admit?

Does

Does Wiſdom with her Fav'rite *Job* abide,
Deſpiſing all the fooliſh Race beſide?
On what new Worlds of Light haſt thou been thrown?
What Mines of Knowledge found, to us unknown?

If years, of Wiſdom were a certain ſign,
Our years are not inferiour found to thine.
With us is ſeen th' experienc'd, hoary Head,
Who does in Age thy Father far exceed.
Why as a worthleſs thing doſt thou regard
The Joy, the Comfort, and the bleſt Reward
Which we have offer'd thee with Heav'n's aſſent,
If of thy wicked Deeds thou ſhalt Repent?
Haſt thou (we ask thee) ſome peculiar ground,
Some ſecret way of Conſolation found?
Should'ſt thou to ſuch Diſcov'rys make pretence,
Thou wouldſt expoſe thy wondrous Impudence:
And yet without uncommon grounds of Hope,
Nothing but ſtubborn Pride can underprop
Thy Confidence, and our Propoſals ſtop.
Wilt thou diſhonour with unworthy Speech
Thy Maker, and his Providence impeach?
What does this Conduct mean? with what intent
Againſt thy God are thy Reproaches ſent?
What is the mark at which thou takeſt aim,
When thou doſt boldly War with Heav'n proclaim?
From ſuch a War what benefit can flow?
What canſt thou gain by Force from ſuch a Foe?
Ah! what is wretched Man, that he ſhould ſeem
All pure, and guiltleſs in his own eſteem?

Bleſt

Bleſt Seraphs can't his piercing Eye endure;
Before him bright Arch-Angels are impure.
Thoſe Heav'nly Orders who were clean eſteem'd,
And all refin'd and ſpotleſs Glory ſeem'd,
When they appear within th' Almighty's ſight,
O'erwhelm'd with ſplendor, and all-ſearching Light,
They bluſh to ſee their ſecret Stains reveal'd,
And Specks and Flaws which lay before conceal'd.
Then what an odious, loathſome, monſtrous Thing
Muſt Man appear before th' Eternal King?
Who by impure Traduction is unclean,
And does to Vice with a ſtrong Byaſs lean.
Who with vaſt Draughts of Sin himſelf extends,
And with Hydropic Thirſt for more contends.

To my Diſcourſe attentively advert,
I'll only what my Eyes have ſeen aſſert:
That is, that wicked Men, and thoſe alone
Beneath ſuch great, uncommon Suff'rings groan.
Wiſe Men this Obſervation made of Old,
Their Fathers them, and they their Children told.
Thus has Tradition down from Ages paſt
Convey'd this Truth, which is by us embrac't.
Job has affirm'd, that God the Earth beſtows
On the vile Race of his invet'rate Foes:
But to our Fathers Judgment have reſpect,
And they this groundleſs Error will detect.
Wealth and Dominion was on them confer'd,
Their Piety and Virtue to reward.

They did in Peace command the Towns around,
And undiſturb'd with Inroads, till'd the ground.
No arm'd *Chaldeans* did their Herds invade,
Or to a Land remote their Wealth convey'd.
While they obey'd his Laws, th' Almighty's Hand
Was ſtill extended to protect their Land.
To Leagues of Peace their Neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

On th' other hand, 'tis by experience plain,
That wicked Men conſume their Days in pain.
Th' Oppreſſor ſtill is grip'd with inward Fears,
Nor ſhall compleat the number of his years.
When no invading Foe appears in Arms,
His ſecret Guilt the trembling Wretch alarms.
He in his proſp'rous State is unſecure,
Nor can his guilty Triumphs long endure.
When in his Sphere he ſhines ſerenely bright,
And not a Cloud diſturbs his beaming Light,
Then ſhall a Tempeſt of Affliction riſe,
And with a ſuddain Darkneſs ſpread the Skies.
Neighbours to Rapine bred ſhall from afar,
As late on thee, advance deſtructive War.
The bloody Spoilers ſhall his Servants ſlay,
Ravage his Lands, and make his Herds a Prey.
Like *Job* in trouble, they'll deſpairing ly,
And Conſolation from their Friends deny.
They can't believe theſe Clouds will diſappear,
Great Ills they ſuffer, and they greater fear.

Deſpair attended with her ghaſtly Train
Anguiſh, Confuſion, Sorrow, howling Pain
Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,
And ſhake againſt his Breaſt her bloody Lance.
She'll draw her Troops of Terrors in array,
Muſter her Griefs, and horrid War diſplay.
As Kings for Fight their Warlike Ranks diſpoſe,
So ſhall ſhe range her thick, embattled Woes.
The Victor thus the Wicked ſhall aſſail,
And o'er the proud Oppreſſor's Hopes prevail.
This is his End, for that with Helliſh Rage,
Th' audacious Wretch would againſt Heav'n engage.
Againſt th' Almighty's Hoſt he takes the Field,
And runs upon his Spear and dreadful Shield.
He does defiance of his God expreſs,
Deride his fiery Darts, and on his Thunder preſs.
Pamper'd with Spoil of ruin'd Neighbours round,
Sleek with his Fat, and with Dominion crown'd;
Luxurious, Haughty, and Preſumptuous grown,
He ſpurns at Heav'n, and mocks th' Almighty's Throne.
His Cruelty has laid his Country waſt,
And Cities full of Men and Wealth defac'd.
Thoſe who ſurvive in ſecret Corners weep,
Or thro' the graſſy Streets deſponding creep.
The empty Dwellings moſſy Heaps appear,
And all the Signs of ſuddain Ruin wear.
But God will ſoon deſpoil him of his Power,
Nor ſhall his Wealth and Greatneſs long endure.
Black Seas of ſtagnant Darkneſs round him ſpread,
And Night Eternal ſhall involve his Head.

Th' Almighty's Lightnings ſhall deſtroy his Fruit,
Blaſt his green Leaves, and kill his ſpreading Root.
His angry Breath ſhall as a Tempeſt tare
His Branches off, and drive them thro' the Air.

Let therefore none on Power and Wealth depend,
Theſe from approaching Evils can't defend,
Their Promiſes are vain, and vanity their end.
Whoe'er in theſe deceitful Friends confide,
Untimely Ruin ſhall correct their Pride.
Suddain Deſtruction ſhall their Heads invade,
And all their Fruit and verdant Pomp ſhall fade.
As when a rough Eaſt Wind, or Storm of Hail
The fruitful Olive, or the Vine aſſail,
Their flowry Pride the Olive Branches ſhed,
And unripe Grapes ſhook off, the Vineyard ſpred:
So ſhall th' Oppreſſors gawdy Pomp decay,
So his fair Limbs and Beauty fade away.
His Sons and Friends ſhall meet as ſad a Doom,
And vengeful Fire their Dwellings ſhall conſume.
His lab'ring Brain dire Miſchief does contrive,
And black Deceit his teeming Heart conceive.
But he ſhall bring his own Deſtruction forth,
As Vipers dye to give their Offſpring Birth.

CHAP. XVI. Then *Job* reply'd, Oft has my ſuff'ring Ear,
Such vain Diſcourſes been compell'd to hear.
You, cruel Comforters! enrage my Woe,
You neither Skill, nor yet Compaſſion ſhow.

With

With tedious Repetitions you abound,
Keep your old Track, and argue in a Round.
But will your empty Speeches never end,
Diſarm'd and vanquiſh'd, will you ſtill contend?
What has embolden'd thee, O *Eliphaz*,
Still to reply, tho' never to my Caſe?
Were my Afflictions yours, with how much eaſe
Could I ſuch Language find, ſuch Words as theſe?
Uncharitably Pious I could grow,
Like pointed Arrows ſharp Reproaches throw,
And with as good a Grace deride your Woe.
But my Compaſſion would my Lips reſtrain
From galling Words, that might increaſe your Pain.
I to ſupport you would extend my Arms,
And ſooth your Anguiſh with the ſofteſt Charms.
My tender Accents ſhould your Fate condole,
And balmy Language eaſe your tortur'd Soul.
Why ſhould not you with equal Zeal engage
Your utmoſt Skill, my Anguiſh to aſſwage?

How ſad a Fate is mine, if I complain
To God or Man, I make my Moan in vain.
If by forbearing I expect Relief,
And ſtop the ſtream of my complaining Grief,
Its Flood increaſes when forbid to flow,
And the rough Waves more formidable grow.
In higher Seas collected Sorrows roll,
And whelm their Deluge o'er my ſinking Soul.
Oppreſt beneath the pond'rous load I lye,
Weary of living, yet deny'd to dye.

My

My Sons, my Servants, and my Subſtance gone,
I am deſerted, deſolate, undone.
Tho' you produce my Sores and wrinkled Skin
As Witneſſes of ſome enormous Sin,
Yet they can only teſtify the weight
Of thoſe vaſt Woes, which my Complaints create.

God, as a fierce, relentleſs Foe appears,
And in his Fury me in pieces tears.
He grinds his raging Teeth, and from his Eyes
A Flame againſt me keen, as Light'ning flies.
My Friends elated with prodigious Pride,
Stand gaping on me, and my Grief deride.
From diſtant parts they come, not to aſſwage
My Anguiſh, but my Suffrings to enrage.
God has expos'd me likewiſe to the Bands
Of fierce invaders from the neighb'ring Lands,
And giv'n me up a Prey to impious hands.
My Dwelling flouriſh'd, and I liv'd at eaſe,
With Plenty bleſt, and the ſoft Joys of Peace;
When God denounc'd his unexpected War,
And with his Darts did me aſunder tare.
Me in his griping Arms th' Almighty took,
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
That all my Members were in pieces broke.
He ſets me as a mark on riſing ground,
And his fierce Archers compaſs me around.
In Showers of ſinging Death their Arrows fly,
And in my tortur'd Entrails buried ly.

My

My Gall, ſo deep, ſo mortal is the Wound,
As well as Blood, flows out and ſtains the Ground.
Black throngs of Woes invade my frighted Soul,
As crowding Billows on each other roll.
Th' Almighty runs upon me in his rage,
As a fierce Gyant eager to engage.
Sackcloth I wear, of Ornaments deſpoil'd,
And in the Duſt my Glory lies defil'd.
My Cheeks with Everlaſting Weeping fade,
And on my Eye-lids hangs a diſmal ſhade.

Yet no Injuſtice does in *Job* appear,
As you my Friends unkindly would infer,
Pure is my Prayer, my Heart within ſincere.
If e'er a Man by my flagitious hand
Vext and Oppreſt, has periſh'd from the Land,
Let not thy Womb, O Earth, his Blood conceal,
But to the Light my black Offence reveal;
That publique Shame and Pains may be my Fate,
Which on the heinous Malefactor wait.
Let God and Man their Bowels ſhut, when I
In deadly Torment for Compaſſion cry.
Conſcience alone, my awful Judge within,
Does not acquit me of enormous Sin,
But God and all his ſacred Angels, bear
Witneſs to this, and will my Juſtice clear.
From you my Friends, who my Diſtreſs deride,
I turn to Heav'n, let Heav'n my Cauſe decide.
If God his juſt Tribunal would aſcend,
To hear how you accuſe, and I defend;

If

If he, as Arbitrator, would preſide,
And weigh the Reaſons urg'd on either ſide;
From your Indictment he would me releaſe,
And I, my Virtue clear'd, ſhould dye in Peace.
And, O, that God would ſoon my Tryal hear,
And Judgment give before I diſappear.
For when a few more fleeting days are paſt,
I in the Arms of Death ſhall lye embrac't.

CH. XVII. Corruption my conſuming Fleſh devours,
And Time has almoſt paid my number'd hours.
The opening Grave invites me to her Womb,
And in the Duſt prepares to give me Room.
But clear, before I dye, juſt God, my Fame,
And cover my perfidious Friends with Shame:
For do not pious Scoffers here abide,
Who mock for God, and all my Groans deride?
Their ſharp Reproaches vex my Soul by Day,
And chaſe by Night my wiſh'd-for Sleep away.
Would God on high would ſuffer me to ſtate
My Caſe aright, and hear the whole Debate.
For theſe my Friends againſt th' Aſſaults of Senſe
Have rais'd a ſtrong impenetrable Fence.
Such Gates of Darkneſs ne'er to be unbarr'd,
Such Forts of gloomy Shades the Paſſes guard,
That Reaſon's ſtrongeſt Forces they repel,
Entrench'd in Errors inacceſſible.
But ſure the Righteous God will ne'er permit,
That Men ſo blinded ſhould to Judge me fit.

Thoſe,

Thoſe, who to flatter Heav'n their Neighbour wrong,
Shall not their Power and proſp'rous days prolong.
Deſtructive Suff'rings ſhall their Sons aſſail,
Whoſe Eyes in looking after Aid ſhall fail.

I was the People's Darling and Delight
In former times; for when I came in ſight,
Thro' crowded Streets loud Acclamations rung,
They to the Tabret my loud Praiſes ſung;
And on my Chariot Wheels tranſported hung.
A waving Sea of Heads was round me ſpred,
And ſtill freſh Streams the gazing Deluge fed.
As I advanc'd, the eager, wond'ring Throng
Their Eye-balls ſtrain'd, to ſee me paſs along;
They feaſted on me with their greedy Eyes,
And with Applauſes fill'd th' ecchoing Skies.

Now, for as ſad an Object I am ſhown;
My wondrous Troubles are Proverbial grown.
The Men who curſe their Foes with deadly ſpite,
Wiſh *Job*'s Affliction on their heads may light.
My Neighbours cry, when they my Suff'rings ſee,
Is *Job* thus chang'd? Good Heav'n's! it cannot be.
My Eyes with Sorrow ſunk within my Head,
Of Light defrauded, ſeem already dead.
So much my Fleſh and Vigour I have loſt,
I ſeem an empty Shade, or groaning Ghoſt.
But the Good Man will pity, not arraign
Afflicted *Job*, to aggravate his Pain.

He will revere this Providential Turn,
Not judge my Perſon, but my Suff'rings mourn.
Tho' he with wonder ſhall obſerve the Juſt,
Are by th' Almighty trodden in the Duſt,
Yet he with ſacred Indignation preſt,
Shall ſhun the Wicked, and his way deteſt.
He for afflicted Virtue ſhall declare,
And Innocence to proſp'rous Sin prefer.
He ſhall the Heav'nly Path of Juſtice keep,
However rough, embaraſt, dark and ſteep.
Let him by bloody Out-laws be oppreſt,
And Robbers, who the Way to Heav'n infeſt;
Let Perſecution's blackeſt Storm ariſe,
And with a diſmal Night deform the Skies;
Let ſtern Affliction muſter in the Air
Her fierceſt Troops, to drive him to deſpair;
Let bitter Tongues their ſharp Reproaches ſpend,
And impious Scoffers galling Arrows ſend;
The God-like Trav'ller ſhall his Path purſue,
Whoſe very Suff'rings ſhall his Hopes renew.
He'll with undaunted Courage make his way;
Danger his Heart ſhall ſtrengthen, not diſmay.

But you my Friends, to my Diſcourſe attend,
And weigh my Words your Errors to amend.
For hitherto I can't among you find,
One of a clear, judicious, equal Mind.
You would in vain my Expectations raiſe,
(If I Repent) of future proſp'rous Days.

For my appointed Hours are almoſt paſt,
My Hopes and Projects Death will quickly blaſt.
The Lamp of Life burns dimly in my Breaſt,
Soon from its beating toil my weary Heart will reſt.
If for a happy Change you lay a Scheme,
You but amuſe me with an empty Dream,
Terreſtrial Joys are but an idle Theme.
With my Deſigns and anxious Thoughts I part,
Farewel ye Cares, that once poſſeſt my Heart.
I to my Sorrows only can attend,
In groans the Day, in groans the Night I ſpend.
If Grief and Woe denominate the Night,
I ne'er enjoy the Day, or ſee the Light.
The gloomy Terrors that my Soul ſurround,
Efface its marks, and Day with Night confound.

Alaſs 'tis madneſs to expect that Reſt
And Reſtoration, which my Friends ſuggeſt;
For by a fixt, irrevocable Doom,
My Grave's prepar'd, my everlaſting Home:
Where friendly Death has laid my eaſy Bed,
With Duſt beneath, around with Darkneſs ſpread.
I to the Grave have ſaid, O Parent Grave,
Me of thy Duſt, a wretched Offspring ſave.
To take me in, thy gloomy Arms extend,
Thou art my Father, O be now my Friend;
And me from hoſtile Life and Light defend.
I to the Worm have ſaid, my Brother Worm,
From whom I differ but in Shape and Form;

Submitted to thy Power, I ſoon muſt lay
This loathſome Heap of putrifying Clay.
Where's then the Hope which you pretend to give,
That I may yet in Peace and Pleaſure live,
If I Repent, to ſee it you muſt go
Down to the Grave, and the Cold Shades below.
There you may ſee how all my Hopes and I,
In the ſame Grave together buried lye.

CH. XVIII. Then *Bildad* thus:

When wilt thou finiſh thy prolix Diſcourſe,
Sounding indeed enough, but void of Force?
Conſider what ſhall be alledg'd, and then
To thy Objections we'll reply agen.
What does thy wondrous Arrogance create?
What ſelf-ſufficient Fulneſs thee elate?
What ſecret Stores of Wiſdom haſt thou found,
And what new Lights have thy Enquiries crown'd?
That we ſuch vile and ſenſleſs Creatures ſeem,
And are but ſtupid Beaſts in thy eſteem?
Impatience and ungovernable Rage,
Thy furious Hands againſt thy Self engage.
Thy wild Diſcourſes from Diſtraction flow,
And not Repentance, but Rebellion ſhow.

What to appeaſe thy peeviſh Diſcontent,
Shall God new Forms of Government invent?
Shall Providence new ways and meaſures take,
And ſteddy Nature her old Courſe forſake?

Shall

Shall Rocks and Mountains from their Pillars leap,
Sink down, and humble their aſpiring Heap?
Shall Floods and rapid Rivers ſullen grow,
Bind up their Waters, and refuſe to flow?
Shall God his Truth and Juſtice diſregard,
Neglect the Righteous, and th' unjuſt reward?
Shall he ſubvert all Order, with intent
Thy vain Complaints and Clamours to prevent?
O *Job*, in ſpite of thy Objections, take
This Rule as ſure, that God will ever make
A due diſtinction of the Good and Bad,
And ſparing thoſe, his Wrath ſhall theſe invade.

The Splendor of the Wicked ſhall decay,
And riſing Fogs ſhall choak his glorious Day.
His brighteſt Beams, like ſhort-liv'd Sparks of Fire,
Or Flaſhing Light'ning ſhine, and ſtrait expire.
Thick Darkneſs equal to the Shades of Hell,
Shall on his diſmal Habitation dwell.
Ne'er from without ſhall one kind Ray of Light,
Or chearful Lamp within diſpel the Night.
He in his wiſeſt ſteps ſhall unawares,
Be fetter'd with inextricable Snares;
He'll live in Trouble and perplexing Cares.
By his Projections and his deep Deſigns,
He his own Peace and Safety undermines.
Into the Net himſelf has ſpread he'll run,
Wiſely deſtroy'd, and prudently undone.
His Feet ſhall be entangled in the toil,
And ſhouting Hunters ſeize him as their ſpoil.

Let

Let him o'er Plains, or Hills, or Forreſts ſtray,
Inevitable Gins obſtruct his way,
Which ſhall entrap this roaming Beaſt of Prey.
Invading Terrors ſhall his Soul affright,
The Wretch ſhall fly, but periſh in his Flight.
His Bones the Pillars of his Fabrick crack,
His Joynts grow feeble, and his Sinews ſlack.
Fierce rav'ning Woes his Fleſh and Strength conſume,
And Deſolation is his heavy Doom.
Death and Deſtruction o'er his head impend;
All his ſoft Pleaſures ſhall in Torment end.
The Pillars which his Confidence did prop,
Shall let the high preſumptuous Structure drop,
And in the Ruins bury all his Hope.
The King of Terrors with his bloody Dart,
Shall ſtrike the pale Oppreſſor to the Heart;
Then at his gloomy Wheels ſhall drag the Slave,
In triumph to his ſubterranean Cave.
Torments, deſtructive Plagues, and raging Pain,
Shall horrid Inmates in his Houſe remain.
Triumphant Woe with hideous Terrors crown'd,
Anguiſh with all her Agonies around,
Wild Conſternation with erected Hair,
Yellings, Diſtreſs, and ſullen mute Deſpair,
Th' Apartments of his Dwelling ſhall divide,
And dire Companions with him ſhall reſide.
Becauſe his rich Poſſeſſions and Abode,
By Violence were gotten, or by Fraud.
When falling Floods of Fire, and Sulphur Showers,
O'erturn'd high *Sodom's* and *Gomorrah's* Towers,

The

The flaming Inundation from the place,
Swept off their Dwellings, and the impious Race.
So ſhall the proud Oppreſſor be devour'd,
Such Fire and Brimſtone on his Palace pour'd;
Which ſhall all Marks and Monuments deſtroy,
Of the vile Wretch, that did the Seat enjoy.
His Roots grown dry, ſhall periſh in the ground,
His Head and Limbs cut off ſhall lye around.
In after-times he'll be unknown to Fame,
Or mention'd only with Reproach and Shame.
From off the Earth God's vengeful Darts ſhall chaſe
The wicked Man, and all his hateful Race.
No Offspring in his Dwelling ſhall remain,
His Family and Honour to ſuſtain.
Ages to come with Horror ſhall relate
His ſuddain Ruin, and his diſmal Fate;
As that he liv'd in, was amaz'd to ſee
So ſtrange a Turn, ſuch Woe and Miſery.
So ſhall the Hopes of all the wicked end,
Such Deſolation does their Houſe attend.

Then *Job* reply'd: Cap. XIX.
How long will you my righteous Cauſe perplex?
How long my Ears with idle Speeches vex?
Muſt Anſwers void of Senſe and Argument,
And grave Impertinence my Soul torment?
You wound me with your contumelious words,
And ſlanders ſharper than the keeneſt Swords.

Job in Affliction you refuſe to know,
And a ſhy Stranger's unconcernneſs ſhow.
Grant I have ſinn'd, yet in my Fleſh I bear
Strokes of vindictive Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That I with Reaſon might from Friends expect
Commiſeration, not ſuch proud neglect.
If you with ſuch cenſorious Arrogance,
And haughty words againſt me will advance;
If you will ſtill ſuch black Indictments read,
If you will ſtill my Innocence implead,
Conſider coolly my afflicted State;
Should your imperious ſcorn new Grief create,
And to th' unequal load add greater weight?

I by th' Almighty's Arm am overthrown,
And preſt beneath his heavy Vengeance groan.
Inevitable Snares his hand has ſet,
And drawn around me his deſtructive Net.
To Heav'n with fruitleſs Accents I complain
Of this hard meaſure, this exceſs of Pain,
And Cry to be redreſs'd, but Cry in vain.
By Heav'n forſaken, I am left a Prey
To Woes, that me encompaſs every way.
Inexorably Deaf th' Almighty ſtands,
Rejects my Prayer, and minds not my Demands.
He in my Paths has ſuch Obſtructions laid,
And fenc'd me in with ſuch a cloſe Blockade;
That I muſt ever lye without Relief
In this dark Priſon, this Strong-hold of Grief.

No

No golden thread of Light the way will ſhow,
And let me thro' this Labyrinth of Woe.
Of all my Glory I am ſtript, the Crown
From my diſhonour'd Head is fallen down;
I've loſt my Power, my Children, my Renown.
I'm perfectly deſtroy'd, I'm loſt, undone
And never to return, my Hope is gone.
A miſerable Object here I lye,
A Wretch that would not live, and cannot dye.

His Fury kindles of its own accord,
And unprovok'd, he waves his glitt'ring Sword;
Againſt me as his Foe, he throws his Dart,
And yet he knows my Zeal, and upright Heart.
Black Troops of Suffrings, Regimented Woes
In Battle drawn, their ſwarming Throngs diſcloſe;
On me they come, and marking out the Ground,
Th' Infernal Legions lye encamp'd around.
Brethren and Kindred treat me as unknown,
Break Nature's Bonds, and their own Blood diſown.
Familiar Friends, who kindly me embrac't,
Forget me now, and all our Friendſhip paſt.
Thoſe of my Houſhold in Rebellion riſe,
Mock me their Lord, and my Commands deſpiſe.
I to my Servant for Aſſiſtance cry,
He minds me not, but Scoffing paſſes by,
And lets me helpleſs and neglected lye.
My ſore Diſeaſe does from my Preſence fright
My Wife, and makes her to abhor my ſight.

Tho' I my earneſt Supplication make,
And beg and pray for our dear Childrens ſake,
Thoſe tender Pledges of our mutual Love,
Yet no entreaties her Compaſſion move.
She will not ſtay to help me in diſtreſs,
And by condoling words her Love expreſs.
Diſdainful Youth and Children me deſpiſe,
Tho' to ſalute them, from my Seat I riſe.
My boſom Friends, whom chiefly I before
Eſteem'd and lov'd, now chiefly me abhor.
My Skin and Fleſh are periſh'd from the Bone,
The Boils have ſpar'd my Mouth and Lips alone,
To let me make my lamentable moan.

Some Pity, O my Friends, ſome Pity take
On my diſtreſs, for antient Friendſhip's ſake.
I am abandon'd, and deſpairing left,
Of Riches, Honour, Children, Friends bereft.
Remark the grievous Wounds my ſore Diſeaſe
Has made thro' all my Fleſh, but what are theſe
Compar'd with thoſe, which in my Soul I feel,
Inflicted by th' Almighty's fatal Steel?
O, then in ſoft Compaſſion's Arms relent,
Retract your Speeches, and my Fate lament.
Will you aſſume the Priviledge of God,
And when you pleaſe, afflict me with your Rod?
Inhumane Friends! ſay, does it not ſuffice,
That all conſum'd with pain my Body lies;
But you my Soul with ill Diſcourſes wound,
Empty of Senſe, tho' they with Gall abound.

O,

O, that my Speech was written, that my Words
Were Regiſter'd, and kept in ſafe Records!
O, that an Iron Pen's repeated ſtroke,
Would grave deep Furrows in the Marble Rock!
Let Letters fill them up of inlaid Lead,
That all to come may my Profeſſion read.
I ſolemnly pronounce, that I believe
That my Redeemer does for ever live.
When future Ages ſhall their Circuit end,
And Bankrupt Time ſhall its laſt Minute ſpend,
Then he from Heav'n in Triumph ſhall deſcend.
He on the Surface of the Earth ſhall ſtand,
And from the Grave his Captive Saints demand.
The ſlumb'ring Dead ſhall waken at his Call,
And from their Limbs their Leaden Chains ſhall fall.
Victorious Life at his Command ſhall flee
To vanquiſh Death, and ſet her Pris'ners free.
It ſhall new warmth and vital Vigour ſpread,
Thro' all the cold Apartments of the Dead.
It ſhall in Triumph march thro' Shades beneath,
Thro' all the duſty Galleries of Death.
Th' invading Conquerour ſhall Sack the Grave,
Force every Tomb, and reſcue ev'ry Slave.
Deſtruction's Empire ſhall no longer laſt,
Death from her ſad Dominions ſhall be chas't,
And Deſolation laid for ever waſt.
From opening Tombs th' enliven'd Dead ſhall riſe,
And to enjoy the Light lift up their wond'ring eyes.

Tho' Worms and Putrefaction ſhall conſume
This mortal Body in the ſilent Tomb,
I ſhall revive, and from the Grave ariſe,
And ſee my God with theſe corporeal Eyes.
I for my Self ſhall ſee the bleſſed ſight,
For my own Profit, for my vaſt Delight.
He ſhall my Virtue from your Slanders clear,
Aſſert my Cauſe, and *Job* pronounce ſincere.
This is th' unſhaken Pillar of my Hope,
This does my Soul oppreſt with Sorrow prop;
That tho', as I have ſaid, the rav'ning Worm
Shall eat my Fleſh, and break this mortal Form,
My reunited Parts I ſhall aſſume,
When my Redeemer does to Judgment come,
For ever to be clear'd by an impartial Doom.

But you my Friends, no doubt will ſtill aver,
That Perſecuting me you do not err.
You'll ſay, that in my Conduct may be found,
For your Cenſorious words abundant ground.
But of th' Almighty's Juſtice be afraid,
His dreadful Vengeance will your Heads invade.
He will from Heav'n conſuming Wrath reveal,
Againſt all fierce, uncharitable Zeal.
The Day is coming, when the Judge ſupream
Will your raſh Words and Cruelty condemn.

CH. XX. He ſaid, and *Zophar* thus in heat reply'd:
Such is thy Obſtinacy, ſuch thy Pride;

With

With ſuch diſdain thou doſt our Reaſons ſlight,
And art ſo careful to exclude the Light;
All thy own Words ſo full and weighty ſeem
To thee, ſufficient in thy own eſteem:
That I no farther Argument deſign'd,
To Cure a Man ſo obſtinately Blind.
But ſince tranſported to a wild exceſs,
Thou doſt againſt thy Friends ſuch Threats expreſs;
Since thou doſt Heav'n with thy Complaints alarm,
And mark us out for God's vindictive Arm;
I muſt my ſetled Reſolution break;
For thus provok'd, who can forbear to ſpeak?

Thou doſt upbraid us, as of Senſe bereft,
Without Compaſſion, without Juſtice left.
That we Contempt and Shame would on thee pour,
And like outrageous Beaſts thy Life devour.
But I that fully know thy groſs miſtake,
Can't ſilent ſit, but muſt an Anſwer make.
Haſt thou, who mak'ſt to Wiſdom ſuch pretence,
Not yet remark'd the Courſe of Providence?
How ſince the Earth's Foundations firſt were laid,
Thro' all the Revolutions Time has made,
The Triumphs of th' unjuſt have quickly paſt,
And his vain Joys did but a moment laſt.
Tho' his bright Head above the Clouds he reers,
And mingles Luſtre with contiguous Stars,
O'erturn'd and ruin'd he deſerts the Skies,
And in the Duſt diſpers'd in Fragments lies.

Th' unrighteous periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own Ordure caſt with Scorn away.
Thoſe who before his Glory did admire,
Now ſeiz'd with Wonder, for his Place enquire.
Aſtoniſh'd, they theſe queſtions oft repeat,
Where can we find him now? where is his Seat?
His Fame and ſhort-liv'd Glory diſappear,
Like thin Illuſions form'd of gawdy Air.
Like wanton Dreams that in the Fancy play,
Or empty Phantomes that by Twilight ſtray.
The Eye that ſaw him ne'er ſhall ſee him more,
Ne'er ſhall his Houſe again unfold to him her Door.
His Children ſtrive t' appeaſe the Poor in vain,
Theſe of their Suff'rings publiquely complain;
Thoſe to reſtore their Subſtance are compell'd,
Which from the Poor their griping Father held.
With Vice decrepit, he perceives within,
The ſad effects of his paſt youthful Sin.
His waſted Fleſh and putrifying Bones,
Force him to utter never-ceaſing moans.
As he to Sin did with Affection cleave,
So Sin too faithful him ſhall never leave.
The guilty marks of his unbridled Luſt,
Are ſtill his ſad Companions in the Duſt.
Tho' Vice is by him greedily embrac't,
And proves moſt ſweet and grateful to his taſte;
Tho' the delicious Morſel, with his Tongue
He rolls about, the Pleaſure to prolong;
Yet the ſweet Meat he ſwallow'd down ſo ſlow,
Does in his Bowels Gall and Wormwood grow.

It does like Poiſon, rage along his Veins,
And gripes and racks him with tormenting pains.

What if th' Oppreſſor Riches has devour'd,
And down his Throat unmeaſur'd Treaſure pour'd?
He cannot long th' unrighteous Load retain,
His loathing Stomach with regret and pain,
Shall caſt the precious Surfeit up again.
God ſhall his Belly of its Prey beguil,
And from his Bowels wreſt the wealthy Spoil.
The profitable and delightful Sin,
Which he has ſuck'd with ſo much pleaſure in,
Shall like a Viper gnaw and tare his Heart,
And wound his Entrails, like a poiſon'd Dart.
The Streams of Joy, and Rivers of Delight,
Which he believ'd, would all his toil requite,
Shall diſappoint his hope, and in their ſtead,
Amazing Floods of Sorrow ſhall ſucceed.
For that his Neighbours wrongs may be redreſt,
Which he by Fraud or Violence oppreſt,
He ſhall refund his wicked Wealth, and more
Shall give what juſtly was his own before.

Tho' he may Riches gorge, the painful Spoil,
In maſſy Vomit quickly will recoil.
The time it ſtays the bloated Glutton lies
Diſtended to a vaſt Hydropic Size;
But he no Strength or Nouriſhment ſhall reap
From the crude Maſs, and undigeſted heap.

Becauſe

Becauſe the Poor deſpairing he has left,
Whom he by Rapine of his Goods bereft.
Becauſe by open, or by ſecret Guilt,
The Dwelling he has ſeiz'd another built.
Therefore his inward Gripes and conſcious Fear,
With ſelf-revenging Pains his heart ſhall tare.
Convulſive Throws, and raging Agonies,
Shall rack his Soul, and on his Bowels ſeize.
The Riches he ſo eagerly did crave,
With all his watchful Care he ſhall not ſave.
His Heir, what Treaſure he has left behind
Shall ne'er enquire, for none he'll hope to find.
When he ſhall moſt with Power and Wealth abound,
With Guards encompaſs'd, and with Empire crown'd,
Then ſuddain Miſchiefs ſhall his Seat ſurround.
Fierce Bands of Spoilers ſhall his Lands invade,
And far away his Wealth ſhall be convey'd.
When he deſigns his Riches to enjoy,
And all his Senſes with Delights to cloy,
A diſmal ſtorm of Wrath Divine ſhall riſe,
And gath'ring Vengeance ſhall diſturb the Skies.
While he is feaſting, free from Fear or Care,
The Heav'n's ſhall hurl down unexpected War.
God on his Head ſhall ſuch a Tempeſt pour,
As did thy Children in their Mirth devour.
His Conſternation and diſtracting Fear,
Shall make him fly to ſcape the Sword and Spear;
But a ſwift Arrow from an Iron Bow
Shall overtake, and ſtrike the Rebel thro'.

Officious Friends to heal his wounded Veins,
Shall draw the bloody Weapon from his Reins,
Whoſe glitt'ring point diſtain'd with iſſuing Gall,
Shows certain Death attends his ſuddain fall.
He ſhall in raging Pangs and Horror lye,
Hopeleſs of Life, and yet afraid to dye.
Againſt him God ſhall Storms and Plagues provide,
And ſtores of Wrath in ſecret places hide.
He his dark Caves and Magazines ſhall ſtow,
With choſen Vengeance and collected Woe.
From cleaving Clouds a fiery Tempeſt pour'd,
Like that which on the Hills thy Flocks devour'd;
Shall on his Subſtance and his Houſe deſcend,
And to deſtroy the Wretch its Fury ſpend.
His Progeny, if any ſhall remain,
Shall paſs their diſmal Days in Grief and Pain.
Thus Heav'n by dreadful Judgments ſhall reveal,
The Wickedneſs he did with Care conceal.
The Earth ſhall all her Elements unite,
Muſter her Armies, and againſt him Fight.
The Subſtance he has gain'd ſhall flow away,
Like rapid Torrents, in that dreadful Day,
When God provok'd by all his Crimes, ſhall come
In Storms of Wrath th' Oppreſſor to conſume.
God to th' unjuſt this Portion ſhall divide,
This ſad Inheritance is on him ty'd;
He's the right Heir, with him it ſhall abide.

CH. XXI. And then afflicted *Job* reply'd: Forbear
To interrupt me thus, with Patience hear
And weigh my Arguments, while I proceed
In my Defence; this I'll accept inſtead
Of all the Conſolation which from you
Is to a Friend in ſuch Affliction due.
Sedately hear my Reaſons out, and then
Reproach and mock your ſuff'ring Friend agen.

When I in bitter Anguiſh make my moan,
Do I complain of cruel Man alone?
I oft with Reaſon do, and muſt declare,
That God's vindictive Arm is too ſevere.
That I the mark of all his Weapons ſtand,
While Men more guilty ſcape his vengeful Hand.
But what if I of Man alone complain?
Is my Complaint unjuſt, becauſe 'tis vain?
Have I not reaſon to indulge my Grief,
When neither Man nor God afford Relief?
Conſider well my ſad afflicted State,
My unexampled Suff'rings will create
Aſtoniſhment, and make you hold your Peace,
And from reproaching me for ever ceaſe.
When I reflect, that Providence Divine
Does on the Wicked, as on Fav'rites ſhine,
That vile and irreligious Wretches cloy
Their pamper'd Senſes with Delight and Joy;
Whoſe Skins grow ſmooth, and ſleek with Fat and Reſt,
And no Invaders Arms their Peace moleſt:

While

While the mean time the Juſt and Godlike Kind,
From Heav'n and Earth alike hard meaſure find;
Are mark'd and ſingled out to undergo
Th' Almighty's Anger, and th' Oppreſſors blow;
Puzzled, confounded and amaz'd I ſtand,
And can't forbear a Reaſon to demand
Of this unequal Diſtribution, why
The Impious thrive, the Juſt deſpairing lye.
Here I from Heav'n Inſtruction would implore
How to defend the Juſtice I adore.

Why do the Wicked unmoleſted thrive,
Flow in Abundance, and in Pleaſure live?
In Mirth and Eaſe they paſs their Days away,
Healthful in Riot, and in Age not Gray.
In Triumph they the Regal Throne aſcend,
And far around their Empire they extend.
With Health and Vigour bleſt, they live to ſee
A flouriſhing and numerous Progeny.
Protected from Aſſaults they dwell ſecure,
And ne'er th' Almighty's ſcourging Rod endure.
Their fruitful Flocks engender on the Hill,
And with their Young their Herds the Vally fill.
Their verdant Meadows pour ſuch Riches forth,
Strong Mowers groan to heave th' unweildy Birth.
Their unexhauſted, never-failing Field,
Does a rich Harveſt to the Reaper yield.
Their Gardens flouriſh, and the Golden Fruit
Bend down the laden Boughs, and kiſs the Parent Root.

Their Children from their Houſe in Flocks advance,
Sport in the Streets, and o'er the Meadows dance.
To highten yet the Pleaſure of the Day,
They take the Harp, and on the Timbrel play.
They're raviſh'd with the Singer's charming Voice,
And at the Organ's chearful Sound rejoyce.
In Eaſe and Wealth they ſpend their golden Days,
And wearing by inſenſible decays,
With years, and not with pains their Shoulders bend,
And ripe with Age, they to the Grave deſcend.
Therefore elated with prodigious Pride,
Th' Almighty's Power and Precepts they deride.
Religion's Heav'nly Graces they contemn,
And God-like Saints, as cheated Fools, condemn.
Th' obdurate Rebels arrogantly ſay,
What is th' Almighty? why ſhould we obey?
What ſhall we get, if we in Praiſes ſpend
Our Breath, and Prayers to Heav'n devoutly ſend?

But as 'tis impious, ſo 'tis fooliſh too,
Such Pride, and ſuch Contempt of Heav'n to ſhew:
This Man's own hand his Riches can't defend,
On God whom he provokes, he muſt depend.
Let him be rich, I can't his Conduct praiſe,
Nor ſhall I imitate the Sinner's ways.
For tho' 'tis certain that you groſly err,
When you with ſo much Confidence aver,
That the good Man God's favour ſtill enjoys,
But that his Fury all th' unjuſt deſtroys;

Yet by experience taught I muſt avow,
That tho' not always, yet 'tis often ſo.
I grant, deſtruction oft th' unjuſt invades,
That oft the glory of the Wicked fades.
Their impious Deeds th' Almighty oft incenſe,
Who does his Judgments on their Heads diſpence.
He with his driving Wrath does often chaſe
From off the Earth, this irreligious Race.
They, as the Chaff, before the Tempeſt fly,
Or Stubble born by Whirlwinds thro' the Sky.
Their Guilt th' Almighty treaſures up with care,
And ſtores of Wrath does for their Sons prepare.
Their Progeny ſhall ſuffer for their Crime,
And they ſhall live to ſee that diſmal time.
Their Lips ſhall drink of God's embitter'd Bowl,
And their dim Eyes ſhall in Deſtruction rowl.
What Comfort, what Delight ſhall they derive
From all their Offspring, who ſhall them ſurvive;
When an untimely Violence has ſhut
Their Eye-lids, and their Days in ſunder cut?

Thus that the wicked ſuffer I aſſert,
But 'tis not all, nor yet the greateſt part.
I grant, the Juſt too ſometimes proſp'rous are,
But they more often Pain and Trouble bear.
Yet who ſhall to th' Almighty's ways object?
Who ſhall to guide the World, his Hand direct?
Muſt always God flagitious Men conſume,
And ne'er the Righteous to Affliction doom?

Muſt this diſtinction always be expreſt,
Becauſe you fancy this becomes him beſt?
Does not th' All-ſearching God exactly know,
And judge bleſt Saints above, and mighty Kings below?
Who then to teach him, Knowledge will pretend,
And ſhow him how his Government to mend?
One in his Vigour, and his Strength full grown,
To whom enfeebling Aches are unknown,
Whoſe Breaſts and Sides congeſted Fat diſtends,
And thro' whoſe Bones a Marrow Flood deſcends,
Shall lye extended in the Grave beneath,
Lopt by an unexpected ſtroke of Death:
Another wretched Suff'rer who has ſpent
His mournful days in Grief and Diſcontent,
In tort'ring Pains and bitter Anguiſh lies,
Nor till he's worn with ling'ring Sickneſs, dies.
The friendly Grave does both alike embrace,
And all Diſtinction's former marks efface:
The Worm alike does on their Bodies feaſt,
And mingling Duſt, the Dead together reſt.

Thus Troubles Men promiſcuouſly invade,
And Death alike befalls the Good and Bad.
Theſe Diſpenſations no regard expreſs
To this Man's Crimes, or that Man's Righteouſneſs.
Nor does the Love or Wrath of God appear
By what he gives, or makes us ſuffer here.
I know my Friends, by what you have expreſt,
Th' imaginations lodg'd within your Breaſt.

Your

Your inward thoughts your ſuffring Friend abuſe,
And tho' the wicked only you accuſe
In gen'ral Speeches, yet I plainly ſee
What you aſſert of them, you aim at me.
For often you diſdainfully demand,
Where does the wicked Prince's Palace ſtand?
Who does the Dwelling where he flouriſh'd know?
Who its Remains and Monuments can ſhow?
But can't the meaneſt Man that paſſes by,
To this demand convincingly reply?
Ask of the next you meet, and he will tell,
Where now the wicked unmoleſted dwell.
He'll point, and ſhow the Towers where they abide,
The marks and tokens of their proſp'rous Pride.
'Tis plain, they often flouriſh, tho' 'tis true,
That Vengeance ſometimes does their Crimes purſue.
From preſent Troubles ſome are kept with care,
For greater Shame, and Judgments more ſevere.
God ſhall in ſolemn Triumph lead them forth,
To ſuffer publique, ignominious Wrath.
They Fat for Ruin, and for Slaughter fed,
With Garlands crown'd, and Crouds around them ſpred,
Are to Deſtruction's bloody Altar led.
Oft on the Wicked dreadful Judgments wait,
But Power and Plenty is their uſual Fate.

Aw'd by their Wealth and Greatneſs, Men forbear
To tell them what their Crimes and Dangers are.
Elated, and impatient of Reproof,
They at the wiſeſt Admonitions ſcoff.

They

They 're Great above the fear of Puniſhment,
Too wiſe to own their Errors, and repent.
The proud Oppreſſor's Death will often vye
With his paſt Life, and great proſperity;
For, as he liv'd in Pride and State, he'll dye.
His mourning Friends with ſad magnificence,
With honourable Pomp, and vaſt expence,
Shall in the Duſt th' ungodly heap inter,
And paint and carve his ſtately Sepulcher.
The Corps embalm'd with wondrous Coſt and Art,
Shall reſt entire, and ſound in every part,
That 'twill a living Watchman poſted there
To guard the Dead, not a Dead Corps appear.
He in the Grave ſhall find a ſweet repoſe,
From Cares deliver'd, and from threatning Foes.
The Men who live, or who are yet unborn,
Shall follow him, and all File off in turn.
He is not more unhappy than the reſt,
His Fate is common to the worſt and beſt.
Why then do you pretend, that proſp'rous days
I yet might ſee, would I amend my ways?
Experience your Aſſertion contradicts,
And ſhows, that Heav'n the Righteous oft afflicts:
That the beſt Men prodigious Suff'rings bear,
While God is pleas'd great Wickedneſs to ſpare.

CH XXII. Then *Eliphaz:*
If undefil'd thou doſt thy Virtue keep,
Is God oblig'd? does he the Profit reap?

Were

Were all thy Days in pure Religion ſpent,
Would that th' Almighty's Happineſs augment?
When he does ſtrictly Righteouſneſs enjoyn,
Does he his own Advancement ſeek, or Thine?
If thou art Good the Profit is thy own,
God needs thee not, he on his Heav'nly Throne
Crown'd with Eſſential Bliſs, in Triumph ſits,
Unmeaſur'd Bliſs which no increaſe admits.
Does he in Wrath attempt thy overthrow,
Fearing in time thou ſhouldſt too Potent grow?
I grant thy Suff'rings great and numerous are,
But with thy Guilt they juſt Proportion bear.
Juſtice Divine its Banks ne'er overflows,
All monſtrous Suff'rings, monſtrous Crimes ſuppoſe.

Either thy Neighbour's Pledge thou haſt detain'd,
And by Extortion haſt his Subſtance drain'd:
Or of his Garment thou haſt ſtript the Poor,
And ſent him Naked from thy cruel Door.
Or to the Man with burning Sunbeams fry'd,
At his laſt Gaſp thou haſt thy Spring deny'd.
Or thou haſt ſeen thy hungry Neighbour dye
For want of Bread, which thou wouldſt not ſupply.
Or elſe unjuſtly to the Rich and Great,
Thou haſt decreed another's Land and Seat.
While thou the mournful Widow didſt oppreſs,
And cruſh without Remorſe the needy Fatherleſs.
For ſome ſuch Crime tho' ſecret and unknown,
Thou doſt beneath this heavy Vengeance groan.

For this, with Snares thou art encompaſs'd round,
And ſuddain Fears thy trembling Soul confound.
Thick Shades and Darkneſs o'er thy Dwelling ſpread,
And diſmal Floods of Grief whelm o'er thy Head.

Does not th' Almighty ſit enthron'd on high,
On the ſteep Convex of th' Empyreal Sky,
Whence with a quick and eaſy Proſpect he
Can all his Works and Worlds around him ſee?
Yet thou doſt act, as if thou didſt believe,
Thou couldſt th' Almighty's ſearching Eye deceive:
As if thou ſaidſt, how can th' Almighty know,
How can he mind and judge of things below?
Vaſt is the Gulph of Air that lies between,
And from his ſight thick Clouds the Sinner skreen.
He walks the happy Circuit of the Sky,
Nor caſts on this low dirty Ball an Eye.
Uninterrupted Pleaſure him employs,
While he alone his Bliſsful Self enjoys.
Our Good or Evil Deeds, our Joys or Pains,
Unworthy of his Notice, he diſdains.
Lo, from thy Lips whate'er expreſſions break,
This is the Language which thy Actions ſpeak.

Didſt thou with due Attention ne'er behold,
The Paths in which the Wicked trod of Old;
Who from the Earth for their enormous Crime,
Were hurried off by Death before their time;
Who to th' gen'ral Flood became a Prey,
And with their Sons and Wealth were ſwept away.

Theſe did th' Almighty's ſacred Laws deride,
Contemn'd his Favour, and his Threats defy'd.
They cry'd, if we Religion's Rule regard,
Who will our Pains, and pious Zeal reward?
Yet God their Houſes with Abundance bleſt,
Enlarg'd their Empire, and their Stores increaſt.
But who was by their Wealth to Envy mov'd,
Or who their impious Words or Ways approv'd?
For tho' like thee, they Peace a while enjoy'd,
Yet they at laſt were from the Earth deſtroy'd.
But Righteous Men have ſtill the Joy to ſee,
Juſtice Divine rebuke Impiety.
Th' Almighty they'll exalt in Songs of Praiſe,
Who does his Glory by ſuch Judgments raiſe.
They ſhall th' Oppreſſor's Pomp and Power deride,
When Heav'n's juſt Vengeance thus corrects their Pride.
The wicked periſh, while the pious Race
Of Patriarchs, whence our Deſcent we trace,
Favour'd by Heav'n, poſſeſt their ancient place.
They never were to Deſolation doom'd,
Never by ſuch prodigious Fire conſum'd,
As raining down from Heav'n in flaming Showers,
Deſtroy'd proud *Sodom's* and *Gomorrah's* Towers.

Wherefore, O *Job*, to God with ſpeed return,
With deep Contrition thy Offences mourn;
O'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow, proſtrate lye
Before his Feet, and for Compaſſion cry.
Let humble Prayer and penitential Tears,
Appeaſe Heav'n's Wrath, and thus remove thy Fears.

When God is pleas'd, all Nature will expreſs
A forward Zeal t' advance thy Happineſs.
God's gracious Aſpect, with its Heav'nly Light,
Will diſſipate this dark tempeſtuous Night.
Joy will ariſe, and with its cheerful Ray,
Chaſe all theſe ſullen Clouds of Grief away.

Will *Job* prophane and impious Maxims learn
From ſtupid Heathens, who from all concern
From Things below th' Almighty's Care exempt,
And thus expoſe Religion to Contempt?
No, let the Law which God of old reveal'd
To humane Kind, which yet is unrepeal'd;
Or which ſhould written in thy Heart abide,
Be made thy Rule of Life, and ſacred Guide.
Within thy Breaſt with pious Care record
His bleſt Inſtructions, and his Heav'nly Word.
If thou ſincerely wilt thy Life devote
To virtuous Deeds, and wilt with Zeal promote
Th' Almighty's Honour and Religions Cauſe,
By ſtrict obſervance of his Righteous Laws;
He all thy diſmal Ruins will repair,
And all thy reunited Fragments rear.
He'll raiſe thy Head now buried in the Duſt,
And make thee midſt the Clouds thy glitt'ring Turrets thruſt.
He'll fix thy Pillars deeper in the ground,
And ſtronger Bulwarks ſhall thy Houſe ſurround.
He ſhall thy Plenty and thy Peace reſtore,
And give thee Empire wider than before.

Thou ſhalt no more of Vengeance be afraid,
No Terrors more ſhall thy ſafe Tents invade.
Thy Neighbours ſhall with Wonder thee behold,
With Cedar bleſt, adorn'd with Gems and Gold.
Thou ſuch prodigious Treaſures ſhalt command,
Thou ſhalt, like Duſt, collect thy Golden Sand.
Thy rich, but diſregarded Ophir Oar,
Shall lye like Stones on every River's Shore.
Wedges of Silver from the pureſt Mine
Pil'd high in Heaps, ſhall round thy Dwelling ſhine.
Againſt thy Foes th' Almighty will contend,
Protect thy Plenty, and thy Life defend.
Thou with his Favour ſhalt be ever bleſt,
A vaſt Reward exceeding all the reſt.
Thou ſhalt derive from him thy chief Delight,
The Thoughts of whom does now thy Soul affright.
Up thou ſhalt look with Courage, and employ
Thy Thoughts on Heav'n with Confidence and Joy.
Thou to th' Almighty ſhalt have free Acceſs,
And to his Throne prevailing Prayers addreſs.
When thou art heard, thy Vows in Trouble made,
Shall with a glad and thankful Heart be paid.
All thy deſigns th' Almighty ſhall approve,
And thy decrees will ratify above.
Before thee he ſhall Heav'nly Light diſplay,
To ſolace, and to guide thee in thy way.
He ſhall protect thy Paths, thy Counſels bleſs,
And crown thy Undertakings with Succeſs.
When wicked Men ſhall be around deſtroy'd,
Stript of the Power and Wealth they once enjoy'd:

Thou

Thou ſhalt not feel th' Almighty's wrathful hand,
But undiſturb'd enjoy thy fruitful Land.
For God the humble Perſon will regard,
And with his Bleſſing will his Love reward.
Nor ſhall thy Prayer ſent to th' Almighty's Throne
Obtain his Favours for thy ſelf alone;
If thou ſhalt Supplication for them make,
Thy Neighbours round ſhall proſper for thy ſake.

Ch. XXIII. But *Job* reply'd:
From you I find my hopes of Eaſe are vain,
Your Conſolations aggravate my Pain.
I after all your Applications find
The bitter Anguiſh raging in my Mind.
The ſharp redoubled Strokes by which I bleed,
Do all my Cries and loudeſt Groans exceed.
You give me prudent Counſel to acquaint
My ſelf with God, but this is my Complaint,
That from my Sight he does with Care retreat;
O, that I knew where I might find his Seat.
I would before him juſtify my Cauſe,
And ſhew I'm no Contemner of his Laws.
I would convincing Arguments prepare,
And all my Reaſons orderly declare,
To prove my angry Judge is over-ſtrict,
And does too rig'rous Puniſhments inflict.
I long to know what Charge he would produce,
Of what black Crimes he would my ways accuſe.

Let

Let him detect thoſe Crimes to me unknown,
And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.
I will with Patience my Affliction bear,
And ne'er complain his Strokes are too ſevere.
If I an equal Hearing could procure,
Would he controul me with his Soveraign Power,
And not a calm and fair Debate endure?
No, he would give me Strength and Confidence,
And favourably hear my juſt Defence.
Then I might ſtate my righteous Caſe at large,
And God would clear me from your groundleſs Charge.
I fain would know where I my God might find,
For ſtill he's juſt, and long I found him kind,
Tho' grown of late eſtrang'd he has my ſearch declin'd.
If I go forward to the Eaſtern Coaſt
To ſeek him out, I mourn my labour loſt.
If I turn backward to the Weſtern Seats
To find him there, he ſtill my Hope defeats.
I roam thro' populous Northern Kingdoms, where
His mighty Works and Wonders moſt appear,
Yet is my ſtrict Enquiry fruitleſs there.
I try if Southern Climates will reveal
His Seat, but ſtill he does himſelf conceal.

But tho' the Righteous God will not appear
In Judgment now, my Innocence to clear;
This is my Comfort, that his ſearching Eye
Does all my Thoughts, my Heart and Ways deſcry:
When he my Virtue tries, which I deſire,
I ſhall, like Gold, come puret from the Fire.

I with unerring Feet have always trod,
In Virtue's Paths, and kept the Heav'nly Road.
I ne'er the rough and ſteepy Way declin'd,
But to th' Almighty's Will, my own reſign'd.
Thro' threat'ning Dangers I my paſſage made,
Of no low Gulph, or ſharp Aſcent afraid.
Heav'n's ſacred Precepts ſtill I did obey,
And always ſhunn'd the ſmooth, but crooked Way,
In which loſt Sinners from their Maker ſtray.
I have preſerv'd th' Almighty's ſacred Word,
As wealthy Men their choiceſt Treaſures Hoard.
To ſave the precious Store, I ever ſhew'd
As much Concern, as for my daily Food.
But tho' th' Eternal Mind did always ſee
Theſe pregnant Proofs of my Integrity,
Inflexibly reſolv'd he'll ne'er relent,
Nor of his harſh proceeding e'er repent.
Confirm'd in Wrath he will not change his Mind,
Never for me a tender Paſſion find.
My Suff'rings to accompliſh he'll proceed,
And execute the Wrath he has decreed.

The Righteous by him often are oppreſt,
For ſecret Reaſons lodg'd within his Breaſt.
This is his Pleaſure, who ſhall dare diſpute
His Soveraign Will, and Empire Abſolute?
Me to his Throne of Grace would he admit,
His Clemency my Virtue would acquit:
But on he comes his Creature to devour,
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs, Arbitrary Power.

There-

Therefore when I my great Creator ſee
Cloath'd with Auguſt, Imperial Majeſty,
I at his awful Preſence ſhake with fear,
Nor can the Sight of Soveraign Glory bear.
When on his Terrors I reflect, I feel
An inward Dread, and ſtruck with Horror reel.
My ſinking Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt
And bitter Sorrows interrupt my reſt;
Becauſe he did not cut me off, before
Theſe diſmal Shades and Troubles whelm'd me o'er:
Becauſe he ne're would let the friendly Grave
From ſo much Woe his wretched Creature ſave.

Why do my Friends Erroneous Doctrines teach CH. XXIV.
That certain Sufferings here the Wicked reach?
God does conceal the Times and Seaſons when
His Vengeance ſhall deſtroy flagitious Men.
Ev'n thoſe who moſt his righteous Laws obey,
And mark with care his Providential way,
Are unacquainted with his Judgment Day.
They know of no determin'd, certain Times,
When he will viſit Mens provoking Crimes.

Some Men remove with their perfidious Hands,
The Marks that bound appropriated Lands.
They take their Neighbours Goats from off the Rocks,
And from the Airy Downs their Woolly Flocks.
With wicked Spoils they feaſt their Luxury,
And gorg'd with Rapine on their Couches lye.

They the poor Widow of her Ox defraud,
They rob the Orphan, and the Deed applaud.
Theſe Robbers ſcare the Helpleſs from their way,
Who leave the Road, and o'er the Forreſt ſtray.
Th' affrighted Trav'llers to the Mountains fly,
And to eſcape their Rage in Caverns lye.

Other vile Men frequented Towns forſake,
And their Abode in deſart Places make.
Where Wild and Salvage grown, at Dawn of Day
They leave their ſecret Dens to hunt their Prey.
Theſe Men by Plunder and by Rapine thrive
And in a Wilderneſs in Plenty live.
They ſuddain Inroads on their Neighbours make,
And from their Fields by Force their Harveſt take.
They from another's Vine the Cluſters tear
And the rich Spoil to their own Preſſes bear.
To their Strong-Holds their Booty they convey ;
They ſtrip the Lab'rers, make them naked ſtray,
Expos'd to Cold by Night, to Heat by Day.
The Wretches when they hear a Tempeſt riſe,
And ſee the gath'ring Clouds o'erſpred the Skies,
To neighb'ring Rocks their Flight for Refuge bend ;
Their craggy Arms the friendly Rocks extend ;
Embrace, and hide them in their Clefts, and ſhow
Leſs hardneſs than the cruel Robbers do.

Beſides their Subſtance, which they make their Prey,
By Force they take the Owners too away :

For

For from their Coverts they Incurſions make
Into the Country round, and Captives take
Poor Herdſmen, Trav'llers, lab'ring Swains, and wreſt
The ſtruggling Infant from the Nurſe's Breaſt.
They lead them ſtript and ſtarving to their Caves,
And treat the helpleſs Creatures, as their Slaves.
Tho' their ill-gotten Subſtance be immenſe,
Yet they deſpoil with ſalvage Violence
Their hungry Captives of that little Fruit
Which they had glean'd their Vigour to recruit.
They make them labour in their Olive-yard,
But with redoubled Stripes their toil reward.
They ne'er permit them who their Vineyards dreſs,
And tread the ſwelling Cluſters in the Preſs,
To take, tho' faint, a Grape from off the Vine,
Or taſt, tho' fry'd with Heat, one drop of Wine.
Theſe deſp'rate Outlaws diſtant Towns invade,
Their cruel Yoke is on whole Cities laid.
In whoſe ſad Streets the ſuff'ring People groan,
And make, like wounded Men, a diſmal Moan.

There is, beſides this more audacious Race,
Whoſe open Crimes the Noon-day Sun out-face;
A ſort of ſecret Sinners, who require
Darkneſs to hide them, and from Light retire.
For inſtance, at th' uncertain Dawn of Day,
The lurking Murd'rer does his Neighbour ſlay.
Then full of Fear away th' Aſſaſſin flies,
And all the Day in ſome cloſe Covert lies.

Then turning Thief, by Night he comes abroad,
And with ſtoll'n Subſtance does his Shoulders load.
His guilty Joys th' Adulterer delays,
And for the Evening's doubtful Twilight ſtays.
To paſs unſeen he muffles up his Head,
And ſteals in ſecret to the Harlot's Bed.
Hot with unbridled Flames, he in the Dark
Breaks Houſes up, on which he ſet his mark
The Day before, where to aſſwage his Luſt;
But he can only to the Darkneſs truſt:
Before the Morn returns, he takes his Flight,
He hates the Day, and courts the welcome Night.
For if diſcover'd, all the marks of Fear
And Conſternation, in his Looks appear.

To this vile Crew you may the Pyrate add,
Who puts to Sea the Merchant to invade,
And reaps the Profit of another's Trade.
He ſculks behind ſome Rock, or ſwiftly flies
From Creek to Creek, rich Veſſels to ſurprize.
By this ungodly Courſe the Robber gains,
And lays up ſo much Wealth, that he diſdains
And mocks the poor, unprofitable toil
Of thoſe, who plant the Vine, or till the Soil.

Others as Vile, deflower a Virgin firſt,
And then deſtroy the Offspring of their Luſt
Within the Mother's Womb, to hide their Shame,
And ſcape Reproaches that would blaſt their Fame.

The poor and helpleſs Widow they abuſe,
And Reparation cruelly refuſe.
Their Power and Threats the timorous Judges awe,
And to their ſide the Great and Mighty draw.
For if the Villains, on pretence of Wrong,
Aſſail the mighty, be they ne'er ſo ſtrong,
Can they againſt Aſſaſſins make Defence?
Whoſe Life is ſafe from ſecret Violence?
Tho' by repeated Vows they ſhould declare,
That their Intentions inoffenſive are;
And make ſuch ſolemn Promiſes, that you
May think you're ſafe, becauſe you think them true;
Yet they will wait, and all occaſions watch,
The miſchief they deſign'd you, to diſpatch.

Theſe in their wicked Courſes, free from fear,
Becauſe they live unpuniſh'd, perſevere.
'Tis true, th' Almighty ſees their Inſolence,
But unconcern'd, no Vengeance does diſpence.
The troubled Skies with Lightning grows not red,
Nor does his Thunder ſtrike Oppreſſors dead.
Th' Eternal pours no dreadful Viols forth,
On Rebels worthy of exalted Wrath.
Among 'em no ſtrange Plagues are ſent abroad,
No Tempeſts Vengeance on their heads unload.
In Peace and Plenty they ſecurely live,
And from Impunity their Pride derive.
All things to make them happy here comply,
And, as they liv'd, they unmoleſted Dye.

They

They to the Grave a quiet, eaſy Bed
In Peace, as much as others, are convey'd,
Part of the long Proceſſion of the Dead.
With grievous Sickneſs they are ne'er diſtreſt,
Nor dye with long tormenting Pains oppreſt.
Gently cut down by Fate, like Ears of Corn
When fully ripe, they to the Tomb are born.
By ſlow degrees they ſink and wear away,
Their Death's a kind, inſenſible decay.
Their Streams of Life, like peaceful Rivers flow,
And when they dye, they gently melt, as Snow.
God no ſuch marks of Wrath does on them ſet,
But that the Mothers may their Sons forget.
Their Bodys hang not by the publick way,
To Men a Terror, and to Beaſts a Prey.
But Men in Pomp their Carcaſſes inter,
To be a Feaſt for Worms, as others are.
There they enjoy profound Tranquility,
And buried with them their Oppreſſions lye.
When they are Dead, the Age that next ſucceeds,
As quickly will forget their wicked Deeds,
As a loſt Tree by Time to Atomes worn,
Or by a riving Storm to Shivers torn.
I theſe remarks deliberately have weigh'd,
And know no ſtrong Objections can be made.
I on the Truth of this Diſcourſe rely,
And all Oppoſers Arguments defy.

Then

Then *Bildad* anſwer'd, Why does *Job* delight Ch. XXV.
Thus to reflect on Wiſdom Infinite?
Wilt thou th' Almighty's Providence correct,
And charge him with Injuſtice, or Neglect?
As if he ne'er did Righteouſneſs regard,
And did the Impious, not the Juſt reward?
Or elſe as if he ne'er did interpoſe,
But doubtful Chance did all Events diſpoſe.
Should not his awful Majeſty deter
Thy Arrogance, and make thee ſhake with fear?
His Creatures never ſhould debating ſtand,
But ſtrait obey his abſolute Command.
This low Terreſtrial World does not alone,
His Soveraign Rule and Juriſdiction own;
His Empire is of unconfin'd extent,
O'er all the wide Etherial Continent;
O'er all the liquid Regions of the Air,
And all the ſhining Iſlands floating there.
He Peace preſerves in the bright Realms above,
And makes the Spheres in beauteous order move.
All the Seraphic, glorious Hierarchy,
The Pure and God-like People of the Sky,
Adore the depths of Providence Divine,
And to th' Almighty's Will, their Wills reſign.
And yet ſhall diſcontented *Job* debate
His Caſe with God, and quarrel with his Fate?
His Empire to protect, and to controul
Uproar and Strife, what Troops can he enroll?

What

What mighty Armys can th' Almighty head?
What numerous Brigades to Battel lead?
Myriads of Angels lye encampt on high,
His Houſhold Squadrons that defend the Sky:
Sabres of Flame th' Immortal Warriors weild,
And now in fiery Chariots take the Field;
Now high in Air the Wing'd Battalions riſe;
And glorious War hangs hovering in the Skies.
Along th' inferiour Air at his Command,
His muſt'ring Meteors Regimented ſtand.
Tempeſts of Thunder, Whirlwinds, Rain and Fire
To fight th' Almighty's Battels will conſpire.
All Nature at his beck, if Rebels rage,
Strait take up Arms, and on his Part engage.

Of ſuch Extent is his Imperial Power;
With ſo much Eaſe he can his Foes devour.
Yet is his Goodneſs equal to his Might;
The Sun his unexhauſted Sea of Light,
Laviſh of Glory, does to all diſpence
His chearing Beams, and fruitful Influence.
Wide as the World, God has his Table ſpred,
At his Expence are all his Creatures fed.
Who of his Regal Bounty does not taſt?
Whoſe Stores, if not ſupply'd by him, can laſt?
If on his Power and Goodneſs we depend,
And can to nothing as a Debt pretend;
We murmur and complain without a Cauſe,
When he his Bleſſings, not our Right, withdraws.

Beſides our various Crimes which Heav'n provoke,
Juſtly expoſe us to his wrathful ſtroke.
Who can before his high Tribunal ſtand,
Plead Innocence, and his Diſcharge demand?
Can Man be Clean, born of degenerate Race,
And ſcape the Leaven that infects the Maſs?
Never a wholſom, unpolluted Stream,
From an impure, infected Fountain came.
Can a wild Vine a generous Vintage bring?
From a baſe Stock, can noble Branches ſpring?
The Conſtellations that adorn the Sky,
Reveal their Spots to God's All-ſearching Eye,
Then what foul Stains will he in Man deſcry?
In Man, a worthleſs Worm, who turns to Duſt
And Putrefaction, whence he ſprang at firſt.

Then pious *Job* did *Bildad* thus beſpeak: CH. XXVI.
To chear the Mourner, and to help the weak
Thou haſt a happy, maſterly Addreſs,
A charming way, that ne'er can miſs Succeſs.
How pertinent, how clear is thy diſcourſe,
No ſullen Sorrow can reſiſt its force.
Thy bleſt Inſtructions, and thy grave Advice,
Can teach the Blind, and make the ſtupid Wiſe.
Diſplay'd by thy Divine Diſcourſe I find
A Heav'nly Day irradiates my Mind.
Thou haſt thy point by ſolid Reaſon prov'd,
And like an Oracle, all doubts remov'd.

What knowing Spirit has thy Boſom fir'd,
For thou haſt argu'd, as a Man inſpir'd?
But ſay to whom doſt thou addreſs thy Speech?
Am I ſo weak, and of ſo ſhort a reach,
That I muſt ſtill be taught the Common Theme
Of God's Imperial Sway, and Power ſupreme?
I could th' Almighty's wondrous Works with eaſe
Like you recite, as for example theſe.

He all the wanton Monſters form'd that play,
And bound above the Boſom of the Sea;
Wild Water-Gyants, hideous Forms that reign
Lords of the vaſt, inhoſpitable Main:
A ſalvage Race that range the liquid Fields,
And fill with Rapine all the wavy Wilds.
All the mute Nations of the deep Abyſs,
And Finny People of the Floods are his.
To hide from God its ſad Inhabitants,
And dusky Realms, Hell thicker Darkneſs wants.
Compacted Shadows, and ſubſtantial Night
Elude the Sun's, but not th' Almighty's Sight.
Death does in vain her ſable Covering ſpread,
And in her ſecret Vaults lock up the Dead:
Th' Almighty's Eye does all her Spoils ſurvey,
And no diſtinction knows of Night or Day.
He o'er the empty Space diſplays on high
The blue Expanſion of the Northern Sky.
He hangs the pond'rous Earth in liquid Air,
And his Command and Providential Care,
Are the ſole Pillars that ſupport it there.

He

He bids the looſe and fluid Clouds ſuſtain
Impriſon'd Tempeſts, and ſuſpend the Rain.
Diſtended with the Waters in 'em pent,
Their Wombs hang low in Air, but are not rent.
But then at his Command, ſucceſſive Drops
Diſtill from Heav'n, and crown the Farmer's Hopes.
Left his high Throne above expreſſion bright,
With deadly Glory ſhould oppreſs our ſight,
To break the dazling Force, he draws a Skreen
Of ſable Shades, and ſpreads his Clouds between.
He raiſes rocky Bounds around the Deep,
And does the raging Waves in Priſon keep.
That, whilſt as order'd by Alternate ſway,
The Sun and Moon ſhall rule the Night and Day;
The Foaming Surges rolling o'er the Strand,
Might not a Deluge ſpread, and drown the Land.
The Hills and Mountains whoſe aſpiring tops
Appear the Pillars, and unſhaken props
Reer'd to ſuſtain the Heav'n's expanded Roof,
Tremble with Fear, and ſhake at his Reproof.
He with his mighty Power the Sea divides,
And ploughs deep Furrows in its wounded Sides.
At his Command the threatning Billows riſe,
Mix Waters with the Clouds, and lave with foam the Skies.
But in a moment he corrects their Pride,
And bids the Sea repel her ſwelling Tide.
Uproar is huſht, the Ocean at his Frown
Shrinks in, and calls it's tow'ring Surges down.
The trembling Waves creep ſoftly to the Shore,
And Tempeſts over-aw'd no longer roar.

The Heav'nly Spheres around in Order turn'd,
With cluſt'ring Conſtellations he adorn'd.
He the great Serpent form'd, and bid him rowl
His Starry Volumes round the Northern Pole.
Theſe of his Works are part, but ſtill I own
To us his Wonders are but little known.
To ſuch extent who can his Reaſon ſtretch,
As his vaſt Power and Providence can reach?
His boundleſs Wiſdom who can comprehend?
Who will to ſearch the dark Abyſs deſcend?
Who can his Wonders number, who declare
Of Energy divine the utmoſt Sphere?

Ch. XXVII. The Pious *Job* here paus'd a while, and ſtay'd
For their reply; but no reply was made.
Then he his grave and wiſe Diſcourſe revives,
And ſaid, as God my great Creator lives,
Who has to hear and judge my Cauſe deny'd,
And my vext Soul with ſharp Affliction try'd,
While the warm blood dilates my winding Veins,
And in my Noſtrils while my Breath remains;
That Breath th' Almighty did himſelf inſpire,
Gently to fan and feed the vital Fire;
No Falſhood will I mix in this debate,
Nor with perfidious Lips expreſs Deceit.
Under the Cenſure of my Friends I lye
Charg'd with Offences of the deepeſt Dye,
Oppreſſion, Fraud, and deep Hypocriſy.

Shall

Shall I acquit their raſh Cenſorious Tongue,
Confeſs th' Indictment, and my Virtue wrong?
Forbid, O Heav'n, that I ſhould ever own
So black a Charge of Crimes to me unknown.
I till I Dye will ſtedfaſtly aſſert
The pure Intention of my upright Heart;
From this Profeſſion will I ne'er depart.
Conſcience, whoſe Court of Juſtice is within,
Can ne'er accuſe me of delib'rate Sin.
The wicked and their ways I ſo deteſt,
That might I feed Revenge within my Breaſt,
And might I have permiſſion to beſtow
The greateſt Curſe, upon my greateſt Foe,
I would deſire that Foe might all his days
Delight in vicious Men, and vicious Ways.

What if the Sinner's Magazines are ſtor'd
With the rich Spoils that *Ophir*'s Mines afford?
What if he ſpends his happy Days and Nights,
In ſofteſt Joys and undiſturb'd Delights?
Where is his Hope at laſt, when God ſhall wreſt
His trembling Soul from his reluctant Breaſt?
Muſt he not then Heav'n's Vengeance undergo,
Condemn'd to Chains, and Everlaſting Woe?
This is his Fate; but often here below,
Juſtice o'ertakes him, tho' it marches ſlow.
And when the Day of Vengeance does appear,
The Wretch will cry, but will th' Almighty hear?
If bath'd in Tears Compaſſion he invokes,
The unrelenting Judge will multiply his Strokes.

His vain Complaints, and unregarded Prayer,
Will drive the raving Rebel to' deſpair.
Or will he e'er with Confidence apply
Himſelf to God, and on his Aid rely?
Will he not rather ceaſe in his diſtreſs,
His Prayers to Heav'n hereafter to addreſs?

Do not diſdain to learn, and I'll reveal,
How the juſt God does with the Wicked deal.
To you ſome ſecret Methods I'll detect,
By which he's pleas'd his Conduct to direct.
All you your ſelves have by Experience found,
For my Aſſertions there's abundant ground.
I grant that ſome, not all the wicked Band,
As you aſſert, feel God's vindictive Hand.
And this ſhould make the proud Oppreſſor dread,
Leſt Vengeance ſhould aſſail his guilty Head.
Children he multiplies to be devour'd
By ling'ring Famine, or the raging Sword.
Untimely Death his Offspring ſhall conſume,
And ſink them deep in black Oblivion's Womb.
His Wives well pleas'd to ſee the Tyrant's Fate,
Shall joyful Mourners on his Funeral wait.
Tho' he does Gold in lofty Mountains heap,
And as the duſt, has Silver Treaſure cheap,
Tho' Robes of State wrought with *Sidonian* Skill,
And rich embroider'd Veſts his Wardrobe fill;
Yet ſhall the Juſt and Upright Man divide
His precious Treaſures, and his Purple Pride.

The Judge's righteous Sentence ſhall reſtore
The Wealth he wreſted from the injur'd Poor.
His Dwelling, like the Moths, ſhall ſoon decay,
Which ſettles in a Garment for a Day;
But ſuddainly is cruſh'd, and ſwept away.
Or like the Lodge, a Keeper does erect,
His Garden Fruit or Vintage to protect;
Which, when the Swain has gather'd in his Store,
Is pull'd as quickly down, as reer'd before.

When Heav'n th' Oppreſſor ſhall of Life bereave,
The Wretch no Funeral Honours ſhall receive.
His curſed Corps expos'd to open Day,
Shall lye to ravening Beaſts and Birds a Prey.
While one with open Eyes can look around,
Heav'n ſhall the Man, his Race, and Name confound.
A dreadful Inundation of Diſtreſs,
And Woes like thronging Waves, his Soul ſhall preſs.
An unexpected Storm of Wrath ſhall riſe,
And in the Night, the careleſs Man ſurpriſe.
An Eaſtern Whirlwind ſhall his Palace tear,
Catch up, and with its rapid Eddy bear
Th' Oppreſſor far away thro' Wilds of Air.
God ſhall his fatal Darts againſt him throw,
Nor will he ſpare him, when involv'd in Woe.
The miſerable Man for Mercy crys,
In vain he weeps, and prays, in vain he flys.
His Neighbours round ſhall his juſt fall deride,
Applauding Heav'n, that thus corrects his Pride.

I always thought the righteous God, at laſt
Would on the wicked ſure Deſtruction caſt;
Nay, ſome his Wrath does in their blooming blaſt:
But taught by obſervation, I aſſert,
That he is pleas'd to let the greater part,
In Peace and Splendour paſs their happy years,
And long their day of Puniſhment defers.
Whilſt oft the Juſt that ſerve and love their God,
Bewail their Wounds inflicted by his Rod.
This puzzling Conduct, theſe myſterious ways
Create my Trouble, and my Wonder raiſe.
But you, becauſe your Reaſon can't unty
The hard perplexing Knot, the Fact deny.
As if you thought your narrow Wit and Senſe,
Could reach th' unfathom'd Depths of Providence.
In things below your Wiſdom may appear,
But theſe are Heights that far ſurmount your Sphere.

CH. XXVIII Advent'rous Man may with ſucceſsful pains,
Diſſect the Ground, trace all the ſhining Veins
Of Silver Oar, and wreſt with labour forth
Its golden Entrails from th' embowel'd Earth.
The ſweaty Smelter finds a proper place,
Where from the Droſs to purge the precious Maſs.
Men dig out pondrous Iron from the Mine,
And Molten Copper in the Flames refine.
The Miner ſearches all the Seats beneath,
Gloomy and loneſome, as the Shades of Death.

Where Nature far withdrawn from humane ſight,
To mould and ſhape her Min'rals does delight.
To faſhion precious Stones with curious Art,
And hardneſs due to Metals does impart.
They all the Earth's dark Bowels open lay,
And make the Central Shades acquainted with the Day.
But often ſubterranean Floods invade
The Miner's Caves, thro' which he cannot wade.
With wondrous Toil the Men their Works maintain,
And from the Mine the flowing Deluge drain.
While fruitful Trees and bending Ears of Corn
Laden with Bread, the Earth above adorn;
With ſparkling Gems its inward Parts are ſtor'd,
And fatty Minerals full of Fire afford.
Here beauteous Saphirs far remote from Day,
Do a blue Heav'n midſt common Stones diſplay.
Here Nature ſcatters with a laviſh hand,
And with the Rubbiſh mingles golden Sand.
No Fowl of Heav'n, no not the Vulture's Eye
Fam'd for quick Sight, did e'er theſe Seats deſcry.
Thoſe Sons of Pride the Lyons never found
Theſe Caves, and dark Receſſes under ground.
To Beaſts and Birds theſe Regions are unknown,
By Men diſcover'd, and by Men alone:
By Men who cut thro' hardeſt Rocks their way,
Dig thro' the Hills, and Mountains level lay;
That the Metallic Wealth may be reveal'd,
Which in their maſſy Bowels lies conceal'd.

If riſing Springs o'erflow the precious Vein,
Men faſhion Channels in the Rocks to drain,
Th' invading Flood, till they their Treaſure gain.

Thus into Nature's Secrets Men deſcend,
And may to Knowledge in her Works pretend;
But who can Heav'n's deep Counſels comprehend?
Who can inform th' Enquirer, who can tell
Where Skill Divine, and Heav'nly Wiſdom dwell?
For ſenſleſs Man its value does not know,
'Tis never found midſt Mortals here below.
The Land exclaims aloud, I am not bleſt
To be th' abode of this Celeſtial Gueſt.
The Sea and all its noiſy Waves, declare,
In vain you ſeek the ſacred Stranger here.
Th' Infernal Deep cries with a hollow Sound,
Here's no Apartment for her under ground.
Th' unvaluable Bleſſing can't be bought,
With all the golden Wealth from *Ophir* brought.
He that has Wiſdom Rubies will deſpiſe,
And Pearl, if tender'd as an equal Price.
Saphires and Diamonds, with vaſt labour ſought,
The *Topaz* fetch'd from Countries far remote;
Which worn by mighty Kings, attract regard,
Are worthleſs Toys, with this bright Gem compar'd.
Who can inſtruct us then whence Wiſdom flows?
And who the place of Underſtanding knows:
Since after ſtrict enquiry we deſpair
To find it in the Land, the Sea, or Air?

Death

Death and Deſtruction cry, midſt all our Slaves
We ne'r ſaw Wiſdom; to our ſecret Caves
We the Celeſtial Stranger ne'er convey'd,
Nor hid her in our ſolitary Shade.
We only are acquainted with her Name,
Have only heard of her Immortal Fame.
Only the Great All-penetrating God
Knows his own Offspring, Wiſdom's bleſt abode.
For he ſurveys from Heav'n's bright Cryſtal brow,
The vaſt expanded Univerſe below;
The ſpacious liquid Vales of Sky and Air,
And all his Worlds, that hang in order there.
The Bounds of Nature, Chaos, and old Night,
Limit the Sun's, but not its Maker's Sight:
He has in Proſpect this Terreſtrial Iſle,
And ſees th' extreameſt Bound'rys of its Soil.
He forms the various Meteors which appear
Thro' the low Regions of the Atmoſphere.
He deals out to the Winds their proper weight,
Gives them their Wings, and then directs their Flight.
He meaſures out the drops with wondrous Skill,
Which the black Clouds his floating Bottles fill.
When he decreed the manner of the Rain,
And did the Lightning's crooked Path ordain;
When he appointed Nature's courſe and way,
And gave command that thence ſhe ſhould not ſtray;
Then Wiſdom he beheld, he ſearch'd with care
His own All-ſeeing Mind, and found it there.

He oft reflected on the ſacred Gueſt,
Which had her fixt abode within his Breaſt,
And in his Works her God-like Form expreſt.
But then to Man, to whom he had deny'd
The perfect Knowledge of his Ways, he cry'd,
The Fear of God is Wiſdom, to depart
From Evil, this is Science, this is Art.
Attempt to know no more than God reveals,
Search not the Secrets which his Breaſt conceals.
In this Abyſs truſt not thy vent'rous Oar,
Wouldſt thou be ſafe, then keep upon the Shore,
And from afar this awful Deep adore.
Thy Happineſs in being Righteous lies,
Be Good, and in Perfection thou art wiſe.
Juſtly thou mayſt deſpiſe the boaſtful Schools,
And learned Cant of grave, diſputing Fools.

CH. XXIX. Moreover *Job* continued thus, and ſaid:
O that the happy Days might be reſtor'd,
When gracious Aid th' Almighty did afford.
When his Celeſtial Lamp ſhone o'er my Head,
And with its Light directed me to tread
In loneſome Paths, with horrid Darkneſs ſpread.
When ſecret Bleſſings did my Youth attend,
And Guardian Providence my Houſe defend.
When all my Children round me ſtood, and God
Did with his Preſence bleſs my ſafe abode.
With Teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
Such numerous lowing Herds before my door

Their

Their painful Burden to unload, did meet,
That we with Butter might have waſh'd our Feet.

Beſides the Harveſt of my richer Soil,
Ev'n Rocks themſelves pour'd Rivers out of Oyl.
When thro' the Streets I march'd in Princely State,
To ſit in Judgment in the City Gate;
The younger Men, ſoon as my Face they ſaw,
Drew back thro' Fear, or reverential Awe.
The Aged Fathers as I paſt along,
Stood up, and bow'd amidſt the gazing throng.
Princes and Lords, of ancient noble Blood,
To ſhew Regard, before me ſilent ſtood.
The Ear that heard me did the Speaker bleſs,
The Eye that ſaw me, did its Joy confeſs.
Becauſe th' Oppreſſor's Rage I did withſtand,
And wreſted Suff'rers from his griping hand.
The Poor and Helpleſs when almoſt devour'd,
Reſcu'd by me, on me their Bleſſings pour'd.
A Father's Place to Orphans I ſupply'd,
And made the Widow joyful, as a Bride.
With Righteouſneſs and Mercy cloath'd I ſate,
Awful, as dreſt in ſplendid Robes of State.
And ſpotleſs Juſtice won me more eſteem,
Then a great Monarch's Guards or Diadem.
Refreſh'd by me, the Naked, Blind and Lame,
Thro' ringing Streets my Bounty did proclaim.
I with Paternal Bowels fed the Poor,
No needy Wretch went Hungry from my Door.

Thoſe

Thoſe Frauds and Injurys, of which th' Oppreſt
Durſt not complain, I ſought out and redreſt.
My righteous Hand broke fierce Oppreſſor's Jaws,
And of their Spoil diſſeiz'd their bloody Paws.

I now have built, ſaid I, my lofty Neſt
Where I'll repoſe, and feed on endleſs Reſt.
My Days ſhall all be proſp'rous, and increaſe,
Till they exceed the Sands around the Seas.
With neighb'ring Streams below my Root was fed,
And from above kind Heav'n by Night did ſpread
Refreſhing Dews o'er all my branching Head.
I then was ſtrong, as in my youthful Bloom,
And with new Vigour did my Bow aſſume.
Th' attentive Throng while I in Judgment ſate
Profoundly Silent, did around me wait.
Like cluſt'ring Bees upon my Lips they hung,
And ſuck'd the Words, like Honey from my Tongue.
To my Diſcourſes no reply was made,
My Dictates were, as Oracles obey'd.
My Speech upon them drop'd like Summer Rain,
That falls from Heav'n upon the thirſty Plain.
If I my ſolemn Air put off, if e'er
I kind and condeſcending did appear,
The People ſcarcely could believe me ſo,
Nor did they rude, or too Familiar grow.
They no ill uſe of thoſe my Favours made,
But ſtill a due Reſpect and Rev'rence paid.
What way to follow I th' Enquirer told,
And all Mens doubtful Queſtions did unfold.

I ſate as Chief, while they around did ſtand,
My Looks and Language did their Minds command.
When I appear'd, they did ſuch Joy expreſs,
As ſhouting Armys do, when in diſtreſs
They ſee their General come, whoſe Preſence gives
Their Breaſts new Courage, and their Hopes revives.

Now Providence Divine has chang'd my State, CH. XXX
Such are my Wants, and ſuch my Woes of late,
That thoſe young Men my Poverty deride,
To whoſe intreating Fathers I deny'd
The Priviledge my numerous Herds to keep,
Or with my Dogs to ſit and guard my Sheep.
For they were grown, their Manly Vigour ſpent
With Vice and Age, ſo Weak and Impotent;
They were no more for uſeful Labour fit,
But wander'd Hoary Beggars thro' the Street:
Oppreſt with Want and Famine, till at laſt,
They were, like Thieves, from every City chas'd.
Trembling with fear, to ſhun their Neighbour's ſight,
To ſolitary Woods they took their Flight,
Roam'd o'er the Plains by Day, and skulk'd in Hills by Night.
In thorny Dens and rocky Caves they lay,
To Lyons Hunger, or their own, a Prey.
Of Juniper they Eat the bitter Root,
Unſavory Herbs, and wild, unwholſome Fruit.
To eaſe their Hunger with Supplys of Food,
They made the Mountains bare, and ſtript the Wood.
Brambles and Thorny Branches they devour,
Beneath whoſe ſhelter they had lodg'd before.

A Stock ſo Vile, a Progeny ſo baſe,
Ne'er brought on Humane Nature more diſgrace,
Ne'er was a Kingdom curſt with ſuch a Race.
Yet to their Sons I am a ſtanding Jeſt;
So low is *Job*, ſo Poor, and ſo Oppreſt.
What Contumelious Inſults have I born
From theſe vile Men, what unexampled Scorn?
With bitter Scoffs they ſuff'ring *Job* revile,
And paſs me by with a diſdainful Smile.
They have me in Contempt, abhor my ſight,
And as from one Infected, take their Flight.
They dare affront, and mock me to my Face,
Since God is pleas'd on *Job* to bring diſgrace,
And to afflict me does his Power engage,
They too unbridle all their ſavage Rage.
Young Striplings, poor afflicted *Job* deſpiſe,
And to obſtruct my way, againſt me riſe.
No Methods, no Devices they neglect,
Which likely ſeem my Ruin to effect.
My Righteous Actions they perverſly wreſt,
And by their Taunts my Anguiſh is increaſt.
Still to invent new Slaunders they proceed,
And are ſo fruitful, they no Helper need.
On me they come, as conquering Soldiers ruſh
Into a Town, or as a mighty Fluſh
Of rapid Waters, which have broken down
Th' oppoſing Banks, and then the Vally drown.
Like preſſing Waves their Terrors on me roll,
And as a Storm my Foes purſue my Soul.

My

My Joy and Peace diſſolve and melt away,
As morning Miſts before the riſing Day.
And now my Soul is griev'd, my Fleſh diſeas'd,
And diſmal Woes have me their Pris'ner ſeiz'd.
All Night I lye extended on a Rack,
My Bones are tortur'd, and my Sinews crack.
The Putrefaction from my running Boils,
In loathſome manner all my Veſt defiles:
Cloſe to my Sores it ſticks, as to my Throat,
The narrow Collar of my ſeamleſs Coat.
Me deep in Mire God has in Anger ſpurn'd,
Ev'n while alive, I ſeem to Aſhes turn'd.
I cry unto thee, but am never heard,
I make my Moan, but does the Lord regard?
The gracious God is grown to me ſevere,
Quite chang'd his very Nature does appear.
His mighty Hand, from which I hop'd Relief,
Is now extended to augment my Grief.
Like Chaff I'm caught up by the Wind, and toſt,
And this and that way driv'n, till I have loſt
My Fleſh and Subſtance, which I once could boaſt.
I find the Tomb muſt quickly me receive,
The general Rendezvous of all that live.
His Hand th' Almighty will not ſtretch to ſave
A Wretch, that ſeems already in the Grave.
Not all the Crys that by my Friends are ſent
To Heav'n, my ſure Deſtruction ſhall prevent.

Did not my Soul for Men in Trouble mourn,
Did not my moving Bowels in me turn,
And o'er the Poor touch'd with Compaſſion yern?
Yet (fatal Diſappointment!) ſore Diſtreſs
Came, when I moſt expected Joy and Peace.
While I was waiting for the chearful Light,
Darkneſs o'erſpread me, and a diſmal Night.
My Soul in reſtleſs Agonys of Grief
Tormented lay, and hopeleſs of Relief.
So unawares was my Affliction ſent,
The ſuddain Stroke did quick-ey'd Fear prevent.
To ſolitary Seats I love to creep,
And dark Receſſes, where I groan and weep.
To antient, loneſome Ruins I repair,
And moſſy Heaps, in damp, unwholſome Air;
A Deſolation wild, as my Deſpair.
There I ſo long have cry'd, and made my moan,
That to the ſalvage Beaſts my Story's known.
Well pleas'd, with Owls and Ravens I converſe,
And the ſad Series of my Woes rehearſe.
They Scriech and Croak, and from ill-boding Throats,
To my ſad Grief return becoming Notes.
By Night midſt Wolves I well acquainted ſit,
Howling Companions, for my Sorrow fit.
Serpents my hiſſing Friends, with me abide,
And with my Brother Dragons I reſide.
I am with Horror now familiar grown,
To all the Terrors of the Deſart known,
And friendly Satyrs take me for their own.

My

My Bones quite dry'd by ſcorching Heat within,
Start out, and break my black and wither'd Skin.
I now no more my tuneful Harp employ,
Sad Tears and Crys ſucceed my baniſh'd Joy.
No longer to the Organ I rejoyce,
I've for the Mourner's chang'd the Singer's Voice.

Yet tho' my Wants and Pains are ſo extream, CH. XXXI.
None can my Life of heinous Sin condemn.
So far from that, I have with care ſuppreſt
Sin's firſt Conception ſtrugling in my Breaſt.
I did the Spark, as ſoon as kindled, tame,
Before it blaz'd, and ſpread reſiſtleſs Flame.
I with my Eyes, whoſe Objects oft inſpire
The Heart with wild, unquenchable Deſire,
A ſacred League did make, that they ſhould ne'er
Look on forbidden Fruit, tho' wondrous fair.
That they on Beauty ſhould not gazing ſtay,
Nor on th' enchanting Brink of Ruin play.
Beſides my inward Thoughts I did reſtrain,
They ne'er did wanton Objects entertain.
My modeſt Fancy ne'er had leave to rove,
To fetch in Fuel for unlawful Love.
I knew what Portion did th' Unclean attend,
What Vengeance on them would from Heav'n deſcend,
And of their ſweet Delights I ſaw the bitter End.
Diſtreſs and Ruin on the Wicked wait,
This is their ſad, inevitable Fate.
Does not th' Almighty with his watchful Eye
Mark all my Steps, and all my Paths deſcry?

If I unrighteous ways did e'er applaud,
If I grew rich by Violence or Fraud,
Let Heav'n my Head with heavy Vengeance load.
Me in a Ballance weigh, that God may ſee
Convincing Proof of my Integrity.
If my unrighteous Feet did from the way
Of ſacred Truth and Juſtice ever ſtray;
If ever tempted by a greedy Eye
In all the Walks of Life I trod awry;
Or if Clandeſtine Bribes, or ſordid gain
My avaricious Hand did ever ſtain;
Then let Invaders o'er my Fences leap,
And when I ſow, let them the Harveſt reap.
Let the rich Offspring which my Fields produce,
By Force be taken for another's uſe.
If any Woman's Charms did ever move
My Heart to entertain Adulterous Love;
If e'er I skulk'd before my Neighbour's Gate,
Or for unchaſt Embraces lay in wait:
Then make my Wife a Captive, or by Night
Let a proud Stranger rob me of my Right.
For of Adult'ry I will e'er aſſert,
Death is the due Commenſurate deſert.
It is a ſecret and conſuming Fire,
That would devour the Subſtance I acquire.

Of all my numerous Servants none complain'd
That I oppreſt them, or their Right detain'd.
I ever gave them, when I heard their Cauſe,
Againſt my ſelf, th' advantage of the Laws.

Elſe

Elſe if I ſtood before the Throne on high
Of God my Heav'nly Maſter, what reply,
To juſtify my Conduct, could I make?
To ſcape his Wrath, what method could I take?
Did not his Hand me and my Servant Frame?
Is not the Clay alike, the Work the ſame?
We both alike Divine Impreſſions bear,
And both alike our Maker's Image wear.
If then, not for his own, yet I ſhould take
Compaſſion on him, for his Maker's ſake.
If Poor Mens Crys did not with me prevail,
If e'er I caus'd the Widows Hopes to fail;
If I alone devour'd Luxurious Meat,
And did not make the hungry Orphans eat;
Poor Orphans, who ev'n as my Children, were
Up from my Infancy my tender care.
If e'er I ſaw poor Wretches naked lye,
And did for want of Cloathing, let them dye;
If their lean Loyns warm'd with my woolly Fleece,
Did not my Bounty and Compaſſion bleſs;
If I againſt an Orphan rais'd my hand,
When I had power the Judges to command;
Then let my Arm (for Puniſhment I call)
Rot from the Joynt, and from my Shoulder fall.
For I the ſure and ſwift Deſtruction fear'd,
Which the great Judge for Rebels has prepar'd;
His awful Power and Glory me deter'd.
I never plac'd the Strength of my Abode
In high-rais'd Works, or made my Gold my God.

Ne'er

Ne'er my increaſing Wealth and proſp'rous Fate,
Did Pride, or unbecoming Joy create.
When I beheld the glorious Sun ariſe,
And ſaw the Moon's full Face adorn the Skies;
My yielding Heart was ne'er entic'd away,
Nor did I kiſs my hand, and ſacred Worſhip pay.
If I had once the Creature thus ador'd,
Abjur'd my Faith, renounc'd my Soveraign Lord,
I ſhould have juſtly felt the Judge's Sword.
I was ſo little to Revenge inclin'd,
I wiſh'd my Foe no miſchief in my Mind.
No ſecret Pleaſure felt, or inward Joy,
When God was pleas'd the Rebel to deſtroy.
I ne'er deſign'd him Harm, ne'er curſt his Name,
Nor e'er inſulted, when his Ruin came.
Tho' he expreſs'd ſuch Cruelty and Spite,
And ſo provok'd me in my Servants ſight;
That they enrag'd, did all demand his Blood,
And would have Eat his very Fleſh for Food.
I to my Houſe the Stranger did invite,
Who in the Streets muſt elſe have paſt the Night.
The weary Trav'ller was my welcom Gueſt;
I cheer'd his Heart with Wine, his Limbs with Oyl and Reſt.
I ne'er with anxious care ſuppreſt my Sin,
Nor, as the Hypocrite, conceal'd my fault within.
I ſmall concern for Man's Diſpleaſure ſhew'd,
Nor ſwerv'd from Truth to court the Multitude.
In a juſt Cauſe I boldly did appear,
My Silence ne'er betray'd my ſecret Fear.

O, that the ſtricteſt Scrutiny were made,
That all my Scenes of Life were open laid.
Let my Accuſers my Indictment draw,
And proſecute their Charge by courſe of Law:
Then by th' Almighty let my Cauſe be heard,
And let me be condemn'd, if I have err'd.
My written Proceſs would my Pride create,
As much as Royal Crowns, or Robes of State.
I would as boldly to my Tryal go,
As Valiant Gen'rals march to meet the Foe.
If ever my unpurchas'd Lands complain'd,
That I by Force or Fraud Poſſeſſion gain'd:
If ever I another's Acres till'd,
Ever my Houſes with his Harveſt fill'd,
Or to poſſeſs his Goods my Neighbour kill'd:
Let Thiſtles fill my Fields, inſtead of Wheat,
And all my Labour and my Hopes defeat.
Inſtead of Barley, let my Land produce
Cockle of none, or Weeds of noxious uſe.

When the three Men who pious *Job* arraign'd, CH. XXXII.
And their high Charge in long replys maintain'd,
Perceiv'd him firmly fixt in his Defence,
And reſolute to clear his Innocence;
They hopeleſs of Succeſs from this debate,
Let fall the Argument, and ſilent ſate.
Then a young Man, who as a faithful Friend,
When the three Sages came, did *Job* attend,

And

And who attention gave, and duly weigh'd
What for their Cauſe on either ſide was ſaid,
Only in years inferiour to the reſt,
Felt a juſt Anger kindled in his Breaſt.
His Name was *Elihu*, in Blood ally'd
To faithful *Abram* by the Brother's ſide.
Againſt good *Job* did his Diſpleaſure riſe,
Becauſe in all his long and ſharp replies
He had leſs warmth, and leſs Concernment ſhown
For his great Maker's Honour, than his own:
Nor did the wiſe young Man leſs Paſſion feel
Againſt the raſh, uncharitable Zeal
Of *Job*'s Accuſers, who could not defend
Their groundleſs Charge againſt their ſuff'ring Friend.
Yet did he long diſcreetly moderate
His ſtruggling Paſſion, and attentive wait
Till the grave Men had finiſh'd their Debate.
But when he ſaw they had their Treaſures ſpent,
And none reſum'd their baffl'd Argument;
Unable to forbear, he Silence broke,
And *Job*'s ſevere Accuſers thus beſpoke.

Your Wiſdom which profoundly I rever'd,
From giving my Opinion me deterr'd.
Aw'd by your Fame, and Age, and Eloquence,
I never yet have interpos'd my Sence.
For one ſo young, I judg'd it rather meet
To ſit a modeſt Learner at the Feet
Of Men of ſuch Experience, than to riſe
To dictate to the Grave, and teach the Wiſe.

But now, convinc'd of my Miſtake, I find
That Man, tho' grey with years, continues blind,
Unleſs Celeſtial Light irradiates his Mind.
Wiſdom Divine is ne'er to be acquir'd,
Unleſs the Man be from above inſpir'd.
'Tis not the ſure poſſeſſion of the Great,
Nor does it ſtill adorn the Teacher's Seat.
Many are in acquiring Knowledge ſlow,
Nor by experience will they Wiſer grow.
Therefore Attention give, and I'll declare
What in this great Affair, my Notions are.
Let none condemn me, that I ſpeak at laſt,
I've interrupted no Diſcourſes paſt.
Your Arguments I've weigh'd, which you pretend,
Prove your Indictment brought againſt your Friend.
But after all, if I may freely ſpeak,
To gain your Cauſe, your Reaſons are too weak.
You never could in this prolix Diſpute,
Make good your Charge, or *Job*'s Defence confute.
In vain you ſay, that you will ſilent ſtand,
And leave him wholly to th' Allmighty's Hand;
Hoping his Terrors will your Friend ſubdue,
Which your weak Arguments can never do.
Weapons ſo feeble I diſdain to weild,
When to diſpute with *Job* I take the Field.
To me he ne'er did his Diſcourſe direct,
Nor will I uſe your Words his Error to correct.
To all around I juſtly may complain,
That for Inſtruction I have ſtaid in vain.

You are exhauſted, and confounded left,
Silent you ſtand, as if of Speech bereft.
Therefore, as I have told you, I will give
My Judgment, and this great Debate revive.
While I my Lips by Violence reſtrain,
My fullneſs gives unſufferable Pain.
My ſtruggling Thoughts which in my Boſom pent,
Like new preſs'd Wines within the Vate, ferment,
Will make me burſt, unleſs they find a Vent.
To eaſe my ſelf I am compell'd to ſpeak,
Full, working Veſſels, if not open'd, break.
While I attempt your Errors to correct,
I will not Perſons, but the Cauſe reſpect.
Quite uninſtructed in the Flatterer's ways,
I cannot ſooth you with exceſſive Praiſe.
I cannot fawn, and your Admirer ſeem,
To gain your Approbation and Eſteem.
Should I ſuch vile unworthy Arts employ,
Me my Creator would in Wrath deſtroy.

CH. XXXIII And ſure, O *Job*, this Preface I have made,
Suffices thy Attention to perſwade.
To my diſcourſe afford a patient Ear,
I am prepar'd to ſpeak, if thou art ſo to hear.
And be aſſur'd whatever I impart,
Shall be the inward Language of my Heart.
Such plain and clear Inſtruction I will give,
That thou with Eaſe my meaning ſhalt receive.
And firſt conſider well, our Structure came
From the ſame Model, and our Clay's the ſame.

With

With Breath th' Almighty did my Breaſt inſpire,
And kindled in my Veins the Vital Fire.
Therefore, if thou thy Cauſe wilt now defend,
Thou only with thy Equal ſhalt contend.
To plead with God thou raſhly didſt demand,
Firſt anſwer me, I in his Place will ſtand.
Thou needeſt not thy Brother-Creature fear,
I can't in dreadful Majeſty appear.
I bring no Terrors with me to affright;
No Force, but Reaſon's clear, convincing Light.
I'll not accuſe thee, as thy Friends have done,
Of ſecret Errors, and of Crimes unknown.
None but th' Almighty's all-obſerving Eye,
The Heart his proper Empire can deſcry.
I ſhall aſſault thee with no other Force,
Then what I borrow from thy own Diſcourſe.

Have I not heard thee oft in thy Defence,
Boldly aſſert thy ſpotleſs Innocence.
Haſt thou not ſaid, thy Juſtice to maintain,
" My Heart is pure, my Hands are free from ſtain.
" He, who I hop'd, would mitigate my Woe,
" On ſlight pretences is become my Foe.
" He ſeeks occaſions to repeat his Strokes,
" And every ſlight Offence his Wrath provokes.
" In Priſon me his Captive he detains,
" And loads my fetter'd Feet with pond'rous Chains.
" And yet his watchful Guards around me ſtay,
" Leſt I ſhould looſe my Bonds, and break away.

By ſuch abſurd and wild Complaints as theſe,
Impatient of thy Grief thou ſeekeſt Eaſe.
Now tho' thy inward Faults I can't detect,
Nor like thy Friends uncertain Crimes object.
Yet here, O *Job*, thy raſhneſs does appear,
Here thy preſumptuous Arrogance is clear.
For can a Man, a Worm, a ſilly Wight,
Remov'd from God at diſtance infinite;
Can ſuch a worthleſs, wretched Creature dare,
Himſelf, with him that gave him Breath, compare?
Why doſt thou then engage in this diſpute,
Audacious Man, wouldſt thou thy God confute?
Will he his ſecret Counſels open lay,
And his myſterious Providence diſplay?
Will he be ſummon'd to his Creature's Bar,
The grounds of his Tranſactions to declare?
Will e'er th' Almighty Soveraign condeſcend,
The Conduct of his Empire to defend,
A peeviſh Creature's Error to amend?
Will he, becauſe he does our Cenſure fear,
Set forth his Juſtice, and his Prudence clear,
And let the hidden Springs of Government appear?
Th' Almighty's Works, thou ſhouldſt have underſtood,
Becauſe they're his, are therefore Juſt and Good.
Where ſhallow Reaſon can't the grounds diſcern
Of Providence, it ſhould ſubmiſſion learn.
Not that our Knowledge of his Works and Ways,
Does e'er our kind Creator's Envy raiſe;
For he by various ways does Knowledge give,
And more than Man is willing to receive.

Some-

Sometimes in Dreams and Viſions of the Night,
He to our Minds conveys inſtructive Light.
When a deep Sleep does from our Breaſts exclude
The Cares and Buſineſs which by Day intrude:
Or when a ſhort Repoſe we ſeek to take,
And ſlumbring lye half ſleeping, half awake;
With a ſtill Voice he whiſpers to the Ear,
Or to the Eye, in Scenes diſtinct and clear,
He makes an Airy Imagery appear.
Thus he reveals his Will, and leaves behind,
Divine Inſtructions printed on the Mind.
But the Celeſtial Teacher does not ſhow,
The Reaſons of his Conduct here below.
This Heav'nly Converſe is not with intent,
T' expoſe the Secrets of his Government.
God by his gracious Revelations tries,
Rather to make his Creature Good, than Wiſe:
From evil Paths to turn his erring Feet,
And make him humbly to his God ſubmit.
Who thus preſerves the Man, if he obeys
God's Admonitions, from pernicious Ways:
And from thoſe Judgments does his Life defend,
Which on his Head were ready to deſcend.

Oft does th' Almighty to the Mind convey,
Divine Inſtruction by a ſharper way.
Sickneſs and Pain at his Command aſſail
The ſtrongeſt Man, and in th' Aſſault prevail.

Ev'n

Ev'n he who proſpers in his youthful Pride,
And feels within a vig'rous, vital Tyde;
When e'er the Infection thro' his Veins is ſpred,
Shall groaning lye extended on his Bed.
The ſecret Poiſon will his Beauty blaſt,
Unbrace his Sinews, and his Vigour waſt.
He'll languiſh, and abhor th' offenſive ſight
Of thoſe rich Meats, that were his great delight.
He who before had ſuch a beauteous Air,
And pamper'd with his Eaſe, ſeem'd plump and fair,
Does all his Friends (amazing Change!) ſurpriſe
With pale, lean Cheeks, and ghaſtly, hollow Eyes.
His Bones, a horrid Sight! ſtart thro' his Skin,
Which lay before in Fleſh and Fat unſeen.
His throbbing Heart in Pain and Labour beats,
And Life purſu'd thro' every Vein, retreats.
His Friends believe each gaſp will end his Toil,
And Death ſtands ready to poſſeſs her Spoil.
If then a Man, who does the reſt out-ſhine
In ſacred Knowledge, and in Gifts Divine,
Some rare and God-like Meſſenger be ſent
To teach the Sick, and bring him to repent;
If by his Words the dying Perſon's Mind
Is form'd to Virtue, and to Heav'n inclin'd;
Then he with due Compaſſion touch'd, ſhall pray
That God his Mercy would extend, and ſay,
In Pity, Lord, to ſpare his Life conſent,
Chaſtiſe, but not deſtroy a Penitent.
Let it ſuffice, that thou didſt him Correct,
And that thy Rod has wrought its due effect.

Then

Then preſently th' Almighty ſhall reſtore
The Health and Eaſe, which he enjoy'd before.
He in his Blood reviving Heat ſhall find,
Renew'd as well in Body, as in Mind.
Again ſhall all his Bones be cloath'd with Fleſh,
That like a Child's looks beautifully freſh.
He ſhall as bold and vigorous become,
As when he flouriſh'd in his youthful Bloom:
When he, his Veins ſwoln with a noble Tyde,
Did in the fullneſs of his Strength confide.
His humble Prayer ſhall be to Heav'n addreſt,
And God well-pleas'd, ſhall grant him his requeſt.
He ſhall the Houſe of God approach with Joy,
And his glad Lips in Songs of Praiſe employ.
Th' Almighty reconcil'd, ſhall then Acquit,
And to his Favour this Poor Man admit.
Then to his Neighbours round him he'll confeſs
His Errors paſt, and thus himſelf expreſs.
Againſt th' Almighty I have ſinn'd, and he
For my Offence has juſtly puniſh'd me.
To my deſert he ſuited a Reward,
But has my Life in great Compaſſion ſpar'd.
He kindly interpos'd his Hand, to ſave
A helpleſs Creature, ſinking to the Grave.
And more, is pleas'd reviving Hopes to give,
That I again in Wealth and Joy ſhall live.
Therefore, let all his wondrous Goodneſs praiſe,
That finds t' admoniſh Man ſo many ways.
To turn him from the evil Paths, that led
His Feet ſo near the Chambers of the Dead.

To raiſe him from the Grave to live in Peace,
And ſee his Riches and his Friends increaſe.

Mark well, O *Job*, for this is thy concern,
And I'll inſtruct thee on, if I diſcern
Thou art diſpos'd attentively to learn.
Or if what I advance thou canſt deny,
And to the Reaſons I have urg'd reply;
A ſpeedy Anſwer to my Reaſons give,
Before th' important Subject I revive.
For 'tis my ardent Wiſh thou ſhouldſt appear
From every Crime, and every Error, clear.
But if thou think'ſt my Words have weight and force,
Continue to attend to my Diſcourſe.

CH. XXXIV After a pauſe, *Job* making no reply,
The wiſe young Man proceeded thus: Should I
Preſume to judge alone in ſuch a Cauſe,
I ſhould receive Contempt, and not Applauſe:
Wherefore to you who Knowledge have acquir'd,
Who are as Men of mighty Reach admir'd:
To all the Wiſe among you I appeal;
For Truth to you her Secrets will reveal.
As by the Palate various Meats are try'd,
So does the Mind what's true or falſe decide.
Let us a ſtrict Examination make,
That we in judging may right Meaſures take.
Let us the matter carefully debate,
Let us the weighty Subject juſtly ſtate.

For

For *Job* aſſerts his Innocence, and ſays,
" My Heart is pure, and Righteous are my Ways.
" Yet God in my Affliction takes Delight,
" And tho I pray, denys to do me Right.
" Evaſions I'll not uſe in my Defence,
" Nor ſhall a Lye ſupport my Innocence.
" I muſt aſſert, I have not Juſtice found,
" Mine, tho' a fatal, is a cauſleſs Wound.
A Man, like *Job*, ſay, have you ever known
So Arrogant, and ſo Licentious grown?
One, who inſtead of honouring his God,
And humbly ſuffring his Chaſtiſing Rod,
Juſtice Divine preſumptuouſly arraigns,
And of his Wrongs receiv'd from Heav'n, complains?
Who boldly does contemptuous Language vent
Againſt th' Almighty, and his Government.
Who joyns himſelf with th' Irreligious Crew,
And ſpeaks of God, juſt as the Wicked do.
He ſeems this impious Doctrine to defend,
That tho' a Man ſhould all his Days contend
To pleaſe his God, yet ſhould he nothing gain;
And therefore all Religion is in vain.
Ye Wiſe, to whom I firſt my ſelf addreſt,
At this, what Paſſions riſe within your Breaſt?
Say, do not you ſuch impious thoughts deteſt?
Can God the ſacred Rules of Right tranſgreſs,
God who does all things in himſelf poſſeſs?
He by his full and rich Sufficiency,
Is from Temptation to Injuſtice free.

He on his Independent Throne ſecure,
No favour courts, and dreads no greater Power.
Th' Almighty ſo much weakneſs ne'er betrays,
But deals with Man according to his Ways.
Ne'er is the bold obdurate Sinner ſpar'd,
Nor does the Righteous miſs a juſt Reward.
Sure none can cenſure me when I aſſert,
Our great Creator cannot Right pervert.
Who ſhall of Fraud or Violence condemn
Nature's Deſpotic Lord, and Judge ſupream?
Is there a Being of ſuperiour Sway,
Whoſe Laws oblige th' Almighty to obey?
For which of all his Kingdoms does he Homage pay?
With his great Power what Prince does him entruſt,
Whoſe Frowns ſhould him incline to be unjuſt?
He that with all Perfections does abound,
He muſt with perfect Juſtice too be crown'd.
His Mind without a Stain ſhines pure and bright,
No Spot appears in uncreated Light.
He who is Lord of all can injure none,
Whate'er he takes, he but reſumes his own.
All Beings are the Creatures of his Power,
And only while he pleaſes, they endure.
Should he recall the Breath and Vital Fire,
With which at firſt he did our Breaſts inſpire,
Mankind would periſh, and to Common Duſt
Would ſtrait return, from whence they came at firſt.
If thou art Wiſe theſe Obſervations mind,
And well attend to what is yet behind.

The

The God from whom that Truth and Juſtice flow,
Which we obſerve in Kings that Rule below;
He who with Power does Potentates entruſt
Only for Good, can he be thought unjuſt?
Should we Terreſtrial Kings as Tyrants blame,
Their Wrath would ſhow how they abhor the Name.
If to inferiour Rulers we object
That they in judging Law and Right neglect;
Would they th' opprobrious Language tamely bear?
When thus provok'd, would they the Offender ſpare?
How impious then is that envenom'd Tongue,
That dares th' Almighty charge with doing wrong?
By him great Conqu'rors are eſteem'd no more
Than Captives, nor the Wealthy than the Poor.
All Men before him ſtand on equal ground;
There Kings and Slaves are undiſtinguiſh'd found.
On all alike he executes his Laws,
And Judges not the Perſon, but the Cauſe.
The High and Low, the Rich and Needy are
Alike his Creatures, and alike his Care.
Can he be over-aw'd? will he to make
Unjuſt Decrees, a Bribe in ſecret take?
Will he the Power of mighty Monarchs dread?
His Arm can in a moment ſtrike 'em dead.
He can affright whole Nations, and deſtroy
Great Empires, when they ſetled Peace enjoy.
When a proud Prince is ripe for Vengeance grown,
Tho' God by humane means oft pulls him down,
Yet he without them can his Foe dethrone.

For Powers unſeen deſcending thro' the Air,
Shall far away the trembling Tyrant bear.

His vaſt and wide Creation God ſurveys,
Views all his Subjects, and remarks their ways.
He ſees our Thoughts firſt riſing in the Mind,
Knows what we do, and how we are inclin'd.
Therefore th' Almighty cannot thro' miſtake,
Or ignorance, a wrong Deciſion make.
A Judge that cannot err, unbiaſs'd, free
From Hopes and Fears, can't make an ill Decree.
Evaſive Arts in vain the Wicked uſe,
Their Crimes in vain they labour to excuſe.
No Miſt before th' Almighty's Eye can dwell,
Whoſe piercing Beams will blackeſt Shades diſpel,
Shades from the dark and deepeſt Caves of Hell.
Therefore as God will ne'er our Guilt enlarge,
Nor on us Crimes we ne'er committed charge;
So when for Judgment he appoints a day,
He'll the Judicial Sentence not delay,
To hear what Man, for his excuſe can ſay.
He calls no Witneſs, no Enquiry needs,
But ſtrait to Condemnation he proceeds.
He breaks the Mighty, pulls the Tyrant down,
And raiſes others to the vacant Throne.
Theſe wrathful Strokes inflicted juſtly, ſhow,
He does th' Offences and th' Offender know.
On theſe he doubles his avenging blows,
And marks them out as Heav'n's notorious Foes.

The Wretches are expos'd to publick ſight,
Objects of Vengeance others to affright.
Becauſe they hated Virtue's Heav'nly way,
And would not God's moſt equal Laws obey:
But cruſh'd the Needy with Tyrannic Pride,
Whilſt humbly they to Heav'n for Juſtice cry'd.
And when ſuch poor, afflicted Creatures cry,
The God of Mercy will not help deny.
At laſt th' Almighty will proud Kings dethrone,
Beneath whoſe Yoke the ruin'd People groan.
Tho' they would Pious ſeem, and Zeal pretend
For Publick Good, Deſtruction is their end.
Leſt their Examples which Contagious are,
Should by degrees the Peoples Minds enſnare.

Therefore let all in Miſery and Pain
Suſpect themſelves, and not of God complain.
Let them to God ſuch words as theſe addreſs,
" Juſt are my Suff'rings, freely I confeſs.
" Nor will I now commit a freſh Offence
" By pleading at thy Bar my Innocence.
" Teach me thy Will, my Ignorance inſtruct,
" And thro' the Paths of Life my Feet conduct.
" Before my Eyes thy Heav'nly Light diſplay,
" Which may both cheer, and guide me in my way.
" Forgive my Sin, my inward Peace reſtore,
" Have I offended, I'll offend no more.
Say, *Job*, didſt thou in ſuch an humble way,
E'er due Submiſſion to th' Almighty pay?

If

If thou this wholeſome Counſel doſt deſpiſe,
Be ſure thy ſtubborn Folly he'll chaſtiſe.
Job may the method I propoſe refuſe,
Which I, were I in his Diſtreſs, would chuſe.
Tell therefore, *Job*, what thy Opinions are,
Or let Judicious Men their Senſe declare,
For I ſuch Judges ask in this Affair.
To me, as impious *Job*'s Diſcourſes ſound,
And with egregious Errors they abound.
He argues on a Capital miſtake,
That does the Pillars of Religion ſhake.
Therefore that he may yet be farther try'd,
I wiſh his ſharp Affliction may abide;
Till he retract his Words, which God arraign,
Till he no more of Providence complain.
Elſe to the paſt he'll freſh Rebellion add,
And juſtify what he has raſhly ſaid.
He will applaud his Wiſdom, and relate,
That he the Conqueſt won in this Debate.
Harden'd in Folly he'll his Crimes repeat,
And Heav'n with more indecent Language treat.

CH. XXXV. He paus'd: and *Job* not anſwering, *Elihu*
Did thus th' important Argument purſue.
To th' uncorrupted Judge within thy Breaſt
Thy Conſcience I appeal; will that atteſt
That thou believ'ſt what thou haſt boldly ſaid,
That *Job* does God in Righteouſneſs exceed?

To

To any other meaning who can wreſt
Theſe Irreligious Words by thee expreſt?
" Does ever God the leaſt concernment ſhow
" Whether I'm Juſt and Innocent, or no?
" What Profit ſhall I reap by being ſo?
I will a ſhort, but a full anſwer give
To thee, and thoſe that thus of God believe.
Then up to Heav'n caſt thy admiring Eyes,
View the bright Orbs, and Clouds, and diſtant Skies.
High as they are, they're by th' Almighty's Throne
In height, as much as thou by them, outdone.
Therefore, O *Job*, the moſt atrocious Crime
Thou dar'ſt commit, can never injure him.
Nor can his perfect Happineſs be leſs,
Should thou grown bold, and hard in Wickedneſs,
By multiply'd Affronts thy Hate of God expreſs.
Nor can he e'er the leaſt advantage reap,
Shouldſt thou revere him, and his Precepts keep.

But do not thence this falſe Concluſion draw,
'Tis therefore fruitleſs to obey his Law.
Thee and thy Sons thy Goodneſs will avail,
And Heav'nly Bleſſings on thy Houſe entail.
And thy Injuſtice and Impiety,
Tho' not to God, will hurtful be to thee.
Nor does the Miſchief thee alone reſpect,
The Crimes of mighty Men Mankind affect.
When Men of Wealth and Power Oppreſſors turn,
They always make their Suffring Neighbours mourn.

The lamentable Crys of Realms oppreſt,
What Evils wild Injuſtice brings, atteſt.
Cruſh'd, and inſulted by Tyrannic Might,
To the Juſt God they cry aloud for Right:
Who tho' unhurt himſelf, touch'd with the ſenſe
Of their ſharp Suff'rings, will be their Defence.
Tho' 'tis a true, but ſad Remark, that none
Of theſe poor Wretches who their Fate bemoan;
Do ever with a ſerious Mind enquire,
After the God who did their Breath inſpire:
Who cannot therefore only Eaſe beſtow,
And Comforts give to moderate their Woe.
But midſt their greateſt Sorrows can employ
Their Mouths in Songs, and fill their Breaſts with joy.
'Tis ſtrange, that Man has ſo far loſt his Sight;
Has not th' Almighty giv'n to guide him right,
Reaſon, a Portion of Etherial Light?
By which he is enabled to collect,
That he who does with tender care protect
Brute Beaſts and Birds, will never Man neglect:
If we not only by complaining ſhew
Our Wants, as thoſe unreaſoning Creatures do;
But of our paſt Offences do repent,
And of his Goodneſs humbly confident,
Our Supplications to our God preſent.

He'll not, 'tis true, extend his Arm to ſave
All that Compaſſion and Protection crave.
For many to their God in Trouble cry,
From ſenſe of Suff'ring, not of Piety.

To

To Pity he's inclin'd, but will not ſave
Th' Impenitent, tho' they his Pity crave.
Thoſe who his Worſhip and his Laws deſpiſe,
In vain repeat their Prayers, and graceleſs crys.
And therefore tho' of God thou doſt complain,
That thou haſt waited for his Aid in vain;
Yet do not thence infer, that he's unjuſt;
But go and humbly proſtrate in the Duſt,
Condemn thy Self, and for his Mercy wait,
To reſcue thee from thy afflicted State.
For 'tis becauſe th' Almighty cannot find
Theſe pious Inclinations in thy Mind,
That he this weight of Trouble on thee lays,
And diſregards thy former proſp'rous Days.
Hereafter thy complaining Speeches ſpare,
Which fruitleſs and unreaſonable are;
And which, beſides thy other Wants and Woes,
Thy want of Senſe and Piety expoſe.

To this Diſcourſe *Job* gave attentive heed, CH. XXXVI
Which made the young Inſtructer thus proceed:
I now more fully will impart my Senſe,
And urge freſh Arguments in God's defence.
His ſpotleſs Juſtice I will vindicate,
Decide with clearneſs this perplex'd Debate.
Nor will I labour to entangle thee
With artful words, and cheating Sophiſtry.

I the ſublimeſt Principles will uſe;
Sincere and plain, and ſolid Reaſons chuſe,
Fit to convince the Mind, not to amuſe.
Know then, that God whoſe Throne ſurmounts the Skys,
Will ne'er the meaneſt, loweſt Man deſpiſe.
Th' Almighty is too Good, too Wiſe, too Great,
His Creature e'er injuriouſly to treat.
When Men grow ripe in Wickedneſs, the Day
Of their Deſtruction God will not delay.
The Wretches he'll extirpate, and reſtore
To Slaves their Eaſe, their Subſtance to the Poor.
What Suff'rings e'er the Good and Righteous bear,
They never ceaſe to be th' Almighty's Care.
And ſometimes he exalts them from the Duſt,
To Poſts of higheſt Dignity and Truſt.
They round the Thrones of Kings as Fav'rites ſtand,
And next to them in Power, the World command.
They reſt ſecure above the reach of all
Who hate their Virtue, and deſign their Fall.
Or if by adverſe Fate they are diſtreſt,
And by Affliction's Iron Rod oppreſt,
This is to make them on their Faults reflect,
Which God is pleas'd in Kindneſs to correct;
Sin's growing Power and Greatneſs to reſtrain,
Leſt in their Hearts it ſhould Victorious reign.
Men are hereby inlighten'd, and the Mind
To hear Divine Inſtruction is inclin'd.
They for their Faults their Sorrow will declare,
Reſolv'd from Virtue's Rule no more to err.

And if their Pains produce this bleſt effect,
If thus their Faults and Follys they correct,
If they a Zeal for Piety maintain,
They ſhall their Splendour and their Power regain.
And bleſt by gracious Heav'n in all their ways,
Shall paſs in unmoleſted Peace their Days.
But if they perſevere to diſobey,
God ſhall the unrelenting Rebels ſlay.

Enrag'd againſt them he ſhall take the Field,
And Darts of Fire, and Bolts of Thunder weild.
Then ſhall his Sword with horrid Sway deſcend,
To cut off thoſe, his Rod could ne'er amend.
Falſe Hpocrites, to Vengeance deſtin'd, lay
Wrath up in Stores, againſt the wrathful Day.
Suddain Deſtruction on their Heads ſhall fall,
Before the Wretches can for Mercy call.'
Their Life's ſhort Courſe ends at the middle Stage,
Cruſh'd in the Vigour of their Manly Age.
Unthought of Ruin ſhall their Seats ſurpriſe,
Like that which Rain'd on *Sodom* from the Skies.
But God is touch'd with Pity to the Poor,
And ſaves the humble, who his Aid implore.
He is to theſe, ev'n in his Anger, kind,
Afflicts the Body, to inſtruct the Mind.
His Strokes are ſharp, but ſtrike out heav'nly Light,
Whereby th' afflicted learn to judge aright;
Their Eyes are open'd to diſcern their Sin,
And Night without, diſpels the Night within.

Hadſt thou thy humble Will to God's reſign'd,
And born Correction with a patient Mind,
When with his Rod he had thy Virtue prov'd,
He would have all thy grievous Pains remov'd.
Thy hideous train of Woes he had diſcharg'd,
And thee from all thy pinching Straits enlarg'd.
He would have made thy Table to abound,
And thee with laſting Peace and Honour crown'd.
But ſince thy impious, raſh Diſcourſes ſhew,
Job thinks of Heav'n as Unbelievers do;
God will aſſert the Honour of his Laws,
And Judgment give according to thy Cauſe.
Since then thou findſt th' Almighty is diſpleas'd,
Fear, leſt his Fury ſhould be yet increas'd.
Let not thy Crimes afreſh his Wrath provoke,
To cut thee off with his avenging Stroke.
Doſt thou believe he does thy Wealth regard,
Or can thy Power thy Puniſhment retard?
No, tho' a Soveraign Lord thou wert, poſſeſt
Of all the Strength and Treaſure of the Eaſt.
That Power or Wealth can ſerve thee, do not dream,
Pleaſe not thy ſelf with ſuch an idle Scheme.
Never thy ſelf with ſuch vain Hopes delight,
Not ev'n in muſing on thy Bed by Night.
For God whole Nations who ſoft Peace enjoy'd,
Sometimes with ſuddain Vengeance has deſtroy'd.
But let thy Suff'rings teach thee ſo much Senſe,
Offended Juſtice never to incenſe.
Too much of this thou haſt already done,
Too much thy Sin, too much thy Folly ſhown:

While

While thou didſt rather Providence accuſe,
Then patiently to bear Affliction, chuſe.

Conſider, *Job*, God's vaſt and boundleſs Power,
He does debaſe at pleaſure, and reſtore.
What Stateſman ſhall invite him to his School,
To teach th' Almighty how he ought to Rule?
Who can the Maſter that directs him, name?
What Viſitor does his Proceedings blame?
Where is the Cenſor that preſumes to ſay
Here thou haſt err'd, here thou haſt kept thy way?
Againſt thy God no more Objections raiſe,
But let the Contemplation of his Ways
Excite thy Admiration and thy Praiſe.
The wonders of his Providence adore,
As much as Men admire the marks of Power,
Of Wiſdom, and of maſterly Deſign,
Which in the World's amazing Fabrick ſhine.
All muſt the Maker's Skill Divine proclaim,
Who view the Parts of this ſtupendous Frame.
None are ſo ſtupid, none ſo dull of Thought,
Ev'n in the Barbarous Regions far remote,
But, if their Eyes they open, muſt deſcry
The bright Impreſſions of his Majeſty.
They'l own their Reaſoning at its utmoſt ſtretch,
His boundleſs Power and Wiſdom cannot reach.
They may their Arms from Pole to Pole extend,
And ſooner graſp the Spheres, then comprehend
Th' immenſe Eternal Mind; for who can ſhow
The number of his Days, that no Beginning know?

Our

Our Thoughts their way in ſuch Enquirys miſs,
O'erwhelm'd, and ſwallow'd in the vaſt Abyſs.
When we approach him, his too glorious Light
Quite dazles, and confounds our feeble Sight.

He does in Air the fluid Clouds ſuſtain,
Which he diſſolves and melts to Dew or Rain.
Which falling down in ſmall refreſhing drops,
Diſpoſe the Earth to bring forth fruitful Crops.
Thus to the Earth its Vapours he reſtores,
And makes the Clouds diſtil ſuch frequent Showers,
As lookers on with Admiration fill
Of this Contrivance, this ſurpriſing Skill.
And who has Underſtanding to declare
How he extends his Clouds, and makes the Air
The pondrous Burden of the Water bear?
Who can account for that tremendous Noiſe,
Thoſe awful Murmurs, and Majeſtic Voice
Which iſſue thence, and terribly declare,
That God has fixt his high Pavilion there.
Obſerve too how he ſpreds upon the Streams,
And on the Deep, the Sun's diffuſive Beams.
Where for the Clouds they levy freſh Supplys,
And raiſe Recruits of Vapours which ariſe,
Drawn from the Sea to muſter in the Skys:
Which he for different purpoſe does employ;
Some ſerve in Storms the Wicked to deſtroy.
Others refreſh the Earth with genial Rains,
And make his Fields reward the Farmer's Pains.

Some-

Sometimes he draws his hovering Miſts between
The Heav'ns and Earth, and makes his Clouds a Screen
To intercept the Light, and ſo defeat
The Fruits and Flowers of their expected Heat.
Brute Beaſts themſelves, by Nature's inſtinct Wiſe,
When they obſerve the gath'ring Clouds ariſe,
Can tell, if Storms and Tempeſts are deſign'd,
Or if ſweet Showers will to the Soil be kind.

When Clouds with murm'ring Thunder laden roll, C.XXXVII.
The dreadful Noiſe affrights my trembling Soul.
A noiſe, at which pale Atheiſts are diſtreſt,
And feel a ſhiv'ring Horror in their Breaſt.
A noiſe which makes the Righteous Man revere,
Th' Almighty's Judgments with a pious Fear.
Attend, I pray, to this Tempeſtuous ſound,
Which breaking from the Clouds, does all around
Diffuſe and propagate its Force, and you
Will the like Terror and Confuſion ſhew.
This dreadful Voice which Heav'n's high Arches ſhakes,
Thro' all the Airy Realms its progreſs makes.
Th' Almighty to the World's remoteſt Ends,
His Red-wing'd Lightning always with it ſends.
Firſt from the Clouds the flaſhing Flames appear,
Then fearful Claps of Thunder ſtrike the Ear.
The noiſe augments, till Storms of Rain or Hail
Deſcending thro' the Air, the Earth aſſail.
He that his Thunder with ſuch Force projects,
Produces other wonderful Effects;

By

By which the greateſt Wits confounded, own
Their Reaſon and Philoſophy outdone.
He moulds, and whitens in the Air the Snow,
And with its Fleeces ſpreads the Earth below.
He bids the Rain deſcend in gentle Showers,
Or from the Clouds vaſt Spouts of Water pours.
Which interrupt the Labour of the Day,
And drives th' unwilling Husbandman away
From all his rural toyl, and makes him know,
That God the Seaſons governs here below.
The Beaſts themſelves theſe ſtormy Seaſons chaſe
From the wide Deſart, to their lurking Place.
They ſlumb'ring in their Dens are forc'd to ſtay,
And in their Sleep purſue, and tear their Prey.

Mark from the Southern Regions of the Sky,
The Winds that blow, are turbulent and high.
Theſe on their Wings do Foreign Tempeſts bear,
And charg'd with Seeds of Storms, and Stores of War,
Unload conflicting Meteors in the Air.
Then in the Northern quarter of the Skys,
By his Direction adverſe Winds ariſe,
Which to remove the former are employ'd,
To purify and clear th' Aerial Void.
He by the blaſts of this reſtringent Wind,
Does the Cold Globe in Cryſtal Fetters bind.
To Glaſs they turn the Lakes on which they blow,
Benumb the Floods, and teach them not to flow.

He ſpends in Dew the Evening Miſts, that ſtay
And lag below, drawn by a fainter Ray,
Spent with th' exhaling labour of the Day.
Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the Air
Hangs evening Clouds, his Sable Canvas, where
His Pencil dipt in Heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Sunbeams mixt with Shade,
Of temper'd Ether, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow, charming to the Sight.
Theſe Meteors are directed by his Hand,
And move, and take their Courſe by his Command.
So do the reſt that this low Region fill;
And on the Earth they execute his Will.
Sometimes a ſinful Nation to deſtroy:
He Peſtilential Vapours does employ.
Which their Clandeſtine poiſon'd Darts prepare,
And with Corruption arm th' infected Air.
O'er all the Land their Forces they diffuſe,
And panting Thirſt, and purple Plagues produce.
But if he's pleas'd his Bounty to expreſs,
And will with Plenty pious Nations bleſs:
Then fruitful Dews deſcend at his Command,
And healthful Seaſons make a happy Land.

O *Job*, Attention give, no more object,
To God, no more on Providence reflect.
Rather his Counſels and his Rule adore,
Admire his Works, and Reverence his Power.
Canſt thou declare what Orders from above
Will come, by which theſe Meteors are to move?

Canſt thou by all thy Skill ſo much as know,
When in the Clouds he'll draw his beauteous Bow?
Canſt thou, preſumptuous Man, the way declare,
How pondrous Clouds hang ballanc'd in the Air?
Canſt thou expoſe ſuch Secrets to the Light,
The wondrous Works of Wiſdom Infinite?
Whence come the ſoultry Gleams and ſcorching Heat,
When we beneath our lighteſt Garments ſweat?
Why ſhould the Southern Breezes calm the Floods,
Make ſoft the Air, and dreſs in Green the Woods?
How ſhould they breath thro' all the heaving Soil
Prolific Warmth, to bleſs the Labourer's toil,
When from the South ſuch furious Whirlwinds riſe,
And ſtormy Clouds pollute and vex the Skys.
But now, O *Job*, proceed, and raiſe thy thought
To Objects nobler, higher, more remote.
Wert thou in Council with th' Almighty joyn'd,
When he the Model of the Heav'n's deſign'd?
To faſhion them didſt thou Aſſiſtance give?
What Ornament, what Strength didſt thou contrive?
When he extended o'er the empty Space
His high Pavilion, where was then thy Place?
Didſt thou one end of the wide Curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Ether to unfold;
Tell which *Cerulean* Pile was by thy hands unroll'd?
Tho' this tranſparent, Starry Firmament
Is ſo ſublime, and of ſuch vaſt Extent,
That it confounds our weak and feeble Sight,
Yet is it firm, as well as clear and bright.

If thou haſt Skill, inſtruct us what to ſay
Of Power Divine, and we'll Attention pay.
We own, when e'er our Minds attempt to climb
To Objects ſo unequal, ſo ſublime;
Our baffled Thoughts can no Diſcovery boaſt,
But are Confounded, and in Wonder loſt.
What words that ſuit the Caſe can I expreſs?
Or what to God, worthy of God, addreſs?
He that of God would a Deſcription give,
Will with a Task inſuperable ſtrive.
Let him his Reaſon ſtretch, he'll quickly find,
The mighty Object will diſtract his Mind.
The ſteddieſt Head will turn at ſuch a height,
Who can undazled, gaze at uncreated Light?
The hardy Men that make the bold Eſſay,
Immenſity of Being to ſurvey,
Are loſt in that unſearchable Abyſs,
In Boundleſs Power, and vaſt, unmeaſur'd Bliſs.
Giddy with Splendour, and exceſs of Day,
They in a Maze of Glory miſs their way.
For Men alaſs, their Eyes ſo feeble are,
Cannot the Sun's Meridian Luſtre bear,
When Northern Winds have ſwept and clear'd the Air.
Then ſure with Terror ſeiz'd, they ſhould decline
The awful Sight of Majeſty Divine.
That Majeſty from which we ſhould retire,
And at a diſtance humbly ſhould admire.
And not too far into its Nature pry,
Or gaze upon it with a curious Eye.

For after all th' Attempts we make, we find
Our Reaſon cannot graſp th' Eternal Mind.
So Boundleſs, ſo Tranſcendent is his Might,
So Wiſe his Conduct, his Decrees ſo right,
That no Man ſhould debate th' Almighty's Deeds,
Or ask a Reaſon why he thus proceeds.
If any do, God who does all ſurmount
As Soveraign Lord, need give them no account.
And this ſhould humble Admiration draw
From mortal Man, and make him ſtand in Awe.
This ſhould their peeviſh Arguments confute,
And teach them to Adore, and not diſpute.
For God regards the Meek, but does deſpiſe
The proud conceited Man, and in his Eyes
All Men are Fools, who in their own are Wiſe.

C.XXXVIII Then did th' Almighty quit his high Abode,
And on the Winds his ſwift-wing'd Courſers rode.
Involv'd in Darkneſs, down the Skys he came,
Whirlwinds before him flew, and Storms of ruddy Flame.
The trembling Poles their Terror did expreſs,
And flying Hills their dreadful Fright confeſs.
All Nature felt a Reverential Shock;
The Sea amaz'd, ſtood ſtill to ſee the Mountains rock.
Approaching near the place th' Eternal ſpoke,
And from an opening Cloud theſe awful Accents broke.

Where art thou *Job*, who by thy groſs miſtake,
Doſt falſe Conſtructions of my Actions make?

Gird

Gird up thy Loyns, O Man, prepare to ſtand
Before a Judge, that comes at thy demand.
I will thy Wiſdom and thy Knowledge try,
And to my Queſtions, if thou canſt, reply.
Say, what wert thou, who could thy Station find,
When by the Model in my Breaſt, deſign'd
Before all Ages, I was pleas'd to reer
The Frame of this capacious Theater?
Tell, if thou canſt this pitch of Knowledge reach,
Whence for my World did I Materials fetch?
Haſt thou the unexhauſted Mines explor'd
In Chaos Bowels, which ſupplys afford?
Know'ſt thou the Strength and Skill that I employ'd,
To dig out Matter from an empty void?
Know'ſt thou how walking o'er the loneſome Plains
Of antient Night, I found the wealthy Veins
Of Stones and Metals, which her Womb contains.
Canſt thou declare by what ſtupendous Art,
I ſquar'd, and ſhap'd, and fitted every Part?
How for the World I mark'd a proper place,
And with what Compaſs, circumſcrib'd the Space?
How from the barren Waſt I took in Ground,
Enclos'd it for a World, and fenc'd it round?
On what think'ſt thou are its Foundations plac't?
What Cement binds and knits the Fabrick faſt?
When I to work upon the World begun,
And of the Building laid the Corner Stone,
Know'ſt thou how ſoon the World's high Caſe was reer'd?
How ſoon the wide expanded Roof appear'd?

When all the Seraphs, whoſe Celeſtial Race,
The Morning Star in Luſtre, far ſurpaſs;
The firſt-born Sons of God, my Praiſes ſung,
While the glad Heav'n's with Acclamations rung.

Who plac'd the rocky Doors before the Deep?
And did in ſandy Chains the Billows keep?
When the diſruption of the upper Earth
Open'd its Womb, to give the Ocean birth?
Which I with Clouds as with a Garment wrap'd,
And miſty Mantles o'er its Boſom lap'd.
Did I not form a Deep within the Land?
Did not the watry Troops at my Command,
March to their Station with obſequious haſt,
And find my rocky Bolts, had bar'd their Priſon faſt?
Then ſaid I to the Sea diffus'd around,
Behold the Frontiers which thy Empire bound;
Hither thou may'ſt, but may'ſt no further roll,
Theſe Bars ſhall thy impetuous Waves controul.
By *Job*'s appointment does the Sun diſplay
His Morning Beams, and bleſs the World with Day?
By thy diſcretion does the ſpringing Light
To lengthen or contract, the Day or Night;
Early or later, in the Eaſt appear,
Dividing thus the Seaſons of the year?
Doſt thou with Wings equip the dawning Ray,
Thro' the vaſt Gulph of Air to make its way?
Ev'n in a moment to compleat its flight,
And gild the Earth's remoteſt Bounds with Light?

Whoſe

Whoſe Heav'nly Rays the Shapes of Things reveal,
And ſhew them fair as printed with a Seal:
Nature that lay before with Shades oppreſt,
Is now with Light, as with a Garment, dreſt.
Light, by the Guiltleſs peaceably enjoy'd,
But which obnoxious Criminals avoid;
For if detected by its beams, they know
They muſt the Death they Merit undergo.

Say, haſt thou e'er deſcended to ſurvey
The ſecret Springs, that feed the ſpacious Sea?
Haſt thou the Ocean ſearch'd, and wander'd o'er
The watry Walks, their Wonders to explore?
Did Death e'er meet thee at her Palace Gate?
Lead thee thro' all her Guards, and on thee wait
To ſee her gloomy Throne, and horrid Rooms of State?
Did ſhe her Arms and bloody Trophys ſhew,
And draw her Armys forth for thy review?
Did ever Hell its Realms to thee diſcloſe,
To thee its mournful Subjects e'er expoſe?
Did it to thee its various Scenes explain,
Of perfect Grief, and everlaſting Pain?

Haſt thou thy Compaſs ever drawn around
The ſpacious Globe, and its Dimenſions found?
Say, doſt thou know th' Etherial Mines on high,
Which the refulgent Oar of Light ſupply?
Is the Celeſtial Furnace to thee known,
In which I melt that Golden Metal down?

Know'ſt

Know'ſt thou the Magazines, in which I lay
My Stores, and bright Materials for the Day?
Treaſures, from whence I deal out Light as faſt
As all my Stars, and laviſh Sun can waſt.
Can'ſt thou deſcribe the ſilent Deſart, where
Imperial Night does her black Standard reer,
To which her ſable Troops, and muſt'ring Shades repair.
Whence ſhe her gloomy Partys ſends abroad,
To beat in chaſe of Day, th' Aerial Road.
Didſt thou divide the Empire of the Air,
And give to Light and Shade an equal ſhare?
Canſt thou to favour this alternate ſway,
By turns extinguiſh, and reſtore the Day?
Haſt thou in all the Airy Regions been;
The Houſes where I work my Meteors ſeen?
In which the Exhalations, which ariſe
Born on rebounding Sunbeams thro' the Skys,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd till they grow
A Heav'nly Fleece, and ſoftly drop in Snow.
Haſt thou diſcover'd how aſcending Steams,
Thinn'd by the Sun's inſinuating Beams,
Are wrought and temper'd and become ſo hard,
That they to fall in Hail-ſtones are prepar'd?
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the Magazines on high,
Where I repoſe my loud Artillery?
Where I my Arms and Ammunition lay,
To be employ'd upon the dreadful Day,
When I againſt a ſinful Land, declare
Deſtructive Vengeance, and reſiſtleſs War.

When I my keen Etherial Weapons weild,
And to diſcharge my Fury take the Field.

How does the Light (I aſk again) diſplay
Its radiant Wings and ſpred the dawning Day?
Who the rich Metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the Golden leaves to gild the Fields of Air?
Canſt thou declare which way the Architect,
His Cloudy Forges did aloft erect?
How the Metalic Maſs was thither brought
From which the ruddy Thunderbolts are wrought?
At whoſe command do Winds whole Tempeſts blow;
That in thoſe Forges make the Metal glow?
How in the Air are Trains of Sulphur found,
Which, when with watry Clouds encompaſs'd round,
Take Fire, and give impriſon'd Lightning birth,
Which tears the Air, and terrifys the Earth?
How are the Heav'nly Aqueducts contriv'd,
Whence fruitful Floods are to the Earth deriv'd?
With which refreſh'd the ſandy Wilderneſs,
Do's in its chearful looks its joy expreſs;
When like a healing Balm diſtilling Rains,
Cement their Wounds, and cure the gaping Plains.
With all their Fibrous Mouths the Plants and Trees
Drink the ſweet Juices and their Thirſt appeaſe.
The riſing Sap thruſts forth the tender Bud,
And crowns with verdant Honours all the Wood.

If thou art Maſter of the ſecret, ſhew
How drops of Rain are form'd, and how the Dew.

How is the Dew arreſted in its flight,
Congeal'd, and whiten'd in the Air by Night?
How do's it ſpred its Froſtwork o'er the Meads,
Oppreſs the Trees, and bend their hoary Heads?
What is the nature of the Icy chain
Which do's the fluid Element reſtrain,
Which oft compels a rolling Flood to ſtand,
Hardens the Stream, and makes the Water Land?
Grown ſtiff with Cold the Billows roll no more,
But with their Cryſtal Arms embrace the rocky Shore.
Pavements of Glaſs conceal the Oceans Face,
And Armour like his ſpacious back encaſe.
Canſt thou keep back the Spring? cloſe opening Flow'rs,
And ſprouting Plants reſtrain, when kindly Show'rs
From Heav'n deſcend, caus'd by the Influence
And Luſtre which the Pleiads diſpence?
Canſt thou in Winter break the Froſty Chains,
With which *Orion* binds the ſlipp'ry Plains?
And then to fit it for the Farmer's uſe,
Thro' all the heaving Soil prolific heat diffuſe?
Canſt thou with Conſtellations fill the Skies,
And in his turn make *Mazzaroth* ariſe?
Canſt thou *Arcturus* guide around the Pole,
And bid his ſhining Sons in Order roll?
Know'ſt thou th' eternal Rules decreed above
By which the Sphears in fluid *Ether* move?
What to his Crooked Path the Sun confines
Between the *Northern* and the *Southern* Lines?
Who gave him ſtrength to run ſo ſwift a pace,
And ſet the Stages of his daily Race?

Do

Do Planets chuſe untrodden Roads, and ſtray
By thy Appointment from the common way?
Doſt thou on Stars their Influence beſtow,
And give them Empire o'er the World below?
Manag'd by thee will they their Power diffuſe,
To make ſuch Seaſons here as thou ſhalt chuſe?
Will Clouds to Orders giv'n by thee attend?
And if thou call'ſt for Rain, will Rain deſcend?
At thy Command will ready Lightnings fly,
And Peals of Thunder ring around the Sky?
Who Godlike Wiſdom did to Man impart?
And who with Underſtanding fill'd his Heart?
Didſt thou inſpire him with this Ray divine?
Was it thy Bounty *Job*, or was it mine?
Who can the number of the Clouds enroll,
Which ſpred the Atmoſphere from Pole to Pole?
Canſt thou the Liquor which they hold reſtrain,
Or on the Earth pour down the Bottled Rain?
When from above ſufficient Showers have bound
The duſty Glebe, and clos'd the cleaving Ground,
Canſt thou the Sluces fix, the Waters ſtop,
And in their floating Ciſterns ſhut them up?
Are Forreſt Beaſts by thee with Food ſupply'd,
For hungry Lyons do's thy Care provide?
If an old Lyon, that can now no more
(His vigor waſted) range the Deſart o'er,
Couch'd in his Den ſhall watch to ſeize his Prey,
Thither doſt thou th' uncautious Fawn betray?

Or do's the Raven on thy Care depend?
Doſt thou their Portion to his Young Ones ſend?
Doſt thou thus far thy Providence extend?

C. XXXIX. Know'ſt thou the Time when the wild Goats bring forth,
And to the flinty Rock commit their Birth?
Know'ſt thou the Months which pregnant Hinds compleat,
And when to Calve they to the Brakes retreat?
In Pangs they bow themſelves, and in the Wood
At once their Sorrows and their Birth exclude.
The Calves not only all their pains ſurvive,
But as with Corn ſupply'd, grow fat and thrive.
To ſeek their Meat they range the Forreſt o'er,
And to the Mother-Hind return no more.

Who did, *O Job*, to the wild Aſſe's Heart
A noble Senſe of Liberty impart?
Bravely impatient of the Bit and Rein,
The Beaſt with gen'rous Pride, a Maſter do's diſdain.
He do's the Crib and proffer'd Corn refuſe,
And Thiſtles joyn'd with native Freedom chuſe.
From pop'lous Towns, he do's to Mountains flee,
Oft Hunger feels, but never Slavery,
Whatever are his wants, the noble Beaſt is free.
No Ignominious Burdens will he bear,
His Fleſh no Driver's Whips, or Rider's tear.
He never pants upon the Sandy Road,
Choak'd with the Duſt, and groaning with his Load.
The Hills and Forreſts Paſturage afford,
There he can range, and there command as Lord.

With

With Freedom bleſt he'll not the Deſart quit,
But mocks th' ignoble Aſs, that tamely does ſubmit.

Will the wild Bull, be willing to obey,
And a tame Lab'rer with thy Oxen ſtay?
Will he receive the Yoke, ſubmit to toyl,
And plough up Furrows in thy fertile Soil?
Will he of any Maſter ſtand in Aw,
And the ſharp Harrow o'er the Vally draw?
Becauſe his Strength is great, wilt thou preſume
To let him bring thy gather'd Harveſt home?

With curious Colours who the Peacock dy'd?
Whence has his ſweeping Train its painted Pride?
Say, who the Honour to himſelf aſſumes,
Of forming by his skill, the noble Plumes,
And ſpacious Wings which the vaſt Oſtrich wears;
Which by her Bulk a feather'd Beaſt appears?
She does her Eggs to the wild Deſart truſt,
And leaves her unform'd Offspring in the Duſt;
Mean time forgets how ſoon it may be preſt
And cruſht by Trav'lers, or a roaming Beaſt.
The careleſs Bird do's from her Young retreat,
Expecting that the Sand's prolific Heat,
Her huge Conceptions, ſhould at laſt compleat.
When ſhe exalts her Neck amidſt the Skys,
She does the Horſe and Rider's Arms deſpiſe.

Haſt thou, O *Job*, giv'n to the gen'rous Horſe,
His Confidence, his Spirit and his Force?

The

The deep thick Mane that cloaths the noble Beaſt,
The graceful Terror of his lofty Creſt,
Is it thy work? canſt thou his Courage ſhake?
And make him like a wretched Inſect quake?
With native Fire his dreadful Noſtrils glow,
And ſmoke and flame amidſt the Battle blow.
Proud with Exceſs of Life he paws the ground,
Tears up the Turf, and ſpurns the Sand around.
He pricks his Ears when the ſhrill Trumpet ſounds,
And to the Muſic Capers, leaps, and bounds.
When from afar he hears the Foe's alarms,
He forward ſprings to meet the Warriour's Arms.
Fearleſs he runs on Swords, the Files invades,
And makes his Paſſage thro' the thick Brigades.
He mocks the Weapons which the Horſemen weild,
The ratling Quiver, and the blazing Shield.
In his fierce Rage he beats and bites the Ground,
Nor does he ſtart at the loud Trumpet's ſound:
Pleas'd with the Martial noiſe he ſnuffs the Air,
And ſmells the duſty Battle from afar,
Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the ſhouts of War.

Didſt thou inſtruct the Hawk to rove abroad
A murth'ring Robber on th' Aerial Road?
By thee enabled does he wing his Flight,
Thro' the thin Gulph, ſwift as a Ray of Light?
What Feather'd Trav'ller beats the Plains of Air,
That with the Eagle's can his Strength compare;
Midſt cloudy Meteors that can ſoar ſo high,
Or with ſuch ſwiftneſs cut the liquid Sky?

Gav'ſt thou the noble Bird her mighty Force,
And proper Wings to make her rapid Courſe?
Didſt thou direct her where to build her Neſt,
Where no Invader might her Peace moleſt?
She as a Fortreſs, does her dwelling keep
Midſt craggy Cliffs, inſuperably ſteep.
Tow'ring upon the Rock's impending Brow,
She ſees with decent Pride th' ignoble Birds below.
She with a glance does all the Vale ſurvey,
And like a Bolt of Thunder, makes her way
Down thro' the yeilding Heav'ns, to truſs her prey.
Then to her Young, her crooked Pounces bear
The bloody Banquet ſwiftly thro' the Air.

Th' Almighty paus'd, *Job* (ſpeechleſs ſtruck) ſuppreſt, CH. XL.
All his Complaints and Anguiſh in his Breaſt.
Th' Almighty thus proceeded, tell me why
To my Demands, thou makeſt no reply?
Have not the Allegations I have brought,
Inlighten'd thee, and full Conviction wrought?
He that deſires the Argument to State,
And would with God his Providence debate,
To thoſe Objections muſt Solutions find;
And more, muſt anſwer Queſtions yet behind.

Then humbly *Job* return'd: thy heav'nly Light
Shews me a wretched miſerable Wight.
Confounded and amaz'd, I can't withſtand
Thy Arguments, nor anſwer one demand.

The

The Words which I have ſpoken, tho' but few,
Too many are, and high preſumption ſhew.
Proſtrate before thy Footſtool, I'll adore
Henceforth thy Greatneſs, but will ſpeak no more.

Then did th' Almighty, from the hov'ring Cloud
In which involv'd, he did his Glory ſhroud,
Beſpeak the pious Patriarch, and ſaid,
Thou who deſir'dſt ſo much with me to plead:
Thou who ſo much thy Innocence didſt boaſt,
Haſt thou thy Courage and Aſſurance loſt?
Gird up thy Loyns as for another task,
And anſwer Queſtions which I now ſhall ask.
Since I, O *Job*, did ever condeſcend
To all my loweſt Creatures to extend
My Providential Care, canſt thou ſuſpect,
That I'll Mankind, my nobler Work neglect?
What cannot *Job* his Innocence maintain,
Unleſs unjuſtly he does God arraign?
Muſt I then be reproach'd to clear thy Fame?
To make thee guiltleſs, muſt I bear the ſhame?
To make thy Cauſe appear to others right,
Wilt thou, audacious Man! thy God indict?
Doſt thou thy kind Creator thus requite?

Canſt thou like God, thy mighty Arm extend,
To cruſh the Proud, the Humble to defend?
Canſt thou the Heav'ns aſtoniſh with thy Voice,
And imitate the Thunder's dreadful noiſe?

Canſt

Canſt thou ſwift Lightnings on thy Errand ſend,
And will the Meteors thy Commands attend?
In maſſy Robes of State thy Limbs array,
Thy Triumph and Majeſtic Pomp diſplay.
Thy dazling Crown and coſtly Purple wear,
And on thy Throne Magnificent appear.
Let Throngs of humble Princes on thee wait,
And numerous Guards expreſs thy Royal State;
That by unrival'd Glorys, thou mayſt draw
Men's admiration, and excite their Awe.
Around thee Storms of vengeful Fury throw,
Let thy deſtructive Rage oppreſs thy Foe;
On all the Haughty in Diſpleaſure frown,
And make them hang their troubled Faces down.
Again I ſay, let proud Oppreſſors ſtruck
With Terror, tremble at thy angry look.
With thy fierce Rage oppreſs the wicked Race,
Who in their Wealth and Power their ſafety place:
Do theſe great things, and I my ſelf will grant,
That independant *Job* does no Aſſiſtance want.

But now to humble and amaze thee more,
To make thee in the Duſt thy ſelf abhor;
Remark thy fellow Creature *Behemoth*,
A Beaſt ſo ſtrong, of ſuch prodigious growth,
That if on Fleſh he feaſted, what ſupplys
For ſuch a mighty Hunger would ſuffice?
His vaſt capacious Belly would conſume
Whole Flocks at once, and numerous Herds entomb.

Such Deſolation to prevent, and ſpare
The living World, it was the Maker's care,
That pleas'd with Herbs he ſhould incline his Head,
And like the Ox, ſhould graze along the Mead.
O Man, contemplate with a ſerious thought,
How firm and ſtrong his Muſcles all are wrought:
Not only of his Back and Loyns, but thoſe
Which his prodigious Belly do encloſe.
His wondrous Trunk he like a Cedar moves,
Or a tall Pine, that in the Mountain Groves,
Are by the Fury of a ſtormy Wind,
With mighty ſway from ſide to ſide inclin'd.
The vig'rous Sinews of his Thighs, are bound
Like complicated Cords, all wrap'd and wound,
And knit ſo faſt, that to the gen'rous Beaſt
They give ſuch Strength, as ne'er can be oppreſt.
Bones firm as Braſs ſuſtain the pond'rous frame,
Or Bars of Iron, temper'd in the Flame.
Tho' midſt the various ſalvage Brotherhoods,
That range the Mountains, and infeſt the Woods,
Are many Creatures that in Force excel,
Vaſt for their Bulk, for fierceneſs terrible;
Yet this chief work of mine, this mighty Beaſt,
Exceeds in Strength and Structure all the reſt.
To wound his Foe, and guard himſelf from harms,
His wondrous active Trunk, his native Arms,
To this prodigious Beaſt his Maker gave,
Which he on high does as a Fauchion wave.
For Paſture he frequents the verdant Plains,
And graſſy Hills, where he a Monarch reigns;

To

To which the Forreſt Beaſts in Troops reſort,
And by the Huntſmen unmoleſted ſport.
Thence to the Groves he does for Reſt retreat,
Or to the Covert of a Reedy Seat.
He lies extended in the ſhady Wood,
Or by the Willows that adorn the Flood.
When to the Stream he does his Mouth apply,
To quench his Thirſt, he drinks the River dry.
When faint with toil, and panting with his drought,
He haſtens to the Banks, he makes no doubt
But he can from its Channel *Jordan* draw
Down his wide Throat, to the deep Gulph his Maw.
What hardy Mortal can approach his Sight?
Who dares attempt a fair and open Fight?
By Violence whoever undertook,
To faſten in his Noſe the ſervile Hook?

Canſt thou ſtand Angling on the Banks of *Nile*, Ch. XLI.
And with thy Bait *Leviathan* beguile?
Then ſtrike the bearded Iron thro' his Jaw,
And thro' the Flood the flouncing Monſter draw?
Haſt thou a Line to hold him? canſt thou guide,
And play him with thy Rod along the Tyde?
Till ſpent and tir'd, thou canſt his Strength command,
And on the Flaggy Bank the gaſping Captive Land?
Will he, like Men o'erwhelm'd in ſore diſtreſs,
To thee ſoft Words, and humble Prayers addreſs?
Will he with tender Accents thee entreat,
Thy pity to excite his moan repeat?

Him as a menial Servant wilt thou take?
Wilt thou a ſolemn Contract with him make?
Will he his Empire o'er the Waters quit?
Will he to ſerve a Maſter e'er ſubmit?
Will he a tame Domeſtic with thee ſtay,
Fawn on thy Sons, and with thy Daughters play?
Shall the glad Fiſhermen divide the Spoil,
To recompence their hazard and their toil?
Shall each his Portion to the Market bear,
And to the Merchant ſell for Gold his Share?
Canſt thou his Head with bearded Spears divide,
Or pierce the ſcaly Armour of his ſide?
Suppoſe that thou haſt Courage to aſſail
The furious Beaſt, would Spears or Darts prevail?
Shouldſt thou with Life eſcape, his dreadful Rage
Thou wouldſt remember, and no more engage.
The Hopes the braveſt Warriours entertain,
Of Conq'ring him, preſumptuous are and vain.
Would not the boldeſt Mortal, in deſpight
Of all his Courage, at the dreadful ſight
Of ſuch a Creature, pale with terror ſtand;
And drop his Weapons from his trembling hand?
Is there a Man ſo fierce and fearleſs found,
That dares tho' clad in Steel, approach the ground
Where midſt the Reeds the Monſter lies at eaſe,
And will adventure to diſturb his Peace?
Is there a Man, that does not Courage lack,
To touch the ſcaly Coat that cloaths his Back?
The moſt intrepid Chief, that dares advance
Againſt the brandiſh'd Sword, and threat'ning Lance,

With

With Conſternation ſeiz'd, in haſte withdraws,
Far from the reach of his expanded Jaws.
Then canſt thou *Job*, of me be not afraid,
Who the vaſt Beaſt, and all his Terrors made?
Whoe'er on me did Obligations lay,
Which by my favours I did ne'er repay?
To clear the Debt can't I Rewards beſtow,
Lord of the Worlds above, and this below?

But let us more diſtinctly yet explore
The Frame, the comely Parts and wondrous pow'r
Of my ſtupendous Creature, nam'd before.
He that his Mouth dares open, would diſcloſe
The bloody Throne of Death, long murth'ring Rows
Of Spearlike Teeth, which fixt on either hand,
Along his Jaws in dreadful order ſtand.
Impenetrable Scales, like Plates of Braſs;
In beauteous Figures ſet, his Sides encaſe.
Clad in this Coat of Mail, his Martial Pride,
He does the Spear and glitt'ring Dart deride.
They're all ſo firmly fixt, ſo cloſely joyn'd,
That Air it ſelf can no admiſſion find.
In ſtrict embraces they together grow,
Embraces that can ne'er Diviſion know.
Whene'er he Sneezes, from his Noſtrils flies
A flaſh, like Lightning darting thro' the Skys.
The luſtre of his Eyes the Meads adorn,
Bright as the Saffron Eye-lids of the Morn.
His reeking Breath breaks from his hollow Throat,
As from a Forge or Caldron, boiling hot.

If

If hardy Swains his fury dare provoke,
His raging Noſtrils belch out Clouds of Smoke.
From his wide Mouth, mingled with choaking ſteams,
Impetuous Sparks fly out, and fiery Streams.
His Neck, tho' not of formidable length,
Is the Imperial Throne and Seat of Strength.
Triumphant Terror, with its dreadful Reer,
Amazement, Sorrow, Woe and ſhiv'ring Fear,
Marching before, his hideous Pomp compoſe,
And ſeize on all around him where he goes.
The ſolid Strings of his hard Fleſh, are wound
So faſt together, and ſo firmly bound,
That Men can ſcarce by Violence or Art,
Th' adhering Muſcles, and ſtrong Sinews part.
His unrelenting Heart as Marble hard,
Did ne'er Compaſſion's tender Moan regard.
Mercy's ſoft Fire did never melt his Breaſt,
Which never Fear, or Pity yet expreſt.
Try all thy Arts, thy Prayers and Tears repeat,
Thou't find thou only doſt a Rock entreat,
All thy recoiling Strokes will but an Anvil beat.
But if amidſt the Waves he reers his Head,
The moſt undaunted Hearts his Preſence dread.
Such is their Conſternation, ſuch their Fright,
They know not whither to direct their Flight;
They can't eſcape, nor yet abide his ſight.
Let them with Sword in hand the Beaſt attack,
The Steel will break in pieces on his Back.

In vain the Spear and Dart th' Aſſailant weilds,
His Scales are all impenetrable Shields;
His harden'd Skin ne'er to the Jav'lin yields.
Weapons of Iron made of every kind,
Which the deſtructive Wit of Man can find;
He values as the Bulruſh by the Flood,
And thoſe of Braſs, as Spears of rotten Wood.
Thick Showers of Arrows ſinging thro' the Sky,
His Courage cannot ſhake, and make him fly.
He counts vaſt Stones, with Skill and Fury ſlung,
And Darts as Stubble, by th' Invader flung.
Againſt him when the clam'rous Troops advance,
He ſmiles at Spears, and mocks the threatning Lance.
The ſharpeſt Weapons from his Back recoil,
And with their Shivers ſpred the miry Soil.
When thro' the Deep he rolls from ſide to ſide,
And tumbles in the Bottom of the Tyde;
He ſhakes the Banks, and troubles all the Waves,
Like Tempeſts loos'd from Subterranean Caves.
His motion works, and beats the Oazy Mud,
And with its Slime incorporates the Flood;
That all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting Stream,
Does one vaſt Pot of boiling Oyntment ſeem.
Whene'er he Swims, he leaves along the Lake,
Such frothy Furrows, ſuch a foamy Track,
That all the Waters of the Deep appear
Hoary with Age, or Grey with ſuddain fear.
On Earth, in Strength his Equal is not found,
For tho' he's low and creeps along the ground,

Yet he the loftieſt, proudeſt Beaſt diſdains,
And o'er the fruitful Vally Monarch reigns.
The ſtrongeſt Creatures his dread Preſence fear,
Whom he in paſtime can in pieces tear.

CH. XLII. Theſe awful words, in which ſo brightly ſhine
Wiſdom and Power, and Majeſty Divine;
Did *Job* awaken, and his Grief renew,
Setting his Errors fully in his View:
Who now a juſt and free Confeſſion made,
Humbly ſubmitted to his God, and ſaid:
Thy Wiſdom all thy Creatures reach tranſcends,
Far as thy Will thy Power its Sphear extends.
All thy Deſigns thou wilt at laſt compleat,
No Force or Art can thy Wiſe Ends defeat.
As thou art pleas'd to cruſh me, thou haſt Power,
If thou wert pleas'd, my Subſtance to reſtore.
Convinc'd by thy Reproofs, I freely own,
That I have raſh, audacious Folly ſhown;
Vent'ring with Reaſon's ſhort and treach'rous Line,
To ſound the Depths of Providence Divine.
Searching the ſecret Counſels of thy Breaſt,
I have preſumptuous Forwardneſs expreſt.
My raſh and unconſider'd Words, and all
My Cenſures of thy Conduct I recall.
My ſtupid Arrogance I now condemn,
That made me ſpeak on ſo ſublime a Theme.
Such Wonders all Created Wit exceed,
And ſhould our ſilent Admiration feed.

Awful,

Awful, Myſterious Things to be ador'd,
But not by vain and curious Heads explor'd.
O, let thy Anger be appeas'd, and hear
My humble Queſtions with a gracious Ear.
I will no more to Knowledge make pretence,
Or of thy Power, or of thy Providence.
Do thou inſtruct me, let thy Heav'nly Light
Diſpel the hov'ring Shades that cloud my Sight.
Let Truth Divine its glorious Beams diſplay,
Remove the Night, and bleſs my Mind with Day.
Something I own I underſtood before,
Both of thy Wiſdom, and thy mighty Power,
But ſince thy dreadful Glory I beheld,
Thoſe Attributes more clearly are reveal'd.
Wherefore a Sting does in my Boſom ſtick,
And ſelf-diſpleaſure wounds me to the quick;
When I reflect on my Behaviour paſt,
My bold Aſperſions on th' Almighty caſt.
That I thy Strokes did with Reluctance bear,
And wiſh'd for Death ſo oft in my Deſpair,
As if the Righteous Man no longer were thy Care.
My arrogant Diſcourſes I repent,
My Charges brought againſt thy Government;
Now drown'd in Tears my Errors I lament.
I grieve that grown impatient of thy Rod,
I juſtify'd my ſelf againſt my God.

So much th' Almighty this Confeſſion pleas'd,
That againſt *Job* his Anger was appeas'd.

Then turning, thus to *Eliphaz* he ſpoke,
But thou, and theſe thy Friends my Wrath provoke.
For you have all perverſe Conſtructions made,
Of thoſe Afflictions I on *Job* have laid.
Who, notwithſtanding all his Faults, I own,
Has ſpoken better far than you have done.
Sev'n Bullocks then, and Rams as many take,
And go to *Job*, he ſhall Atonement make,
Which I'll accept, for his my Servant's ſake.
He ſhall to me his Supplications ſend,
And I to you my Mercy will extend.
Let this be done, leſt on your guilty Head
My Vengeance fall, becauſe as I have ſaid,
My ways you wreſted to an evil ſenſe,
And repreſented ill my Providence,
And would not hear my Servant *Job*'s defence.

Theſe three wiſe Friends, of Wrath Divine afraid,
Their due Submiſſion to th' Almighty made,
And *Job* to be their Interceſſour pray'd.
His humble Prayer th' Almighty did receive,
And theſe Offenders for his ſake forgive.
While *Job* this Duty for his Friends diſcharg'd,
God from his Straights the Patient Man enlarg'd.
He now began that Vigour to reſtore,
And all the Bleſſings he enjoy'd before.
Nor did he ceaſe his Bounty to repeat,
Till he had made him twice as rich and great.
Then all his Friends and Kindred, who as Foes
Had *Job* deſerted in his Straits and Woes,

Of his Deliv'rance when they heard the Fame,
To ſhow their Joy, in Throngs around him came.
And when they firſt his Loſſes had condol'd,
And for his Suff'rings paſt their Sorrow told;
They their Congratulations did expreſs,
For this his unexpected Happineſs.
Each in his Hand did for a Preſent bear,
Or Coyn, or golden Pendant for the Ear.
Thus God chaſtis'd him with a kind intent,
And made him Poor, his Riches to augment.
The Herds and Woolly Flocks he once poſſeſt,
Now to a double number were increaſt.
His fruitful Wife his Offspring to reſtore,
Sev'n goodly Sons, and three fair Daughters bore.
One was *Jemima*, one *Keſia* nam'd,
The third was *Kerenhappuch*, Virgins fam'd
For charming Beauty, which the Siſters bleſt
Beyond the faireſt Daughters of the Eaſt.
Job did not, as the Cuſtom was to do,
Theſe with ſmall Portions of his Goods endow.
But being with his Sons Coheirs declar'd,
With them his vaſt Inheritance they ſhar'd.
God after this ſo happy turn of Fate,
Encreaſt his Years, as much as his Eſtate.
Of Years an Hundred, and twice Twenty more,
To thoſe were added, which he liv'd before.
So the Good Man his numerous Progeny,
Did to the fourth Succeſſion live to ſee.
Then ripe with Hoary Age, and fully pleas'd,
He dyed, or rather, he from Living ceas'd.

THE
SONGS of *Moſes*, *Deborah*, &c.
WITH SOME
Select Pſalms and Chapters of *Iſaiah*,
AND THE
Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*,
PARAPHRAS'D.

By Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Kt. M. D.

THE Song of MOSES PARAPHRAS'D.

EXODUS, Chap. xv.

YOur Shouts to Heav'n, ye Sons of *Jacob* raiſe,
And celebrate in Songs of Praiſe
The glorious Triumphs of *Jehovah*'s Pow'r,
Applaud th' Almighty Conquerour.
Let all the wide ſtretcht Mouths of Fame,
From Pole to Pole his wondrous Work proclaim,
To make Men tremble, and adore his Name.
Let it to all the Realms around be known,
How he his Foes has overthrown:
How he diſclos'd the Water's hideous Womb,
And did in Cryſtal Graves their Troops entomb.
They ſunk and periſh'd in the Tyde,
Where now triumphant Waves o'er Horſe and Horſemen ride.

He is our Bulwark and Defence,
Shielded by his Omnipotence
We all the Heathen World defy:
This mighty Warriour, this our great Ally,
With his Etherial Shield and Arms Divine,
Does at the head of our Battalions ſhine.

Griping

Griping his bright Immortal Lance
He does before our Hoſt to charge the Foe advance.
Iſrael by ſtrength deriv'd from him is ſtrong,
And as he is our Strength, he ſhall be too our Song.

He to diſcharge us from our Bondage, broke
Th' inexorable Tyrant's Yoke.
He from our heavy Chains our Feet releas'd,
And our gall'd Shoulders of their Burdens eas'd.
He brought us from th' inhoſpitable Land,
And reſcu'd us from *Pharoah*'s ſalvage hand.
He terribly chaſtis'd theſe Pagan Pow'rs;
And as this Lord of Hoſts was ours,
He was our Fathers All-ſufficient God;
We therefore will prepare him an Abode:
We will an Altar and a Temple reer,
A ſacred Place of Praiſe and Pray'r,
There we'll adore our great Deliverer.

Th' Eternal does in Arms excel;
What Pow'r can his projected Darts repel?
Who can againſt his Thunder ſtand,
Or who elude his never-erring Hand?
Let him but weild his dreadful Blade
Of malleable Light'ning made,
Let him advance into the Field,
And lift on high his Adamantine Shield,
Whoſe brighter Luſtre drowns the waining Sun,
As much as that the ſick'ning Moon;

Let

Let him with his Celeſtial Equipage
March on as ready to engage;
And where's th' undaunted Man that would not fly,
Or if he ſtay'd, would not with Terror dye.

He ſharply has rebuk'd th' *Egyptian*'s Pride,
Who his Almighty Arm defy'd.
Againſt their mighty Hoſt he did prepare
An unexpected Watry War.
He on the Deep his Terrors did diſplay,
And drew his rolling Legions in Array:
He bad the Waves in Martial Order flow,
And made his fluid Squadrons charge the Foe.

Th' amaz'd *Egyptians* fled for fear,
While roaring Surges hung upon their Rear:
The foaming Files o'ertook them in the Chaſe,
And overwhelm'd the cruel Race.
Bows, Banners, Spears, an unexampled Wreck,
Lay floating on the Ocean's back.
While Chariots, Horſe and Horſemen kill'd,
The Seas inferiour Chambers fill'd.
The mighty Hoſt the Caves beneath oppreſt,
And the low horrors of the Deep increaſt.
Of ſuch a wealthy Spoil the Sea before
Ne'er rob'd the Land, while pent within the Shore.
While no Detachment of its Waves it made,
The Frontier Regions to invade,
No Watry Partys ſent abroad
To ſweep the neighb'ring Fields, and plunder Mens Abode.

High heaps of Swords and Bucklers ſtood
Like Rocks of poliſh'd Iron in the Flood.
The Fiſh made haſt to ſeize their Prey,
But when they ſaw the ſhining Shields diſplay
Thro' the dark Realm a monſtrous unknown Day,
And how the Dead in Armour ſhone
With ſcaly Sides far brighter than their own;
Away th' affrighted Spoilers fled,
And thus their Arms that could not give
Protection to th' *Egyptians* when alive,
Protected them when Dead.

Like Stones they ſank beneath the Flood,
And the Red Sea appeas'd their Thirſt of Blood.
Glorious in Pow'r, great Lord of Hoſts,
Is thy right hand which ſuch Atchievments boaſts,
Which has defeated *Pharoah*'s Troops,
And ſunk to Hell the proud *Egyptian*'s Hopes.
In the low Priſons of the Deep
Thou doſt thy Captive Rebels keep,
Mountains of liquid Cryſtal on 'em caſt,
Secure the Doors, and bar the Dungeons faſt.

Array'd with fearful Glory, girt with Might,
Thou didſt thy Peoples Battels fight.
Thou haſt o'erthrown the impious Foes,
Who againſt thee and *Iſrael* roſe;
They were in Storms of Fury on them pour'd,
As Stubble is by raging Flames devour'd.

Com-

Commanded by thy Breath th' obſequious Main
Stood ſtill, and gather'd up its flowing Train.
Th' Almighty did the Sea divide,
And as he rends the Hills, he ſplit the cleaving Tyde.
Benumb'd with fear the Waves erected ſtood,
O'erlooking all the diſtant Flood.
Mountains of Craggy Billows did ariſe,
And Rocks of ſtiffen'd Water reach'd the Skys.
Remoter Waves came crowding on to ſee
This ſtrange Transforming Myſtery,
But they approaching near
Where the high Cryſtal Ridges did appear,
Felt the Divine Contagion's Force,
Mov'd ſlothfully a while, and then quite ſtopt their courſe.

Upon their March they inſolently cry'd,
Let us purſue the flying Slaves,
We'll overtake them, and the Spoil divide,
Where is the God that *Iſrael* ſaves?
We'll our Revenge, and Luſt of Slaughter cloy,
Without relenting we'll deſtroy,
We'll weild the Spear, and draw the Sword,
And root this Nation out by all abhor'd.
We'll bath the Deſart with a Purple Flood,
And heal its gaping Wounds with Hebrew Blood!
While one vile Wretch alive is found,
The Trumpet no retreat ſhall ſound.
In dreadful Language we'll declare,
Th' *Egyptians* ſtill their Maſters are.

Tho' their Rebellion they ſhould mourn,
And ask to *Egypt's* Brick-kilns to return,
We would not ſpare the hateful Race,
We would all marks of *Jacob's* Houſe efface.
Let 'em to *Moſes* cry they are oppreſt,
While we in Vengeance reign, and on Deſtruction feaſt.

As thus the Gulph the proud *Egyptians* croſt,
And with loud threats purſu'd our trembling Hoſt,
Thou with thy powerful Wind didſt blow,
And ſtrait the thawing Heaps began to flow.
The Waves that ſtood as Bullwarks were diſſolv'd,
And *Pharoah's* Chariots and his Troops involv'd.
They from the roaring Deluge would have fled,
But to the bottom ſank as Lead.

Among the Gods of all the Nations round,
Equal to thee is any found?
Any that can with Rival Glory ſhine,
And ſhew as perfect Holineſs as thine?
When we thy various Triumphs ſing,
And great Atchievments which exalt thy Name,
To us thy Praiſes Joy and Comfort bring,
But to thy Foes Confuſion, Fear and Shame.
Thou art a wonder-working God, thy Might
Does all thy trembling Enemys affright,
But grateful Admiration in our Breaſts excite.

When thou extendeſt o'er the Tyde
Thy hand, that does all Nature guide,

The

The conſcious Waves the high Command obey'd,
Like melting heaps of Snow they flow'd apace,
Marching with fury on, they diſarray'd,
Then ſwallow'd up the impious Race.
In great Compaſſion thou haſt broke
Th' Oppreſſor's hard unſufferable Yoke;
For *Jacob*'s Sons in Perſon thou haſt fought,
Amazing Miracles haſt wrought,
And *Iſrael* back from *Egypt* brought.
To ſacred *Canaan*'s promis'd Land,
Thou with thy mighty outſtretcht hand
Shalt reſcu'd *Iſrael* guide,
Where with thy favour bleſt they ſhall in Peace abide.

Fame ſhall together with theſe Tydings ſpread
Thro' all the Nations Univerſal dread;
Wild looks and geſtures ſhall declare,
How great their Fears and Sorrows are.
Th' Inhabitants of *Paleſtina's* Land
Shall trembling and aſtoniſh'd ſtand,
Edom's proud Potentates ſhall be afraid,
And *Moab*'s mighty Men diſmay'd.
The dreadful News ſhall make pale Tyrants ſtart,
And melt within his Breaſt the ſtouteſt Warriour's Heart.

The Lords of *Canaan* ſhall their fears expreſs,
And all their People their diſtreſs.
The Terrors of thy Conqu'ring Arm,
Theſe of their Strength and Courage ſhall diſarm.

Thy

Thy Wonders will their Captains ſo amaze,
That they will ſtill and Speechleſs ſtand and gaze;
While *Jacob*'s Sons by thee from Bondage brought,
The People thou haſt bought,
And for the Purchaſe newly made,
Such mighty Sums of Miracles haſt paid,
To *Canaans* happy Land ſhall ſafely be convey'd.

Thither thou'lt lead the favour'd Race,
And give them ſafe Poſſeſſion of the Place;
Thou wilt fulfil thy great deſign,
By planting there theſe Colonys Divine,
Their happy Dwellings ſhall be ſpread,
Around *Moriah*'s lofty head,
On which thy ſacred Dome ſhall ſtand,
Diffuſing pious Awe thro' all the Land.

The Lord ſhall rule with Power and Glory crown'd,
No Time or Space ſhall e'er his Empire bound.
Immortal Pillars his fixt Throne ſuſtain,
And as himſelf, Eternal is his Reign.

Not like proud *Pharoah*'s, who his Army led
To chaſe our Youth, who from his Fury fled.
Who enter'd with his Troops the opening Sea,
And hop'd to paſs the dreadful Defile;
But God who had his way beſet,
Drew o'er the Hoſt his watry Net;
To finiſh this miraculous Campaign,
He loos'd the Bonds that did the Waves reſtrain;

Strait

Strait the congeſted Billows tumbled down,
And liquid Ruins did the Tyrant drown:
His Chariots and his Horſe were ſwept away,
Ingulph'd, and ſwallow'd by th' o'erwhelming Sea.
But the firm Waters did erected ſtand,
On either hand,
And left dry ground between till *Iſrael* gain'd the Land.

THE

THE
Song of DEBORAH
PARAPHRAS'D.

JUDGES, Chap. V.

LET the Victorious Tribes of *Iſrael* ſing,
Let their loud Shouts thro' Heav'ns wide Chambers ring.
Let them applaud with one united Voice,
Their God, the glorious Author of their Joys.
Let them Triumphant Acclamations raiſe,
And ſpend the Breath he gives them, in his Praiſe.

He has our Swords with Conqueſt crown'd,
And ſpread the fear of *Iſrael*'s Name around.
He to avenge us on our Foes,
Has cruſh'd the haughty Pow'rs that did our Arms oppoſe.
Our Troops from Heav'n with noble Zeal inſpir'd,
The glorious Hazards of the Field deſir'd.
God fir'd their Veins with Military Rage,
And made 'em long for Arms, and eager to engage.

Ye Potentates and Princes hear,
Ye Kings and Rulers of the Earth give Ear.
I *Deb'rah* I, will in a lofty ſtrain
Sing the great King, by whom you live and reign.

When God in Perſon did our Tribes command,
And led 'em with a mighty Hand
From wild *Arabia's* Rocks to *Canaan's* Land:
As ſoon as he had paſs'd the Field,
By th' *Idumean* Farmer till'd,
What marks of Greatneſs did his March attend?
What Pow'r in Miracles did he expend?
What Terrors did he ſend before to fright
The Lords of *Canaan* and the *Amorite*?
What Pomp and Majeſty did he diſplay?
Floods of impetuous Glory delug'd all his way.
From his refulgent Sword, and radiant Shield,
Fluſhes of rapid Splendor ſpread the Field.
The trembling Heathen fled for fear,
For who could ſuch a ſtreſs of Luſtre bear?

At every ſtep th' Almighty Leader took,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Earth down to its Center ſhook.
Contending Tempeſts bellow'd under ground,
And ſtrong Convulſions did with horrid ſound
The low Apartments break, and all the Vaults confound.
The Earth with dreadful Gripes was ſore oppreſt,
Which did its twiſted Bowels wreſt.
From their low Channels, Subterranean Waves
Were thrown on Sulphur Mines, and fiery Caves.
The Chaſms of gaping Plains and Mountains rent,
Did yield to ſtruggling Vapours vent,
And ſuffocated Nature to relieve,
To ambient Air admiſſion give.

Heav'ns

Heav'ns Cryſtal Battlements to pieces daſh'd,
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd;
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flaſh'd,
And univerſal Uproar fill'd the World.
Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
At once the Hills that to the Clouds aſpire,
Were waſh'd with Rain, and ſcorcht with Fire.
The Waters down the Mountains Sides were pour'd,
And o'er the Vale th' unbridled Deluge roar'd.
Canaan's proud Hills with this affright
Shook to their Baſe, and well they might;
For *Sinai* rock'd and quak'd, when God
Made on its Brow his terrible Abode.

In *Shamgar's* and in *Jael's* days,
Robbers and Thieves infeſted all the ways.
Theſe Sons of Violence purſu'd their Prey
On publick Roads in open day.
Poor Trav'llers to eſcape the cruel hands
Of theſe Licentious, lawleſs Bands,
They paſs'd thro' Ways and Paths unknown,
Yet ſtill in fear, from Town to Town.
The trembling People by theſe Spoilers ſcar'd,
To Towns of Strength in Troops repair'd.
They left their old Abodes to be poſſeſt
By Owls and Bats, and every rav'ning Beaſt:
Until their fruitful Land at laſt,
Became a wild Inhoſpitable Waſt.

O *Iſrael*, theſe were thy ſad Wants and Woes,
Theſe thy Oppreſſions when I *Deb'rah* roſe;
When I aroſe a Mother to reſtore
Thy former Peace, and Wealth, and Pow'r.
Till then thy blind Apoſtate Sons forſook
Theirs, and their Father's God, and took
New fangled Gods, of old unknown,
Gods lately into Reputation grown,
Gods carv'd in Wood, or cut in Stone.

Heav'n thus provok'd, excited Foes,
Who full of rage againſt our Citys roſe.
Confed'rate Kingdoms War with *Iſrael* wag'd,
And horrid Slaughter in our Bowels rag'd:
And well it might, for we were ſo diſarm'd,
That when the Foe our Gates alarm'd,
Did there a ſingle Shield or Spear,
Midſt forty Thouſand *Iſraelites* appear?
O *Iſrael* then, I roſe to reſcue thee
From thy vile Chains to ſet thee free.

Nor can my Song too much exalt the Fame
Of thoſe great Chiefs, who freely came
To give me Aid, and to ſubdue our Foes,
Did gen'rouſly their Lives expoſe.
Give them their due Applauſe, but chiefly bleſs
The God, who gave them Courage and Succeſs.

Ye Lords in Courts of Judgment who preſide,
And thro' the Streets in awful State,
With num'rous Trains attended ride,
Th' Almighty's wondrous Work relate.
Ye People who can leave your ſafe Abodes,
And travel now ſecure in Publick Roads;
You that do now in Joy and Peace,
Your Fig-trees and your Vines poſſeſs;
You who no more the noiſe of Archers hear,
But unmoleſted to your Springs repair;
Do you rehearſe God's righteous Deeds,
Whence this your unexpected Peace proceeds.

Awake, awake, O *Deborah*, awake,
Quickly thy Harp and Timbrel take.
A Song of Triumph and of Joy rehearſe,
In lofty Strains, and noble Verſe.
A Song that may juſt Honour pay
To the great Deeds of this illuſtrious Day.

O *Barak* riſe, ariſe thou valiant Chief,
Whoſe Conqu'ring Arms have brought relief
To *Iſrael* in our vaſt diſtreſs,
And made our haughty Foes their Impotence confeſs.
Thou mighty Man advance, and lead along
Thy Spoils and Trophys thro' the cleaving Throng,
Thy Captives lead in clanking Chains,
All their vaſt Army's ſmall Rematns.

Thou

Thou who the dreadful Battel didſt diſplay
On that deciſive, glorious Day,
Now draw thy Pomp and Triumph in Array.

Jacob's Remains by Heav'n with Empire crown'd
Have laid their Yoke on *Canaan*'s Kings around.
Ev'n me the Lord has rais'd to Regal Sway,
And made the Mighty my Commands obey.
Thy Sons did firſt the War embrace,
Forward in Arms, O *Benjamin*;
And next to thee a few of *Ephraim*'s Race
Advanc'd, and joyn'd their Troops with thine.
Rulers and Nobles from *Manaſſes* came,
Whoſe brave example did the reſt inflame.
The Scribes of *Zebulun*, and learned Men,
To weild the Sword laid down the Pen.
The Princes and the Lords of *Iſſachar*,
Deſpiſing Danger, undertook the War.
With Zeal they follow'd me their Head,
And *Barak* to the Field their valiant Squadrons led.

Ah *Reuben*, how were we diſmay'd,
To be defrauded of thy Aid!
Ah, why didſt thou deſert thy Country's Cauſe?
Why did not *Reuben* ſhare this day's applauſe?
Say when thy Breth'ren arm'd with Sword and Shield,
For Liberty advanc'd into the Field,
Why didſt thou ſullen in thy Tents abide,
As if in Blood and Int'reſt not Ally'd?

Couldſt

Couldſt thou to Arms thy Shepherd's Crook prefer,
And rather chuſe thy bleating Sheep to hear,
Than the loud Thunder of a noble War?
Oh, how much Trouble to our State,
Did this ignoble Deed of thine create?

Gilead beyond the Flood of *Jopran* ſtay'd,
And of the haughty Foe afraid,
Refus'd to give his Brethren Aid.
Dan on his Wealth and Shipping too intent,
No Succours to our Army ſent.
Aſher with like inglorious Negligence,
Truſting to Rocks and Caves as his defence,
Stay'd on the Shore, and no Aſſiſtance gave,
Our Worſhip, or our Liberty to ſave.

But oh! what wondrous Deeds were done
By *Napthali* and *Zebulun!*
With what an ardour, what a warlike rage
Did thoſe brave Men in Fight engage?
Methinks I ſee thoſe Warriours make
Their bold and irreſiſtible Attack.
Greedy and fond of Danger, they
The Squadrons cleft, and cut the way
To the chief Places of the Field,
Which did the chiefeſt choice of ruin yield,
Which were with plenty of Deſtruction ſtor'd,
And all the horrid ſhapes of danger did afford:
Where Death triumphant in the Battel ſtood,
Beſmear'd with Brains, and Duſt, and Blood.

Great

Great Potentates of formidable Fame,
Captains and Kings againſt us came;
Their confluent Troops from every Coaſt,
Compos'd a vaſt o'erflowing Hoſt.
We ſaw th' advancing Deluge from afar,
And all the muſt'ring Tydes of complicated War.
They ſtopt, and in Battalia ſtood,
Upon the Banks of *Kiſhon*'s Flood;
Thither our eager Squadrons flew,
There did we fight, and there proud *Jabin*'s Troops ſubdue.

The radiant Hoſt of Stars above
Drew out, and did in warlike order move.
They did their Darts from Heav'n's high Turrets throw,
And charg'd with fatal influence the Foe.
They to our Aid their glitt'ring Forces brought
And againſt *Siſera* in their Courſes fought.

O *Kiſhon*, then thy troubled Tyde
Was choak'd with Carcaſſes, with Crimſon dy'd.
Swords, Helmets, Shields roll'd all beneath,
And of the lighter Inſtruments of Death
Spears, Arrows, Darts, a floating Wood
O'erſpread the ſurface of thy Flood.
Thy current ſwept their Troops away,
And with their mighty Spoils enrich'd the wondring Sea.
Thy banks, and all the Vale about,
Were ſpread with marks of ignominious rout.

Chariots

Chariots o'erturn'd, and ſcatter'd Shields,
And broken Hoofs deform'd the Fields:
Hoofs torn, and on the ſtony places caſt,
O'er which the flying Horſemen paſt.

Accurſt th' Almighty's Angel cry'd,
Accurſt be *Meroz* who her help deny'd.
Vengeance and Plagues on her vile People light,
Who would not for their God and Country fight.
But let us *Jael*'s Courage ſing,
Let loud Applauſes thro' our Citys ring
Of *Heber*'s Wife, above the reſt
Of Womankind may ſhe be bleſt.
Great *Sis'ra* choak'd with heat and duſt,
Demanded Water from the Spring;
She to allay the Gen'ral's thirſt,
Did Milk and Cream in coſtly Veſſels bring.
She to the Nail the left apply'd,
And with her right hand did the Hammer guide.
And as the mighty *Siſera*
Stretcht on the Pavement ſleeping lay,
Th' undaunted Woman with a noble blow,
Drove in the Nail, and pierc'd his Temples thro.
Amaz'd, not waken'd with the Wound,
He ſprung, and bounded from the ground:
The brave Virago did her blow repeat,
And laid him proſtrate at her feet.
He bow'd and fell, and gaſping lay,
Quiver'd and groan'd his Life away.

She drew his Sword, and with a Manly ſtroke,
The Warriours Head from off his Shoulders took.

His Mother looking thro' her Window ſaid,
Why is his Triumph thus delay'd?
Why does his lingring Chariot ſtay?
Why roll his Wheels ſo ſlowly on the way?
Her Maids, nay, ſhe her ſelf reply'd,
The Conqu'rors ſtay their Booty to divide.
The diſtribution made, each Chief can ſhew
A Damſel for his ſhare, or two.
But *Sis'ra*'s Prey outſhines the reſt,
His is a party-colour'd Veſt
Which Gems and rich Embroidery adorn,
Fit by the greateſt Princes to be worn.

Theſe boaſtful words ſhe ſpoke, while *Siſera*
Dead in the Tent of *Jael* lay.
Lord let his Fate attend thine Enemys,
So let them periſh who againſt thee riſe.
But let the Men who Wickedneſs abhor,
Who love thee, and thy Name adore,
Be like the Sun,
Who when refreſh'd, does in his Vigour riſe,
Eager to run
All the blew Stages of the ſpacious Skys.

David's Lamentation,

Occaſion'd by the Death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. I.

WHen *Jonathan* and *Saul* expiring lay,
On the curſt Hills of *Gilboa*,
(Ah black, inglorious, fatal Day !)
'Twas then, unhappy *Iſrael*,
Thy Beauty, Strength and Glory fell.
How were thy mighty Warriours ſlain ?
What a red Deluge bath'd the reeking Plain ?
How were thy Sons to Conqueſt long inur'd,
How were thy Valiant Chiefs devour'd
By the *Philiſtine's* unrelenting Sword ?
How terrible, how ſudden was their Fate ?
Theſe Pillars fal'n that prop'd thy State,
Who ſhall ſupport thy ſinking Empire's weight ?

Let Fame be ſtruck with horror dumb,
That to our Foes the News may never come.
Let our diſhonour be to *Gath* unknown,
Proclaim it not in *Askelon* ;
Leſt if their Daughters come to know
Our loſs, and unexampled Woe,

They in their Feasts and Dances should express,
Insultingly their Joy at our distress;
And impiously devout, should raise
Their carv'd and graven Gods, in wicked Songs of Pr

Ye Hills of *Gilboa*, the fatal place,
O'er which the Foe did *Israel* chase,
Ye luckless Hills,
Spred with your Monarch's Ignominious Spoils,
May you the marks of Heav'n's displeasure bear;
Be you no more the Farmer's care:
Let no kind Cloud hereafter, pour
On your parch'd Heads one fruitful Shower:
May the relentless, harden'd Sky,
No Rain by Day, or Dew by Night supply
To ease your Thirst, and gaping clefts cement;
With Fire be blasted, and with Thunder rent.
Let not a blade of Grass or Corn,
Nor one green Tree your Heads adorn.
By Heav'n accurst, to future Ages stand
Uncultivated Heaps of barren Sand.
For vanquish'd *Israel* o'er these Mountains fled,
There with ignoble Rout the Fields were spred,
There lay our Weapons mingled with our Dead·
There scatter'd Bucklers lay,
Which routed *Israel* cast away.
There may the Shield of *Saul* be found,
Midst common Bucklers on the ground.
Thy Body too, unhappy Monarch, there
Lys mixt with vulgar Corps, expos'd in open Air.

O *Saul*, O *Jonathan*, ye mighty Dead,
You ne'er before in Battel fled.
The Arrows from the Son's unerring Bow,
Have pierc'd ten thousand valiant Warriours thro'.
The Father's unresisted Sword,
Like raging Fires around devour'd:
By no Opposer e'er withstood,
The crimson Conq'ror reek'd in Hostile Blood.
Till now, you ever us'd to come
Laden with Spoils and Trophys home.
Your Chariots thro' the confluent, gazing Throng,
Us'd in slow State to roll along:
While crowds of Captive Princes chain'd,
Wiping their Brows with dust and sweat distain'd,
Did panting in the Pomp appear,
Part of the long Procession of the Rear.
Our Daughters, both in Mind and Habit gay,
With Songs and Dances on the way,
Met, and increast the Triumph of the Day.
Thus Vict'ry us'd to crown
The mighty Father, and the valiant Son.
Now vanquish'd, o'er the Hills they fly
From the pursuing Enemy.
Surprising change of Providence,
Those who resistless were, can now make no defence!

So courteous were the Royal Pair,
So condescending, mild and *Debonnair*,
That they became to all the Nation dear.

No

No more their kindneſs fail'd to move
The People's univerſal Love,
Than their fam'd Courage did their Neighbours fear.
They liv'd in ſtrongeſt bonds of Love combin'd,
And as they liv'd, ſo they together dy'd;
So cloſe was their Affection joyn'd,
That Death it ſelf could not the knot divide.
For tho' they fell oppreſt with Pagan Power,
Their Love ſtill triumph'd o'er the Conquerour.
And yet their Clemency did ne'er abate
Their Courage, and their Martial heat.
For they, as ſwift as hungry Eagles, flew,
Or to attack, or to purſue:
And when they were in fight engag'd,
LikeLyons when provok'd,they thro' the Battel rag'd.

O Daughters of *Jeruſalem* expreſs,
A Sorrow worthy of our vaſt diſtreſs.
Unite your Groans and mournful Crys,
Unite your Tears and Agonys.
Apply your ſelves to weeping day and night,
Raptures of Grief be your Delight.
Thro' every Street lamenting go,
Strains of unruly Anguiſh ſhow,
And howling Tempeſts raiſe of wild deſpairing Woe.
Too exquiſite Affliction can't be ſhown,
Since *Saul* is fal'n from his Imperial Throne.
Saul lys upon the Mountains dead,
Who with abundance *Iſrael* fed:

Who gave you Garments glorious to behold,
Scarlet adorn'd with Needle-work and Gold.
Who hung rich Bracelets on your Arms,
And with bright Gems increas'd your native Charms.
Whoſe Arms enrich'd your Towns with precious Spoil,
And fill'd with Foreign Wealth *Judea*'s happy Soil.

How did the mighty Prince, and all
His valiant Chiefs in Battel fall!
How are the Hills with Slaughter ſpred!
How are our Captive Sons in Triumph led!
Captives who drag th' inglorious Chain,
Captives leſs happy than the Slain!
Horror and Shame! hark, how the ſhouting Foe,
How proud *Philiſtia* mocks our Woe!
Thro' all their Streets what Acclamations ring?
Hear how their Daughters ſing,
See how they dance,
While their victorious Troops with *Iſrael*'s Spoils advance.

O *Iſrael*, where is now thy warlike Fame?
How will thy once much dreaded Name,
By Foes ſo often vanquiſh'd, be deſpis'd
By all the Nations of th' Uncircumcis'd?

Oh *Jonathan*, how dear wert thou to me?
How dear muſt be thy Memory?
No Time can from my Breaſt remove
Thy Image, or thy wondrous love:

A Love, like which we none recorded find,
A Love ſurpaſſing that of Womankind.
Their Love was ne'er ſo tender, pure and ſtrong,
And never laſted in exceſs ſo long.
What gen'rous Friendſhip haſt thou ſhown,
What dreadful Dangers undergone,
To raiſe thy Rival to thy Father's Throne?

Kindeſt of Brothers, my afflicted Soul,
Does thy unhappy Fall condole.
Thy ſuddain, thy diſaſt'rous Fate,
Does Agonies of Grief create.
As in a Storm, my rolling Bowels move
With ſtrong Convulſive Throws of ſad, diſtracted Love.
I would the higheſt marks expreſs
Of uncontroul'd, unmerciful diſtreſs:
For if my Grief does not outrageous grow,
'Tis unbecoming my unmeaſur'd Woe,
Nothing's enough that's leſs than all that Love can ſhow.

THE
Second PSALM
PARAPHRAS'D.

WHat means this mighty Uproar? whence ariſe
This great Commotion, theſe tumultuous Crys?
What has alarm'd the Nations? what offence
Does all the jealous States around incenſe?
What does the Heathen Fire with ſo much Rage?
What *Jacob*'s Sons in ſuch Deſigns engage
As they can ne'er effect, or if they do,
They'll miſs the end they furiouſly purſue?
Infatuated Men! you'll ſure repent
Your raſh Attempts, too late the ſad event
Will ſhow your Projects vain, your Malice impotent.
Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendſhip make,
And in their Anger deſp'rate Councels take
Againſt their great Creator and his Son,
And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.

Let us, ſay they, aſſert our Liberty,
And keep our Kingdoms from Oppreſſion free.
We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cauſe
Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws.

Th' Almighty ſets his Fav'rite up in vain,
We'll ne'er conſent to this Uſurper's Reign.
We his proud Yoke will never tamely bear,
But will his ſervile Chains aſunder tear.

But the great God who ſits enthron'd on high,
Above the Starry Convex of the Sky,
Inſultingly will mock their fooliſh Pride,
Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots deride.
In fiery Indignation, he ſhall paſs
A dreadful Sentence on this impious Race.
The marks of high Diſpleaſure he ſhall ſhow,
And pour Deſtruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus from his Throne ſublime th' Eternal ſpoke,
And with his awful Voice the Frame of Nature ſhook,
In ſpite of all the Princes that combine,
Or to retard, or fruſtrate my deſign;
On *Sion*'s Hill my Fav'rite I'll enthrone,
And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown.
Submiſſive States his Empire ſhall obey,
And at his Footſtool Kings their Scepters lay.
He ſhall Tyrannic Cruelty correct,
And tenderly his Subject's Rights protect.
He ſhall aſſert Divine Religion's Cauſe,
Heav'n's ſacred Int'reſts manage with Applauſe,
And rule the World with juſt and equal Laws.
To execute his high important Charge,
My Viceroy I inveſt with Pow'r at large:

Vaſt

Vaſt Pow'r I give him, but I give him none,
But what is mixt with Mercy like my own.
No other Pow'r, but what is underſtood
To be intended for his Subjects good.
His juſt and gentle Conduct ſhall confeſs,
He ſeeks his Glory in their Happineſs.

I to the World will publiſh thy Decree,
That raiſes me to Regal Dignity.
Thus ſaid the Lord, let it this Day be known,
That thou art my begotten only Son,
Thy high Deſcent let all the Nations own.
Thou art intitul'd by thy Royal Birth,
To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth:
Make thy demand, and by my Grant divine,
The Pagan States and Kingdoms ſhall be thine.
I'll ſubject all the ſpacious tracks of Land,
From Pole to Pole to thy ſupream command.
Thou ſhalt of all the Regions be poſſeſt,
From the Sun's riſing to the adverſe Weſt.
Only the limits which the World ſurround,
Thy Univerſal Monarchy ſhall bound.
Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou ſhalt reign
O'er proud Oppreſſors, and their Rage reſtrain.
Thou ſhalt in pieces daſh, like Potters Clay,
Thy ſtubborn Foes, who inſolently ſay,
We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands obey.

Ye fooliſh Kings and Potentates be wiſe,
And be inſtructed where your Safety lies.

The Son of God with Acclamations meet,
And proſtrate lye adoring at his feet.
Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoke,
Leſt your neglect his Fury ſhould provoke.
If you refuſe this Monarch to obey,
Be ſure you'll periſh in your wicked way.
For if his Wrath ſo dreadful does appear,
When ſcarcely kindled, what have you to fear
Who by your deſp'rate Provocations raiſe
The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?
No longer your Subjection then delay,
The ſafe and happy Men are only they
Who as their Refuge and ſecure Defence,
Repoſe in him their Truſt and Confidence.

THE

THE
CIVth PSALM
PARAPHRAS'D.

MY grateful Soul th' Almighty's Name adore;
Great is his Being, great his Works of Pow'r.
Immortal Honours, Majeſty, Renown,
And Dignity Divine his Temples crown.
His Robe of State is wrought with Light refin'd;
An endleſs Train of Luſtre flows behind.
His Throne's of maſſy, burniſh'd Glory made,
With Heav'nly Pearl, and Gems Divine inlaid:
Whence Floods of Joy, and Seas of Splendour flow,
On all th' Angelic gazing Throng below:
Who drink in Pleaſures by their raviſh'd Sight,
Delug'd in vaſt ineffable Delight.

He as a Tent the Heav'n's expanſion reers,
And as a Curtain ſtretches out the Sphears.
He makes the Miſts his Pillars to ſuſtain
His airy Rooms, and lays their Beams in Rain.
The Clouds th' Almighty's rolling Chariots bear
Their Lord thro' all the ſpacious Fields of Air.
He harnaſſes the manag'd Winds, and flys
On their ſwift Wings to viſit all the Skys.

The

The various Meteors of the Air above
Wait his Commands, and by his Order move.
Tempeſts and Windy Vapours, rais'd on high
To do his Will, like Menial Servants fly.
Lightnings, and all his wildeſt Works of Fire,
His Miniſters, to ſerve their Lord conſpire.
Theſe ſenſleſs Creatures ſuch Obedience ſhew
To their great Maſter, as his Angels do.

To him her Father, Nature owes her Birth,
He laid the deep Foundations of the Earth.
He hung the pondrous heap in fluid Air,
And made its weight its own Supporter there.
Then he the Waters o'er its Boſom roll'd;
And liquid Garments did the Earth enfold.
The Rocks and Hills conceal'd in Billows ſtood,
And o'er the Mountains tops the Deluge rais'd its Flood.
God's great Command chaſtis'd the Water's Pride,
He bad the Flood call down its tow'ring Tide,
And ſtrait the ebbing Deluge did ſubſide.
Th' Almighty form'd a vaſt capacious Deep,
Where he his Watry Regiments might keep:
The waves file off, and thither make their way,
To form the mighty Body of the Sea.
Where they encamp, and in their Stations ſtand,
Entrench'd in Works of Rock and Lines of Sand.

Yet ſome Deſerters ſtill the Sea forſake,
And from their Poſts by ſtealth Excurſions make.

The

The Sun to ſome lets down his helping Ray,
They climb the golden Line, and thus convey
Themſelves in Vapours high amidſt the Air,
And to the Hills aſpiring heads repair.
Others by ſecret Channels from the Deep
Paſs undiſcern'd, and up the Mountains creep:
Whence guſhing out in Springs they downward flow.
And thro' the flowry Vales back to the Ocean go.

While God in Priſon holds the mighty Deep,
And does in rocky Chains the raging Monſter keep,
That it may ne'er ſurmount the ambient Shore,
And with its Flood may drown the Earth no more,
He to refreſh, and cloath the Meads with Graſs,
Bids all his Rivers thro' the Vallys paſs.
Kindly their courſe th' indented Banks reſtrain,
Kindly the Hills retard their gliding train.
For thus the ling'ring Streams at leiſure flow,
And greater Riches on the Fields beſtow.
Beaſts tame and ſalvage to the River's brink,
Come from the Fields and Wilderneſs to drink.
Thither the feather'd Singers of the Air,
To quench their thirſt and prune their Wings, repair.
Then midſt the Willows that adorn the Flood,
Or on the Branches in ſome neighb'ring Wood,
The painted Heralds in melodious Lays,
Proclaim their gracious Benefactor's Praiſe.

He from his high Aerial Chambers, where
Th' Almighty Chymiſt does his Works prepare,

Digeſts

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He from his high Aerial Chambers, where
Th' Almighty Chymiſt does his Works prepare,

Digeſts

Digeſts his Lightnings, and diſtills his Rain,
Pours down his Waters on the thirſty Plain.
He ſends refreſhing Showers to cheer the Hills,
And with his Bounty all the Vally fills;
The Earth made fruitful with his Heav'nly drops,
With a rich Harveſt crowns the Farmer's Hopes.
He does the Fields his open Table ſpred,
Where all the Beaſts with graſſy Meat are fed.
He Plants, for Food and Phyſic does produce
Thro' all the Earth, for Man his Viceroys uſe.
He pours from Heav'n his Rain upon the Vine,
And thus converts the Water into Wine.
Which does revive Man's Heart, his Cares relieve,
And to his Face a better Luſtre give,
Than when with Oyl it does anointed ſhine,
With Oyl, another noble Gift Divine.
He fills the teeming Glebe with Crops of Corn,
Which cloath the Vallys, and the Hills adorn.
The Staff of Humane Life at his Command,
Springs from the Furrows of the fruitful Land.

He from the Clouds does the ſweet Liquor ſqueeze,
Which cheers the Foreſts and the Garden Trees,
With the rich Juice he feeds their thirſty root,
Which fills their Limbs with Sap, their Heads with Fruit.
To this the Cedars that adorn the Brow
Of *Lebanon*, their Height and Beauty owe.
The Firs too thrive by drops from Heav'n diſtill'd,
In which the Storks their Airy Houſes build.

The Mountains reer'd their Heads at his Command,
And Pillars to his Praiſe erected ſtand:
In theſe, and in the Rocks, the ſalvage Kind,
From the purſuer's Arms ſafe Refuge find.

He form'd the Moon the Seaſons to divide,
And gave it Empire o'er the Ocean's tide.
The Sun he burniſh'd, till its Orb became
A Spring of Light, and undecaying Flame.
Which knows the Stages of its heav'nly way,
And does by turns roll up, by turns diſplay
The wide and bright expanſion of the Day.
'Tis God who made the Day, that makes the Night,
He in the Air to ſuffocate the Light,
Does from his open'd Stores of Darkneſs let
A gloomy Deluge out of liquid Jet.
He wipes the Colours off from Nature's Face,
And lays on Night's deep Shadows in their place.
Now the wild Beaſts by Hunger bit awake,
And from their drowſy Eyes their Slumber ſhake.
From out their Dens the Spoilers yawning come,
The Foreſts Range, and o'er the Mountains roam.
Young rav'ning Lyons from the Woods retreat,
Roar out to Heav'n, and beg from God their Meat.
They on his Providential Care rely,
Who does his Creatures various Wants ſupply.
But when with his reviving Morning Ray
The riſing Sun regenerates the Day,
They to their Dens retire with Toil oppreſt,
Stretch out their weary Limbs, and take their reſt.

But Man goes forth to labour in the Morn,
When the tir'd Lyon does from his return.

God's Works of Pow'r our Wonder, and his Praiſe
Thro' all the World his Works of Goodneſs raiſe.
To form the Sea he drew his Compaſs round,
And with the mark it left deſcrib'd the ground:
Then dug th' unfathom'd Hollow, which the Main
And all the Floods and Rivers might contain.
So populous theſe watry Regions are,
That Nations numberleſs inhabit there.
Mute Nations that are here ſupply'd with Food,
Whoſe Finny Wings divide the cryſtal Flood.
Here 'tis the Ships along the yielding Tide,
Before the Wind upon their Bellys glide.
The Whale, the Soveraign that the Sea controlls,
Here takes his Pleaſure, and in Paſtime rolls.
He plays, and tumbles in his Watry Court,
And troubles all the Ocean with his Sport.
He makes his Spouts for his Diverſion play,
And toſs againſt the Clouds th' uplifted Sea.
Projected Billows from his Noſtrils riſe,
And mix the Ocean with th' aſtoniſh'd Skys.
This mighty Monſter who does Monarch reign,
And all the Nations that poſſeſs the Main;
All creeping Creatures, Herds and harmleſs Flocks,
All Beaſts that range the Woods, or hide in Rocks,
All Paſſengers that beat th' Etherial Road
With feather'd Wings, wait for their Meat from God.

At his expence they eat, by various ways
He for his numerous Family purveys.
His open'd Hand diſpences freſh ſupplys,
That more than all his Creatures Wants ſuffice.

To ſubſtitute Succeſſors in the place
Of thoſe that periſh, and to ſave the Race
And Kind of every living Creature, God
Does his prolific Spirit ſend abroad;
Which thro' the Earth does quick'ning Pow'r diffuſe,
And Heat, which freſh Productions there produce.
Since on the Earth th' Almighty does diſpence
Th' unnumber'd Bleſſings of his Providence,
And with his Favours has all Nature crown'd,
Let all the World with Songs of Joy reſound.
Let Men for ever bleſs his glorious Name,
Recite his Wonders, and his Praiſe proclaim.
If ſtupid Man this Tribute ſhould neglect,
His God th' ungrateful Wretch can ſoon correct.
If on the Earth he does in Anger look,
It trembles at the terrible Rebuke.
It from its ſtrong Foundations ſtarts for fear,
And twiſting Gripes its working Entrails tear.
The Mountains ſhiver, and their Heads incline
At the reproof of Majeſty Divine.
The Hills forget they're fixt, and in their fright
Of all their weight they ſtrip themſelves for flight.
The Rocks from off their Marble Pillars break,
And which they us'd to give, a Refuge ſeek.

The Woods with Terror wing'd outſtrip the Wind,
And leave the heavy, panting Hills behind.
All Nature troubled and in deep diſtreſs,
Of God's Diſpleaſure does her Fear expreſs.

But I, whatever others do, will ſing
The due Applauſes of th' Eternal King.
With pleaſure I'll contemplate, all my days
His wondrous Works, and wondrous Goodneſs praiſe.
And let obdurate Sinners, who refuſe
To give him Glory, and his Gifts abuſe,
Be from the Earth, as they deſerve, deſtroy'd,
While, thou my Soul, art in his Praiſe employ'd.

THE

THE CXIVth PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

WHen God a thouſand Miracles had wrought,
The fav'rite Tribes Deliv'rance to promote,
And marching on in Triumph at their head,
Their Hoſt to promis'd *Canaan* led;
Then, *Jacob*, was thy reſcu'd Race,
Diſtinguiſh'd by peculiar marks of Grace.
Their Happineſs and Honour to advance,
He choſe them for his own Inheritance.
With whom alone their gracious God
Would make his Reſidence, and bleſt abode.
They were from Heav'n inſtructed to adore
Their God, and with Celeſtial Light,
Canaan was bleſt, as *Goſhen* was before,
While all their Neighbours lay involv'd in Night.
God the Foundations of their Empire laid,
The Model of their Conſtitution made:
He on their Throne their King in Perſon ſate,
And rul'd with equal Laws the Sacred State.

For this bleſt purpoſe *Jacob*'s Seed
Was from *Egyptian* Bondage freed,

When

When God to do this wondrous work was pleas'd,
Great Conſternation Nature ſeiz'd.
The reſtif Floods refus'd to flow,
Panting with Fear the Winds could find no Breath to blow.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Sea did motionleſs become,
Horror its Waters did benumb.
The briny Waves that reer'd themſelves to ſee
Th' Almighty's Judgments, and his Majeſty,
With Terror cryſtaliz'd began to halt,
Then Pillars grew, and Rocks of Salt.

Jordan as ſoon as this great Deed it ſaw,
Struck with a reverential Aw
Started, and with Precipitation fled,
In haſt the thronging Waves ran backward to their Head.

Vaſt Hills were mov'd from out their place,
Terror the Mountains did conſtrain
To lift themſelves from off their Baſe,
And on their rocky Roots to dance about the Plain.
The little Hills aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
Flew to the Mother Mountains in a fright,
And did about them skip, as Lambs
Run to, and bleat around their trembling Dams.
What ail'd thee, O thou troubled Sea,
That thou with all thy watry Troops didſt flee?
What ail'd thee, *Jordan*? tell the cauſe
That made thy Flood break Nature's Laws:

Thy

Thy Courſe thou didſt not only ſtop,
And roll thy liquid Volumes up,
But didſt ev'n backward flow, to hide,
Within thy Fountain's Head thy refluent Tyde.

What did the lofty Mountains ail?
What Pangs of Fear did all the Hills aſſail
That they their Station could not keep,
But ſcar'd with danger run, like tim'rous ſcatter'd Sheep?

But why do I demand a Cauſe
Of your Amazement, which deſerves Applauſe?
Yours was a juſt becoming Fear,
For when th' Almighty does appear,
Not only you, but the whole Earth ſhould quake,
And out of Rev'rence ſhould its place forſake.
For he is Nature's Sov'raign Lord,
Who by his great commanding Word,
Can make the Floods to ſolid Cryſtal grow,
Or melt the Rocks, and make their Marble flow.

THE CXLVIII PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

YE bright, Immortal Colonys,
That People all the Regions of the Skys,
That in your bliſsful Seats above
Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love:
Ye mighty Gen'rals, who command
Th' Almighty's Hoſt, ye Miniſters that ſtand
In his bleſt Preſence to receive
What Orders he is pleas'd to give:
Ye Guards and Houſhold Servants who reſort
To pay attendance at his Court:
Ye Saints and Seraphs who aſtoniſh'd ſee
His Greatneſs, and eſſential Majeſty:
Tune your Celeſtial Harps, and ſing
The Triumphs of th' Eternal King.
All ye his Heav'nly Hoſts applaud
In long continu'd Shouts your wonder-working God.

Ye Sun and Moon and Stars, that grace the Night,
Praiſe him the unexhauſted Spring of Light,
Whence your dependent Influence ſtreams,
Whence you derive your delegated Beams.

Exalt his Name, and ſpread his Praiſe
As far as you diffuſe your Rays.
Let all the glorious Worlds above agree
In this Celeſtial Harmony:
And let the dancing, ecchoing Sphears around
Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the ſound.

Ye thin tranſparent Regions of the Air,
And all ye flying Nations there
With one melodious Voice th' Eternals Praiſe declare.

Let Tempeſts with their ſtormy Noiſe,
And Thunder with its roaring Voice,
God's own Artillery, proclaim
Thro' all the liſt'ning World th' Eternal's Fame.
From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds ariſe,
On whoſe ſwift Wings th' Almighty flys,
When he his Progreſs makes into th' inferiour Skys.
Blow all your Blaſts, and all your Breath employ
In loud Applauſes, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command ariſe,
To fill Heav'n's Magazines with freſh Supplys,
And for the Meteors new Materials bring,
As you aſcend to Heav'n, th' Eternal's Praiſes ſing.
Ye Clouds that by purſuing Winds are driv'n,
Pour with your Rain your Praiſes forth,
Let theſe aſcend, as high as Heav'n,
As that deſcends to bleſs the Earth.

Praiſe the Divine Artificer,
Ye Lightnings, which his Hands prepare,
And all ye curious Fireworks of the Air.
Praiſe him ye other Meteors of the Sky,
Ye Hailſtones, Miſts and Woolly Snow,
The Manufactures which he works on high,
For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'raign Lord,
Be by the Deep, and all the Floods ador'd.
In Conſort let the Billows roar,
And make his Praiſe rebound from Shore to Shore.
Let the ſcaly People dance
Before 'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales advance:
And high amidſt the Air on this great Day
Let all the Waterworks from their vaſt Noſtrils play.

And while the Deep, the Air and Sky,
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raiſe,
Let not the Earth ſtand ſilent by,
But joyn to celebrate his Praiſe.
Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye ſalvage Kind
On ecchoing Hills in Conſort joyn'd,
To him your Adoration pay,
Whoſe Bounty in the Deſart finds you Prey.
Do you your Gratitude expreſs,
And make his Praiſes ring thro' all the Wilderneſs.
Ye Pines and Cedars tune your ſelves to play
Th' Almighty's Praiſes on this ſolemn Day.

And ſing ye Mountains, Hills, and Floods,
To th' Inſtrumental Muſic of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r,
You 're here but Subjects, and ſhould Homage pay.
Let Songs of Praiſe the Gratitude atteſt
Of Aged Men, long by his Favours bleſt.
Let rapt'rous Zeal Young Men and Maids inflame,
To celebrate their Maker's Fame,
Let liſping Infants at his Praiſes aim.
Let all th' Eternal's Works conſpire
To execute this bleſt deſign,
To praiſe him let them all combine,
And make the World one Univerſal Quire.

THE

THE Song of MOSES PARAPHRAS'D.

DEUT. Chap. 32.

ATtend, O Heav'ns, and you Empyreal Sphears
Did you poſſeſs as many liſt'ning Ears,
As Starry Eyes, all, as you roll along,
Should be employ'd to hear my following Song.
To my important words a while attend,
And back my Notes in tuneful Ecchoes ſend.
Peace, ye tumultuous Waters of the Deep,
A while ye yelling Monſters ſilence keep,
And let the Billows roll, and rock themſelves aſleep.
Be ſtill, ye Earthquakes, in the Caves beneath,
Ye Winds be huſht, and ſtop your ſtormy Breath.
Thunders, your bellowing, deaf'ning Noiſe forbear,
Tempeſts be gone, and leave in Peace the Air;
That ſo the quiet Earth, and Air, and Sea,
Without diſturbance may attention pay,
Whilſt I th' Almighty's wondrous Deeds diſplay.

And let not my Divine Diſcourſe be vain,
Let it diſtill as Dew, and drop as Rain,

That

That in their graſſy Garments cloaths the Hills,
And with rich Fruits the ſmiling Vally fills.
Whilſt I to all the World aloud proclaim
His Majeſty, his great and awful Name,
Whilſt I his Triumphs ſing, ye Tribes, do you
To God aſcribe the Pow'r and Glory due.

God is a Rock unchang'd by Ages paſt,
And by the future ſhall unſhaken laſt.
Perfect are all his Works, and all his Ways;
From Truth's Eternal Rule he never ſtrays.
Upright and Equal all his Acts appear,
He's juſt, when kind, and gracious, when ſevere.
Therefore, ye Sons of *Jacob*, be it known
On your own heads you've pull'd Deſtruction down.
Your black Offences have incens'd your God,
And forc'd his hand to take his vengeful Rod.
Say not that yours, the Faults of Children are,
Which a kind Father is induc'd to ſpare:
Your Crimſon Spots, your foul and loathſome ſtains
Tell the rank Poiſon that infects your Veins.
Your unexampled Contumacy ſhows
You are not Children, but inveterate Foes.
Th' Almighty's Goodneſs do you thus deſpiſe,
Ah fooliſh Generation and unwiſe!
Your Great Deliverer do you thus requite?
His Pow'r and Mercy thus perverſly ſlight?
You by a vaſt expence of Wonders bought,
He from your Bondage back from *Egypt* brought.

He then advanc'd you to Imperial Sway,
And made the Pagan Kings your Laws obey.
From all Mankind he choſe you for his own,
And did your Sons with Pow'r and Plenty crown.
Conſult our antient Fathers, to the ſource
Of our recorded Story have recourſe:
You'll find when God did with a lib'ral hand
Among the Nations give the parted Land,
He *Canaan's* happy Region did divide,
Where *Jacob's* Offspring ſhould at laſt reſide.
He from the Pagan did his People bound,
And for himſelf fenc'd this Incloſure round,
And bleſt with his Abode the ſacred Ground.
To Wealth and Pow'r he *Iſrael* did advance,
And with his Gifts enrich'd his own Inheritance.

To ſeek out *Jacob* he the Deſart paſt,
And found him in a loneſome yelling Waſt,
With pain and want, and ſervile Chains oppreſt,
A Prey to every fierce *Egyptian* Beaſt.
God with Compaſſion mov'd to ſuch diſtreſs,
Led the loſt Stranger thro' the Wilderneſs.
He ſhielded him with his reſiſtleſs Might,
And to direct him to proceed aright,
He on his Mind diffus'd his Heav'nly Light.
He did his Wants and Pleaſures too ſupply,
And kept him as the Apple of his Eye.
See as an Eagle o'er her young ones flys,
Spreads out her Wings, and flutters in the Skys.

How

How from their Neſt ſhe does her Offspring bear,
Their Courage to provoke, and make 'em dare
To try their Wings, and truſt themſelves in Air:
So did th' Almighty *Jacob*'s Sons excite,
From *Egypt's* Priſons to attempt their flight:
Which he aſſiſted with a Father's Care,
And did their way thro' parting Waves prepare.
He thro' the pathleſs Deſart was their guide,
And when the Tribes for *Egypt's* Onions cry'd,
He in the Wilderneſs his Table ſpread,
And in his Airy Ovens bak'd the Bread,
With which th' ungrateful Murmurers were fed.

Then marching onward with a mighty hand,
He led them to poſſeſs a fertile Land.
There they the vanquiſh'd Heathen Lords purſu'd,
Reduc'd their Towns, and their ſtrong Forts ſubdu'd,
That they the fruitful Region might enjoy,
And with delights their raviſh'd Senſes cloy.
A Soil which Nature's choiceſt Favours crown,
With Floods of Milk and Hony overflown:
Hony, that runs in yellow, fragrant Seas,
From out the holes of Rocks and hollow Trees.
Bath'd in their Oyl their chearful Faces ſhone,
And with the Grape's rich blood they warm'd their own.
And yet the Tribes by gracious Heav'n careſt,
Rever'd abroad, at home with Plenty bleſt,
Grew fat and vicious, like a pamper'd Beaſt.
They all the Bounds of grateful Duty broke,
Spurn'd at their Lord, and kick'd againſt his Yoke.

Strange

Strange Gods inveigled their perfidious Heart
The Worſhip of th' Almighty to deſert;
Tho' he had unexampled Kindneſs ſhown,
And had eſpous'd their Int'reſts, as his own.
Then in his Breaſt fierce Jealouſy began,
The Rage of God, as well as 'tis of Man.

They impious Adoration proſtrate pay,
And Sacrifices in their Temples ſlay
To foul Infernal Fiends, that there abide,
And in the Mock-Divinitys reſide.
The Fools, the Gods they ſerve, themſelves create,
All upſtart Deitys of modern Date.
Gods the productions of fantaſtic Fear,
Not Gods above, but manufactur'd here.

But their Celeſtial Father they forgot,
Who their unthankful Tribes from *Egypt* brought.
Who as a Rock did them in danger hide,
Remove their Fears, and for their Wants provide.
Who gave them Riches with a bounteous Hand,
Rais'd them to Honour, and to wide Command.
Such their Perverſneſs and Offences were,
That God his People, once his tender Care,
In his fierce Indignation did diſclaim,
And threw his Children off, his Children but in Name.
Henceforth, he ſaid, I will conceal my Face,
And hide my ſelf from this unfaithful Race.
Then they, and all the Nations round ſhall ſee
The ſad Event of their Apoſtacy.

From my Protection and my Favour caſt,
Which they have long abus'd, they ſhall at laſt,
The dreadful fruits of their Rebellions taſt.

Since the perverſe and ſtubborn Tribes agree,
To fire my Soul with Rage and Jealouſy,
Imaginary Gods while they adore,
And to their Fictions give Almighty Pow'r;
In like deſigns againſt them I'll engage,
And will their Sons with Jealouſy enrage.
The Time will come when I'll no more confine
My Favours and Regard to *Jacob*'s Line,
To grieve their Sons, my Bleſſing I'll diſpence
Among a ſalvage People void of Senſe.
I'll, like my Sun, ſpread my inlightning Grace
On every Nation ſprung from *Adam*'s Race.

On thee, O *Jacob*, I thy angry God,
Vaſt heaps of heavy Miſchief will unload.
For kindled by my Wrath a Fire ſhall burn
The Forreſts down, and Hills to Cinders turn.
It thro' the Bowels of the Earth ſhall ſpread,
And ſcorch the cold Apartments of the Dead.
All Nature's Frame ſhall my fierce Anger feel,
And ſurfeited with Wrath, the drunken Earth ſhall reel.
I all my Stores and Arſenals will drain,
To pour Deſtruction down, and deadly Pain.
I'll from my Quiver all my Arrows ſend,
And *Iſrael* to deſtroy will all my Vengeance ſpend.

Some

Some ſhall by ling'ring Famine waſted ly;
And ſhall not, till 'tis late, have leave to dy.
Their Air ſhall be infected, and the Breath
That fed their Life, ſhall now give certain Death.
Fevers in livid, poiſonous Steams convey'd,
And burning Plagues their Dwellings ſhall invade,
If any ſhou'd theſe foremoſt Plagues outlive,
I'll to the Forreſt Beaſts Commiſſions give,
And to the Serpents that in Caves abide,
Or in the Duſt their ſpeckled Terrors hide,
Th' Apoſtate Sons of *Jacob* to devour,
That ſlight my Favours, and defy my Pow'r.
If theſe Domeſtic Miſchiefs can't deſtroy
This ſtubborn Nation, I'll the Sword employ.
I'll bring in ſure Deſtruction from afar,
And all the Terrors of reſiſtleſs War.
Their Innocence in vain the Virgins plead,
Young Men their Youth, the Old their Hoary Head.
Pierc'd with the Sword the ſucking Infant crys,
And in th' expiring Mother's Boſom dys.
I from the Earth would theſe Apoſtates drive,
And leave no Soul of *Jacob*'s Line alive;
Did not I fear the Heathen would blaſpheme,
Reproach my Conduct, and my Wrath condemn.
That they would vaunt, and ſay their mighty hand
Iſrael ſubdu'd, and chas'd him from his Land.

For *Jacob*'s void of Senſe, and does reject
Th' Advice by which he ſhould his ways direct.

O that theſe unconſidering Tribes were wiſe!
O that they knew wherein their Int'reſt lyes!
That they to wholeſome Counſels would attend,
Think on their Ways, and on their later End!
That they would thus reflect, God's vengeful Blow
Is ſure and fatal, be it ne'er ſo ſlow.
The Debt of Vengeance does by his delay
Augment the Sum, which he at laſt will pay.

How ſhould a Man a Thouſand chaſe, and two
Ten Thouſand flying Enemys purſue,
Had not their God in Wrath withdrawn his Aid
And their high Fences flat and open laid;
Had he not ſhut them up in Holes and Caves,
Or ſold 'em to th' inſulting Foe for Slaves?
For, let our Foes be Judges, they'll declare
That to our God, their own inferiour are.
This by th' Suff'rings which they undergo,
Their conquer'd Towns and routed Armys know.
Had he been pleas'd among us to abide,
Conqueſt had ſtill attended *Iſrael*'s ſide.
'Tis from our ſelves alone our Suff'rings ſpring,
For Sin at laſt will ſure Deſtruction bring.

I planted *Jacob* as a noble Vine,
Expecting thence a rich and gen'rous Wine,
But 'tis degenerate, and a ſourer Juice
The Vines in *Sodom*'s Fields did ne'er produce.
No baſer Stock did in *Gomorrah* grow;
Wormwood and Gall from its preſt Cluſters flow.

No

No ranker Poiſon wild *Arabia* yields
Than this, that grows in *Paleſtina*'s Fields.
Their Wine outdoes the Venom Aſps afford,
Or that, with which the Serpent's Teeth are ſtor'd.
But tho' I ſuffer long they groſly err,
That thence ſhall their Impunity infer.
Their Wickedneſs exactly I record,
Their Crimes are ſafely with my Treaſure ſtor'd,
Next to the Caves where I my Vengeance hoard.
To me belongs to puniſh and reward,
The Debt is ne'er forgotten, tho' deferr'd.
Vengeance digeſts, and ſtrengthens as it lies,
And will at laſt to full Perfection riſe.
Sin and Deſtruction ſtill together go,
Vengeance is ripe, whenever Sin is ſo.
The black and diſmal Day approaches near,
When Juſtice in its Terrors will appear.
A Day of greater Sorrow and Diſtreſs
Than Fear can apprehend, or Words expreſs.
Then ſuffring *Iſrael* will in Anguiſh ſay,
I did not pardon, tho' I did delay.

Yet God at laſt will from his Wrath depart,
Plead for his People, and their Cauſe aſſert.
His tender Nature will at laſt relent,
And if his People do, he'll ſoon repent.
Commiſeration will poſſeſs his Breaſt,
When he ſhall ſee his *Iſrael* ſore oppreſt.
When he ſhall find the Plagues that he employ'd,
Has almoſt *Jacob*'s guilty Race deſtroy'd.

He'll

He'll thus the ſtupid Criminals upbraid,
Where are the Gods to whom you bow'd and pray'd?
Now for Protection to your Idols flee,
The Gods you choſe, when you rejected me.
You did your Adoration to them pay;
Your Sacrifices at their Altars ſlay,
And rich Oblations there profuſely lay.
To theſe Abominations, *Iſrael*, cry,
In thy diſtreſs their Power and Goodneſs try.
With loud repeated Pray'rs thy Gods invoke,
To bring thee Aid and break thy heavy Yoke.
Now by your ſad experience learn and ſee,
That I the Lord, ev'n I alone am he,
That can ſubdue your Foes and ſet your Captives free.
I at my Pleaſure Kill and make alive,
I wound and heal, I health and ſickneſs give.
Where is the Arm that can my Pow'r withſtand,
And tear a Pris'ner from my griping Hand?
I lift my hand, moſt ſolemnly I ſwear,
And, as I live for ever, I declare
That when I once begin to take the Field,
To whet my glitt'ring Sword, and raiſe my Shield,
When I my deadly Inſtruments prepare,
And arm my ſelf to undertake the War;
My Fury ſhall my Enemys devour,
And on their Land I'll Storms of Vengeance pour.
I'll give my hungry Sword their Fleſh for Food,
And make my thirſty Arrows drunk with Blood.

Their

Their Voices let the Gentile World employ,
And joyn with *Jacob*'s Sons in Songs of Joy:
For on their Foes God will avenge the blood
Of thoſe who ſtedfaſt in his Service ſtood.
To *Iſrael* he his Mercy will extend,
And Heav'nly Light and Truth amidſt their Dwellings ſend.

THE

A
PARAPHRASE
On part of the
xivth Cha. of Iſaiah.

Beginning at the 4*th*, and ending at the 24*th* Verſe.

THE Nations round amaz'd and overjoy'd,
Shall crowd to ſee proud *Babylon* deſtroy'd.
They'll ſpred their Hands to Heav'n, and ſay,
O bleſt, O long expected Day!
How from his Throne is the great Tyrant caſt,
The Ravager that all our Towns defac't,
Ruin'd Mankind, and laid all Nature waſt!
How is th' Imperial, Purple Plague that reign'd,
And rag'd ſo long at laſt reſtrain'd?
Where are the Guards who us'd to wait
Before th' Oppreſſor's Palace Gate?
Where are the awful Enſigns of his State?
Where is the fawning flatt'ring Throng,
That to his Court did once belong?
Who did the Monſter as a God adore,
And bleſs the rav'ning Jaws that did Mankind devour.

The haughty City which the World controul'd,
Magnificent with Cedar, and with Gold,

Which tow'ring ſtood amidſt the Skys,
See where her Head in heaps of Rubbiſh lys.
Is this the City will Spectators ſay,
That all the World her Empire did ſurvey?
That made the Nations tremble with her Frowns,
And gave to Kings their Tributary Crowns?
How great a Change! good Heav'ns, how ſoon
Is all her Pride and Glory gone!
God by a great illuſtrious Stroke
Of Juſtice, has her Monarch's Scepter broke,
And freed the groaning Nations from his Yoke.
He has deſtroy'd the Tow'rs of *Babylon*,
And rent the Pillars that upheld her Throne.
He has her cruel Pow'r withſtood,
And on her Head aveng'd the Nation's Blood.
She that the Faces of the Poor did grind,
That ne'er to Mercy was inclin'd,
Shall no Compaſſion from the Conq'rour find.
The People by her Yoke oppreſt,
By Heav'n deliver'd from their Bondage reſt.
Kingdoms enſlav'd their Liberty regain,
And Captives from their Feet ſhake off the ſervile Chain.
Loud Triumphs, univerſal Joy,
And Songs of Praiſe ſhall all the Earth employ.

The Pines and Fir-trees on the Hills rejoyce,
And with a grateful Voice
The Cedars that in ſtately Order grow
On *Lebanon's* high Airy Brow,

Cry,

Cry, we of this Deliv'rance too partake,
Let us as well as Men our thankful Offring make.
We Liberty, as well as they, enjoy;
No more ſhall *Babylon* employ,
Her Ravagers our quiet to annoy.
Our Spoils ſhall yield no more ſupply
To the proud City's Luxury.
No more the Feller ſhall our Foreſt wound,
No more the Axe ſhall thro' the Hills reſound,
Nor ſhall our mangl'd Limbs o'erſpred th' encumber'd ground

The Grave ſhall for th' *Aſſyrian* Monarch's ſake
Diſturb the Peaceful Dead, and make
Her drouſy Lodgers riſe,
Shake from their Feet their Chains, and Slumber from their [Eyes.
Princes and Kings who underground
Only with Worms and Duſt are crown'd,
She from their Beds of Darkneſs ſhall releaſe,
The only Thrones they now poſſeſs:
To meet *Aſſyria's* Tyrant on his way,
The Grave this Royal Embaſſy ſhall ſend;
And, as inſtructed, they ſhall ſay,
O King, does thus thy Pomp and Empire end?
Feeble as we art thou become?
Muſt we conduct thee to a narrow Tomb,
For whom the World before had ſcarce ſufficient room?
Art thou whoſe Scepter had ſo vaſt a ſway,
Whoſe Will ev'n Kings themſelves did once obey,
Stript of thy Pow'r and Majeſty,
Art thou as Naked, Poor and Weak as we?

Could not thy Conq'ring Armys ſave
Their mighty Monarch from the Grave?
Muſt thou too in a dark and duſty Bed
Lay thy Imperial awful Head,
And be with Worms inſtead of Scarlet ſpread?
And muſt the Ear
That us'd to hear
The Viol's, or the Harp's melodious Noiſe,
Or the Flatterer's ſofter Voice,
Be now with us the Dead entomb'd,
To everlaſting Silence doom'd?

How art thou fal'n from Heav'n, O *Lucifer*,
Son of the Morn,
How does thy Glory diſappear,
Which once thy Temples did adorn?
Grown mad with Pride, by Flatt'ry fed,
Thou in thy Heart has oft blaſpheming ſaid,
I into Heav'n, will, as a God, ariſe,
And ſhine above the Stars amidſt the Skys.
Worſhip Divine will me befit,
I baſe Mortality diſown,
And therefore will on *Zion* fix my Throne,
And there to be ador'd in Majeſty will ſit.
Above the Clouds of Heav'n will I aſcend,
And my Dominion o'er the World extend.
My Greatneſs Men ſhall like to God's adore,
And uncontroul'd, like his, ſhall be my Sov'raign Pow'r.

Yet,

Yet, Tyrant, thou ſhalt ſink as low as Hell,
And of thy State diveſted dwell
In the gloomy Shades beneath,
In the duſty Courts of Death.
Where thy Arrival will the Dead amaze,
On thee the pale Inhabitants will gaze,
And cry, is this the late pretended God
That govern'd Millions with his Nod,
And on the Necks of Captive Princes trod?
Is this th' Immortal Man that never cloy'd
With Blood and Rapine all the Earth deſtroy'd?
That Princes of their Thrones did diſpoſſeſs
Did waſted Nations with his Yoke oppreſs,
And made the empty World a howling Wilderneſs?
Who Tow'rs demoliſh'd, goodly Buildings burn'd
And Cities into Rubbiſh turn'd;
Who never gave his People reſt,
Nor once his Pris'ners from their Chains releaſt.

When other Sov'raign Princes die,
They lie in pompous Sepulchres, prepar'd
To Lodge their Royal Family,
And as they liv'd they are in State inter'd.
But none thy Body in the Tomb ſhall lay,
They'll caſt it as a rotten Branch away.
No Funeral Honours ſhall thy Herſe adorn,
But as the bloody Raiment of the Slain
Whom the next Pit or Quarries entertain,

Thy

Thy more polluted Carcaſs ſhall with ſcorn
Be trodden under foot, and into pieces torn.

Thou ſhalt not from thy Palace be convey'd
As other Monarchs uſe to be,
Nor in a ſtately Tomb be laid
With coſtly Rites and ſad Solemnity.
Becauſe thy Salvage Hand
Has ſlain thy People and deſtroy'd thy Land.
God ſhall all Marks and Monuments efface
Of this ungodly, cruel Race.
His Hand that rais'd them up ſhall pull 'em down,
And ſtrip them of their Glory and Renown.
Reſiſtleſs Ruin he will on 'em ſend,
Their Houſe and Empire ſhall together end.

Let it ye *Medes* and *Perſians* be you Care
Deſtruction for their Children to prepare.
No tenderneſs to Age or Sex expreſs,
But on the Sons avenge the Father's Wickedneſs.
That this curſt Houſe may never more
Regain their Splendor and their former Pow'r.

Thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, *O Babilon*,
Thou 'rt fully ripe for Ruin grown:
In Storms of Vengeance I'll againſt thee riſe
Which ſhall thy careleſs Sons ſurpriſe.
Thy lofty Tow'rs I'll level lay,
And ſweep thy vile Inhabitants away.

Thee like to *Sodom* I will make,
And turn thee to a mighty Lake.
The loneſome Bittern ſhall poſſeſs
This Fenny Seat, this Reedy Wilderneſs.
The Waves ſhall thro' thy Cedar Chambers rowl,
And on thy Shore ſhall Water-Monſters howl.
The Palaces where cruel Kings did reign,
In time to come ſhall entertain
The mute Oppreſſors of the Main.
So *Babylon* ſhall always be
The Seat of Blood and Tyranny.
A ſcaly Garriſon ſhall dwell
In every Fort and Cittadel.
The ſwift Aſſaſſins of the Flood ſhall ſport
Within thy Monarch's weedy Court;
Thither ſhall Fiſh of every Kind reſort.
There thy Luxurious Sons they ſhall devour,
And feed on thoſe, who fed on them before.

THE
xxxivth Cha. of Iſaiah.
PARAPHRAS'D.

YE various Nations who diſperſe
Your Dwellings thro' the ſpacious Univerſe,
Inhabitants of every diſtant Soil,
Of every Continent and every Iſle,
At Heav'n's dread Summons all appear;
Let all the World collected throng to hear
Things that will melt their trembling Hearts with fear.

Againſt the Nations God's fierce Anger burns,
Againſt them he his pointed Vengeance turns.
He brings his oldeſt Stores of Fury forth,
Hidden Reſerves of Rage, and high fermented Wrath.
He will the ſwifteſt Kinds of Death employ
The Heathen Nations to deſtroy;
Who mixing Arms advance from far
Againſt our Land Confed'rate War.
Their Bodies ſhall unburied lie, a Feaſt
To every rav'ning Forreſt Beaſt.
Vultures and all the Rovers of the Air,
To the red Fields of Slaughter ſhall repair;
Where they great Chiefs and Potentates ſhall eat,
And royal Banquets ſhall their Hunger treat.

From heaps of putrifying Dead,
Amidſt the Skies
A noiſome Scent ſhall riſe,
And thro' the tainted Air Malignant Vapours ſpread.

Down from the Hills on which their Armys ſtood
Torrents ſhall run of reeking Blood,
And rocky Fragments roll along th' impetous Flood.
The Plains ſhall lie, and all the Vales around
Beneath the Purple Inundation drown'd.

Nature ſhall groan, and during this attack
Her univerſal Frame ſhall with Convulſions ſhake.
The Sun and Moon amaz'd to ſee
Nature's convulſive Agony
Shall ſpring, and ſtart from out their Sphears;
And all the glitt'ring Hoſt of Stars
Seiz'd with no leſs affright,
Shall fly away from Mortals ſight,
And in the Boſom hide of antient Night.
The vaſt Expanſion drawn around the World,
Shall like a uſeleſs Sail be furl'd.
All the blew Volumes of the Sky ſhall roll
Themſelves together, as a Parchment Scrole.
Celeſtial Orbs that round us ſhine
Falling from Heav'n the World ſhall ſee
As Leaves in *Autumn* from the Vine,
Or Figgs when ripe, fall from the ſhaken Tree.

Th' Almighty's Sword, ſo 'tis in Heav'n decreed,
Shall bath it ſelf in Blood, and on Deſtruction feed.
The radiant Spoiler down the Sky
Shall like projected Lightning fly.
On *Edom*'s Fields he'll make his ſwift deſcent
To execute his dire Intent.
The reeking Ravager will march in haſt
To ſlay the Men, and lay the Country waſt.
Where e'er his Courſe the Conq'rour bends,
Ruin in all its frightful Forms attends.
Death and Deſtruction keep an equal pace,
And Deſolation ſhews her ghaſtly, waſtful Face.

The glitt'ring Glutton ſhall be gorg'd with Food
Made fat with Spoil and drunk with Blood.
Not with the Blood of Goats and Lambs,
Nor fatted with the Fleſh of Rams,
But with the Blood of *Iſrael's* Foes,
And with their Fleſh who *Iſrael's* God oppoſe.
Princes and Lords with theſe combin'd
Againſt us, in Deſtruction too are joyn'd.
Princes and Lords who arm'd with Pow'r
The People, as their Prey devour:
Who lawleſs ſway like Unicorns poſſeſs,
Or the wild Bulls that range the Wilderneſs.
God has a mighty Sacrifice in hand
In *Bozrah*, and at his command
Vaſt ſlaughter will be made in *Edom*'s Land.

A Slaughter and a Sacrifice
Where harmleſs Beaſts are ſav'd, and Man th' Offender dies.

So great a Slaughter ſhall be made,
That all the Land ſhall under Blood be laid.
The Carcaſſes of *Idumeans* ſlain
Shall cover every Hill and Plain.
For this is that tremendous Day
Which God appoints, wherein to pay
The mighty Sums of Fury in arrear,
And his vaſt Debt of Vengeance clear;
His long contracted Debt of Vengeance due
To Nations, that his People's fall purſue.

Their Floods to lazy Streams of Pitch ſhall turn,
And kindled Brimſtone ſhall their Cities burn.
The Clouds ſhall ſpouts of Flame on *Edom* pour,
Such as *Gomorrah* did devour;
Whence everlaſting Smoke ſhall riſe,
As from a burning Mount amidſt the Skies.
No People more ſhall e'er poſſeſs
This ruin'd Land, this burning Wilderneſs.
No Trav'ller ever more ſhall paſs
Thro' this accurs'd, inhoſpitable Place.
Ne'er ſhall be ſeen the footſteps of a Man,
But the hoarce Bittern, and the Pelican,
The Owl and Raven ſhall inhabit there
With all th' illboding Monſters of the Air.
God to accompliſh his deſign,
O'er *Edom* ſhall extend his meaſuring Line:

Shall

Shall draw his Compaſs round about,
And for Deſtruction mark the People out.

No Idumean Prince or Lord
Shall ſcape the Conq'ring Sword.
Thiſtles and thorny Trees
Shall flouriſh in their Princes Palaces.
Nettles ſhall ſpring around their Monarch's Throne;
Their Forts with Brambles ſhall be overgrown,
And moſſy Turf ſhall cover every Stone.
Their gilded Roofs ſhall lodge the Bat and Owl,
And in their lofty Rooms of State
Where cringing Sycophants did wait,
Dragons ſhall hiſs, and hungry Wolves ſhall howl.
In Courts before by mighty Lords poſſeſt,
The Serpent ſhall erect his ſpeckled Creſt,
Or fold his circling Spires to reſt.

The long-neck'd Gyant of the feather'd Kind
The Oſtrich, there a ſandy Neſt ſhall find.
Leopards and all the rav'ning Brotherhoods
That range the Plains, or lurk in Woods,
Each other ſhall invite to come
And make this wilder Place their home.
Fierce Beaſts of every frightful ſhape and ſize,
Shall ſetle here their bloody Colonys.
Satyrs ſhall to their Fellows cry, advance,
Let us to *Edom*'s Land make haſt,
'Tis a ſilent, loneſome Waſt,
There let us dwell, there let us ſport and dance.

The

The Screech-Owl thither ſhall direct her flight,
With all the Hooping Horrors of the Night:
There they ſhall build their Neſts and breed;
Their Eggs they'll unmoleſted lay,
There o'er their Young their Wings diſplay
And there the gaping Callow Monſters feed.
The Vultures there and all the Eagle Kind
Shall rendezvous o'erjoy'd to find
A perfect deſolation to their Mind.

THE

THE
xlth Chap. of Iſaiah.
PARAPHRAS'D.

YE Prophets who divine Credentials bear
Diſtinguiſh'd by your Sacred Character,
Envoys and Agents, who by my Command
Reſide in *Paleſtina*'s Land;
To whom Commiſſion I have giv'n
To manage there the Intereſts of Heav'n;
Ye holy Heralds who proclaim
Or War or Peace in mine your Maſter's Name,
Let my deſponding People know,
That I their God will mitigate their Woe,
Tell them Compaſſion melts my Heart
That I of puniſhing Repent,
And that their bleeding Wounds and Smart
Which my own hand inflicted, I Lament.
Comfort *Jeruſalem*, and cry
The time of her Deliverance is nigh.
Say her Offences I'll forget,
Nor more my ſcourging Strokes repeat.
Her Suffrings and her Servitude ſhall ceaſe,
And from Oppreſſion I'll her Sons releaſe.
Th' Allarms of War ſhe ſhall no longer hear,
No more *Aſſyrian* Armys fear.

She

She ſhall enjoy uninterrupted Eaſe,
Gather'd beneath the downy Wings of Peace.
The Suff'rings ſhe has undergone
Abundantly my Wrath for all her Sins atone.

Hark! What a loud Majeſtic ſound
What awful Accents from the Hills rebound!
Liſten with Rev'rence, Hark! the noiſe
Grows more diſtinct; 'tis the commanding Voice
Of one that in the Deſart crys,
Let all the Nations round ariſe:
Ye Pioneers of Heav'n prepare a Road
Thro' the pathleſs Wilderneſs,
Make it plain and ſtrait and broad,
And let your Shouts your Joy expreſs.
Th' obſtructing Groves and Forreſts level lay,
And for th' Almighty make a way;
For he in Perſon will his People head
And out from *Babylon* his reſcu'd Captives lead.
He will from Heav'n deſcend to free
The Nations from Infernal Slavery.
He'll bring them out by Miracles of Might
From Pagan Darkneſs to Celeſtial Light.

Sink every Mountain, every Hill,
And with their Ruins every vally fill.
Smooth every rugged, rocky place,
And every narrow Defile enlarge,
For God this way in Triumph means to paſs,
As he from *Babylon* conducts his Charge.

Make

Make an open, eaſy way,
Where God his Glory may diſplay;
For the Divine Deliverer
Will on his March in Majeſty appear.
His high Perfections he'll reveal, and ſhew
Th' aſtoniſh'd World what Wonders he can do.
That he'll effect this mighty Work, the Lord
Has giv'n his never-failing Word.

Th' Almighty bid his Prophet ſay,
All Men are ſubject to decay,
And wither, like the Graſs, away.
To every Storm or Blaſt they yield,
And fade, like Flowers, that paint the Field;
But the Almighty's Word ſhall ſtand ſecure,
And like himſelf for ever ſhall endure.

O Zion! whoſe impending, airy Brow
Surveys the Hills, as well as Vales below.
The joyful Tydings thou haſt got, impart
To raiſe my People's drooping Heart.
Lift up thy Voice and let the Ecchoing ſound
From Wood to Wood, from Hill to Hill rebound,
And ring thro' all the Vales and all the Towns around.
Cry with a loud and fearleſs Voice,
Let all thy Cities, *Paleſtine*, rejoyce.
Your ſinking Heads ye Towns of *Judah* reer
Behold your God your great Deliverer
In Perſon to your Aid advances near.

See where th' Almighty Conq'rour takes the Field ;
In his ſtrong Hand what Terrors does he wield?
How dreadful are his Steps? how bright his Sword and Shield?
See how the Forreſts at his Preſence bow
How ſilently the Rivers flow.
How do the Plains, thro' which he marches, ſmoke!
How do the troubled Mountains rock!
He needs the Aid of no Confed'rate Pow'r,
His ſingle Arms will Victory enſure.
He brings to crown the Juſt a bright Reward,
And for the Wicked Vengeance has prepar'd.

He as a faithful Shepherd, will attend
His Flock with tender Care, and condeſcend
To carry in his Arms the Feeble Lambs,
And gently lead the pregnant Dams.
His People in his Word may reſt ſecure,
For Boundleſs, as his Mercy, is his Pow'r.

In the wide hollow of his Hand may ſleep
All the collected Waters of the Deep :
Let all the Rivers too be thither roll'd,
The vaſt Abyſs will yet more Seas and Rivers hold.
His Span acroſs the wideſt Heav'ns can ſtretch,
And the vaſt Void beyond 'em over-reach.
The Rocks and Hills he in a Ballance lays
And high amid'ſt the Air th' uplifted Mountains weighs.
This Globe when held in his Capacious Hand,
Seems a ſmall Atome, or a ſingle Sand.

When

When God the Draughts of Heav'n and Earth design'd,
And form'd the noble Platform in his Mind,
Did any skilful Architect
Help him his wondrous Model to correct?
When he the World's Foundations laid
And rais'd the lofty Pillars with his Hand,
To give him or Advice or Aid
Did any Wiſe Surveyor by him ſtand?
Did he from any, Counſel need
How in Creation to proceed?
When by a thouſand Wonders wrought
His vaſt Deſign was to perfection brought,
What Councellour of State did him inſtruct
The World his Creature to conduct?
Who taught him how the Univerſe to ſway,
And form the Maxims of his Government,
To ſettle Nature in a ſtedy Way,
And all deſtructive Uproar to prevent?
How, where ten thouſand Creatures diſagree,
To make their Motions end in perfect Harmony?
How with unerring Methods to purſue
The glorious Ends he had at firſt in view?

God does the Nations of the World regard
As a ſmall drop with the vaſt Deep compar'd;
Or Duſt that in the Ballance gives no Weight
To preſs the Scale and change its equal State.
God by their rocky Roots takes up the Hills,
And from their Oazy Beds the Iſles.

He hurls them from their former Seat,
As things of neither Bulk, nor Weight.

O *Lebanon* whoſe ſpacious Head
Is with aſpiring Cedars ſpread,
With Wood ſufficient is thy Forreſt ſtor'd,
Or can it Beaſts enough afford
For a Burnt off'ring for all Nature's Lord?
Againſt him ſhould the Nations riſe
He would neglect their weak alarms,
This wretched Hoſt of Worms he would deſpiſe,
And laugh at empty Vanity in Arms.
If God the Spring of Life and Pow'r
By whoſe ſupplys his various Worlds endure,
Held back his Streams, Mankind would ſoon expire,
Diſſolve, and into nothing ſtrait retire.

Since his Perfections ſo tranſcendent are,
What Image can his Being repreſent?
What can you with Almighty Strength compare?
What Figure of Infinity invent?
The ſenſeleſs Heathens to the Artiſt run
Who deals in Deities of Wood and Stone;
The Fools beſpeak an Antick lacker'd God
To Guard their Perſons, and Abode.

The melted Metal in the Furnace flows
Then in the Mould the ſtiff'ning Idol glows:
And when their God grows Hard and Cold,
The Workman makes him fine, and daubs him o'er with Gold.

The

The Crowd their gaudy Deity admire
Th' effect of Art, the Creature of the Fire.
Then leaſt their Feeble God ſhould fall
With Silver Chains they fix him to the Wall.
A likely Guardian this, to ſave
The Men, that his Protection crave.

The Man that's grown ſo Indigent and Poor
He can't an Off'ring for his God procure,
To Idols he's ſo much inclind,
Will ways to get Materials find,
And to engage the chiefeſt Artiſt's Care
A Graven Image to prepare.
Tho' after all his Coſt and Pains
The worthleſs Piece fixt in his Place remains.
It can't advance a Step, or move a Hand
In his Defence that does his help demand.

Ye Pagan Realms that cover'd lie
With the thick Darkneſs of Idolatry,
How can a Truth to all reveal'd,
As clear as Day, be ſtill from you conceal'd?
That is, that God's the only God, to whom
You ſhould with humble Adoration come.
The Starry Heav'ns which he has made,
The Earth whoſe deep Foundations he has laid,
His Being and his Majeſty declare,
And ſhew how boundleſs his Perfections are:

Above the Circle of the Earth, on high
He ſits enthron'd amidſt th' Emperial Sky;
Whence when he caſts his Eyes around,
And views the Earth hung low in Air,
As little Inſects creeping on the Ground,
Contemptible Mankind appear.
The Heav'nly Sphears as Curtains he expands,
With Orbs of Light Magnificent,
His fine tranſparent Ether with his Hands,
He ſpreads to form his Royal Tent.
He at his Pleaſure can deſtroy
The Kings that greateſt Pow'r and Wealth enjoy.
He can their royal Heads uncrown
And from their Thrones can caſt them headlong down.
Deep Root they ſhall not take nor ſpread
Amidſt the Clouds their ſhady Head.
Blaſted, and with th' Almighty's Breath oppreſt,
As with a furious Tempeſt from the Eaſt,
Their ruin'd Branches ſhall decay,
And fade, like with'ring Plants, away.

Where then, ſays God, can Men my Equal ſee?
What Object can reſemble me?
Lift up, O Man, on high thy wond'ring Eyes,
Regard the Palace of the Holy One,
View the bright Conſtellations of the Skies
Where he has fixt his Adamantine Throne.
Did not th' Eternal from th' Abyſs of Night
Call forth thoſe Heav'ns, and all thoſe Orbs of Light?

Do they not run their Courſes and diſpence
At his Command their Light and Influence?
He their great Gen'ral Day by Day
Draws out his glitt'ring Armys in Array.
In conſtant Muſters on th' Etherial Plains
The Squadrons he reviews, and all their Poſts ordains.
As Maſter of his Starry Family,
He calls his ſhining Servants out by Name,
Gives them their Tasks to which they all agree,
Whereby his Pow'r and Greatneſs they proclaim.

Why doſt thou ſay, O *Jacob*, I complain,
And make to God my moan in Vain.
He to my Sorrow no Compaſſion ſhows,
Neglects my Tears, and diſregards my Woes.
The proud Oppreſſors cruel Yoke
Does not his vengeful Wrath provoke.
I am no more th' Almighty's Care,
Elſe he would hear my mournful Pray'r,
And not deſert me in my deep Deſpair.
He'll be no more my Advocate,
My Cauſe to manage in debate.
He will no more my Injuries redreſs,
No more condemn my Foes, who me oppreſs.
He's pleas'd ſo long his People to diſown,
That now our Caſe is deſp'rate grown.
Now, if he would, he can't aſſiſtance give,
We're ruin'd, and undone, paſt all retrieve.

O,

O, doſt thou not unthoughtful *Jacob*, know
Who made the Heav'ns above and Earth below?
Did not thy God, th' Eternal Lord
Create them with his great commanding Word?
He rules the World he made, with equal Laws,
Will ſuch a God deſert his Peoples Cauſe?
Will he that all things wiſely does direct,
His People's Intereſts neglect,
Will he their Suff'rings ſlight, and earneſt Pray'rs reject?

He grows not faint, nor does his Vigour waſt
With Age, or with his Labour paſt.
His undeclining Strength feels no decay,
Still can he puniſh thoſe who diſobey.
He can as ſtrong an arm as e'er extend
To cruſh his Foes, his People to defend.
Nor dos he with a leſs attentive Ear
The Crys of guiltleſs Suff'rers hear:
But then the Seaſons of Deliv'rance reſt
As Secrets in th' Almighty's Breaſt.
The Depths of Providence are fathomleſs,
Nor will its Heights admit acceſs,
And therefore in his Pleaſure Man muſt Acquieſce.
He to his People ſtill Deliv'rance ſends
When it promotes their Good, and ſerves his glorious Ends.
His Counſels, which ſo far exceed our reach,
Sould Patience and Submiſſion teach.

He

He gives ſupplies of Pow'r to thoſe that want,
Strengthens the Feeble and revives the Faint.
The Youngeſt Men in whoſe diſtended Veins,
And brawny Nerves Athletic Vigor reigns,
If they on God ſhould not rely,
Would quickly languiſh, ſink and die.
But thoſe who humbly on his Strength depend,
Their ſtock of Vigor ne'er ſhall ſpend.
He'll reinforce them with recruits of Pow'r,
And their decaying Strength reſtore.
They ſhall on Wings like Eagles mount on high,
And with like force and ſwiftneſs cut the Sky.
They ſhall or Walk or Run, ſtill forward preſs,
And ne'er complain of Wearineſs.
God daily ſhall their Strength encreaſe,
That they their Burdens may ſuſtain with Eaſe,
Till he ſhall chuſe his time his Captives to releaſe.

Part of the LII

And the whole

LIII Chap. of Iſaiah,

PARAPHRAS'D.

MY Servant ſhall acquire divine Renown,
And regal Honours ſhall his Temples crown.
Kings at his Feet their Diadems ſhall lay,
And all the willing World his Empire ſhall obey.
His Godlike Government and righteous Laws
From Men and Angels ſhall receive applauſe.
He ſhall his own and Subjects Rights maintain,
Protect his Friends, Oppreſſors rage reſtrain,
And everlaſting Peace ſhall bleſs his glorious Reign.
As Men at his Affliction were amaz'd
And on his wondrous Woe with Horror gaz'd,
(Whoſe Face was ſo deform'd, his Fleſh ſo worn
With all the Toyl and Torments he had born,
No Eye e'er ſaw, no Tongue can e'er expreſs
Such perfect Grief ſuch infinite diſtreſs.)
So ſhall he be exalted and his height,
Shall bear proportion to his humble ſtate.

His Heav'nly Doctrines on the Nations round
Shall fall as dropping Rain upon the Ground.

Attentive Monarchs with a greedy Ear
Shall all his wiſe Divine Inſtructions hear.
They'll with profound Humility receive
The Oracles and Counſels he ſhall give.
No more their impious Tongues ſhall him condemn,
No more Religion or its God blaſpheme.
His Godlike Wiſdom they ſhall all adore,
And joyful Tydings hear they never heard before.
Tydings that new and wondrous Things aſſert,
That God the Nations will at length convert
And of his Kingdom make the Heathen World a part.

CH. LIII. When the *Meſſiah* by his Love inclin'd
And tender Mercy mov'd to loſt Mankind,
From his Immortal Throne on high deſcends
To compaſs all his great and glorious Ends,
Who in the bleſt Redeemer will believe?
Who'll the Divine Commiſſioner receive,
Or to his Heav'nly Meſſage Credit give?
He'll not advance in Pomp and regal State,
No ſhouting Crowds ſhall on his Chariot wait.
No Harbengers or Heralds ſhall proclaim
His coming down, and ſpread abroad his Fame.
He ſhall no Guards, no long Retinue take
Like earthly Kings that Publick Entrys make.
He'll not as Lords and mighty Conq'rours do,
Vaſt Armys head the Nations to ſubdue,
And found an Empire for th' ambitious Jew.

Mean

Mean and obſcure ſhall be my Servants Birth,
As that of Plants in dry and barren Earth.
Expecting ſome great Gen'ral ſhould ariſe
The Jews his Poor Extraction ſhall deſpiſe.
They will his Sacred Perſon too condemn,
And the great Pow'r and Word of God blaſpheme.
As his Condition and his Birth are low,
Mean and deſpis'd, his Perſon too is ſo.
They'll in his Face no Air of Greatneſs ſee,
Nor in his Mien the marks of Majeſty.
He'll by uncommon Beauty ne'er be known
Diſtinguiſh'd by Calamity alone.
His Preſence will not cauſe or Love, or Aw,
But great Contempt from all Spectators draw.
Hence Men will my Commiſſioner neglect,
And all his gracious Overtures reject.
His Life ſhall be but one continu'd Chain
Of Labour, Sorrow, and conſuming Pain.
He dayly ſhall converſe with Grief and Woe,
And with Affliction ſhall familiar grow.
Unmeaſured Suff'rings, exquiſite Diſtreſs,
And pondrous Trouble ſhall his Soul oppreſs.
Theſe ſad Companions ſhall around him ſtay,
Conſume his Fleſh and on his Vitals prey.

Th' obdurate Jews my Servant will defame,
And of his low Eſtate expreſs their Shame.
The guiltleſs, juſt and wondrous Man ſhall bear
Such heavy Grief and Torments ſo ſevere

Th' Almighty's high diſpleaſure to atone
For other Mens Tranſgreſſions, not his own.
He ſhall the whole Collected Guilt aſſume
Of loſt Mankind, and ſuffer in their room;
Yet will the ſpiteful Jew blaſpheme, and ſay
That God did all this Vengeance on him lay
To puniſh his enormous Crimes, who ne'er
Was known from Virtue's ſtricteſt Rule to err.
No, our Offences all his Pains procure,
For our Tranſgreſſions he'll his Wounds endure.
By his moſt free and merciful Conſent
He'll undergo the mighty Puniſhment
Due to the Sins of Men, and ſo remove
Th' Almighty's Wrath, and make our Peace above.
He on his Guiltleſs ſelf our Guilt ſhall take,
And by his Suff'rings full attonement make.
By his ſharp Stripes he'll Eaſe to us procure,
And by his Death Eternal Life enſure.

Since *Adam* fell, all his degenerate Kind
The Heav'nly Paths of Virtue have declin'd:
Fond of their own pernicious, ſinful way
They're loſt like ſtraggling Sheep and gone aſtray.
All-gracious God has on his Servant laid
The Sins of all, for all have diſobey'd.
All the black Streams of Guilt do hither flow
As all the Rivers to the Ocean go.
He that ſo vaſt a load would not decline,
Muſt ſure be conſcious of a Strength Divine.

Juſtice incens'd did Puniſhment demand,
Exacting Payment at th' offenders Hand:
And ſince we could not pay ſo great a Sum,
The bleſt *Meſſiah* Surety did become.
He did himſelf the mighty Debt diſcharge
Due to offended Heav'n and Man enlarge.
When God's Right-Hand with Vengeance arm'd, deſign'd
To execute his Wrath on Humane Kind,
He interpoſing, on his Guiltleſs Head
Receiv'd the Blow, and ſuffer'd in our Stead.
For as the harmleſs Sheep beneath the Shears
Is Dumb, and all his Suff'rings meekly bears,
Dos ev'n without Reſiſtance, Noiſe or Strife
When to the Slaughter led, lay down his Life:
With like Submiſſion does the Lamb of God,
Bear furious Perſecution's Iron Rod.
In proſecution of his bleſt deſign
His Pains he'll undergo, his Life reſign
Serene as Heav'n, and mild as Love Divine.

'Tis true, at laſt he ſhall ſurmount his Woes,
Break all the Pow'rs, that his high Aims oppoſe,
And Triumph o'er the Malice of his Foes.
He'll from the Iron Priſons of the Dead,
And from the Duſt raiſe his Victorious Head:
He ſhall with brighter Glory to the Skys
After a red and bloody Seting riſe.
The Conq'rour ſhall aſcend in Royal State,
And Death it ſelf in Chains ſhall on him wait:

When

When thus Exalted he ſhall live to ſee
A numberleſs believing Progeny.
Of his Adopted Sons the Godlike Race
Exceed the Stars that Heav'n's high Arches grace.
A willing Victim he reſign'd his Breath
In all the Tortures of a ling'ring Death.
To ſuffer as a Criminal convey'd.
The Grave his Bed he with the Wicked made.
Tho' ſo much Pain and Shame he underwent,
Yet was he Righteous, Pure and Innocent.
He all his Ignominious Torments bore,
Man to his Maker's Favour to reſtore.
To raiſe laps'd *Adam*'s Race from Death and Hell
To the moſt happy State from whence they fell.

Tho' he was juſt and ſpotleſs, yet his God
Was pleas'd to bruiſe and wound him with his Rod.
When that a Ranſom may for Man be paid
He of his Life an Off'ring ſhall have made,
He from the Grave ſhall as a Conq'rour come,
And next his Father's Throne his former Seat reſume.
Where he ſhall dwell ſecure from Death and Pain,
And endleſs, as his Life, ſhall be his Reign.
A numerous Seed a pure and Godlike Line
Breathing Repentance, and Belief Divine,
Quicken'd by his Prolific Death ſhall crown
His Suff'rings paſt, and him their Father own.
His work compleated he'll with great content
Review the Torments which he underwent.

He ſhall enjoy the Travel of his Soul ;
Pleas'd to have drank th' Almighty's wrathful Bowl.
The Glory of his Father he'll regard
And Man's Redemption as a ful reward.
For by his Knowledge and Celeſtial Grace
He'll many ſave of *Adam's* ſinful Race.
He of their Guilt ſhall the vaſt Burden bear,
Shall all their Debt by Sin contracted clear,
And at th' Almighty's Bar their Advocate appear.

Therefore th' Eternal ſaid, above the Skys
My righteous Servant ſhall in Triumph riſe.
He with the Mighty and the Great ſhall ſhare
Renown, Applauſes, and the Spoils of War.
Wide as the World ſhall be his regal Sway,
And ſubject Monarchs ſhall his Laws obey.
He all triumphant Conq'rours ſhall excel,
Rich with the ſpoils of Death, the Grave and Hell.
His Chariot-Wheels ſhall drag along the ground
Deſtruction ruin'd with a deadly Wound.
Captivity expos'd to publick ſcorn,
A fetter'd Slave his triumph ſhall adorn.
Theſe Honours on my Servant I'll confer,
Becauſe he choſe the Pains of Death to bear,
From Man impending Vengeance to avert,
And of the ruin'd Race a choſen part
To ſave from Death and Hell, their due deſert.

THE
III Ch. of Habakkuk.
PARAPHRAS'D.

AS God advanc'd from lofty *Teman*'s Head,
And o'er the Plains of *Paran* came,
The Heav'ns around were with his glory ſpread,
And Wonders on the Earth his Preſence did proclaim.
He did the Marks of Majeſty diſplay,
And fearful Enſigns of Omnipotence,
Ten thouſand Prodigys prepar'd his way,
Such Power th' Almighty did diſpence.

Torrents of Glory dazling bright,
Too fierce and keen for Humane Sight
Broke from th' immenſe Abyſs of uncreated Light.
Ev'n from his Hands a bright Eruption came,
A pointed Efflux of Immortal Flame.
Tranſcendant Splendor did th' Almighty ſhroud;
No leſs than did the thick ſurrounding Cloud.
His Being thus lay hidden either way,
In too much Darkneſs, or in too much Day.

Of thirſty, panting Plagues a fiery Train,
Pale Peſtilence and yelling Pain,

His dreadful Equipage, before him ran,
And of his Terrors led the Van.
While Famine, Deſolation and Deſpair,
Wringing their Hands and tearing off their Hair,
A formidable Troop, came howling in the Reer.

Th' Almighty on the Frontiers made a ſtand
To meaſure out the promis'd Land.
He did diſtinctly circumſcribe
Th' Inheritance of every Tribe.
That done the Nations he aſunder drove,
And march'd the Lords of *Canaan* to remove.

His ſwift-wing'd Whirlwinds onward flew,
And o'er the Hills his Chariot drew;
Whoſe awful Wheels roll'd on in Clouds and Smoke,
Whence Flakes of Fire and flaſhing Lightnings broke.
Such Bolts were caſt, ſuch Thunder claps did roar,
As ſhook the Rocks which never ſhook before.
The ſhudd'ring Hills expreſt their dread
And everlaſting Mountains bow'd their aged Head.

When *Iſr'el* march'd o'er dry *Arabia's* Sand,
By *Moſes* led to *Canaan's* Land,
How were the States on either ſide
At their approach alarm'd and terrify'd?
How did the Tents of *Cuſhan* ſhake?
How did the Kings of *Midian* quake?
How did they dread the Fame of *Iſr'el's* God,
And his great Gen'ral's wonder-working Rod?

That

That Rod which turn'd to Cryſtal Walls the Flood,
Its Virtue ſtill retains,
And in the trembling Heathens Veins
Chills and congeals their Vital Streams of Blood.

Did e'er the Rivers God diſpleaſe?
Or did his Anger riſe againſt the Seas,
That he their Waters did divide,
And roll'd them up on Heaps on either ſide,
When he prepar'd his warlike Equipage
His Chariots and his Horſe King *Pharoah* to engage?
No, thoſe amazing Miracles were ſhown
To make his kindneſs to his People known.
His Chariots and his Horſemen brought
Salvation to the Tribes, for whom he fought.

He did his fatal Bow prepare,
And all his dreadful Inſtruments of War,
Which put the Pagan Lords to flight
And from their Country chas'd the Cananite.
Thus to his Promiſe God was true
Which to the Tribes he did ſo oft renew.

As *Iſrael*'s Hoſt advanc'd to *Canaan*'s Land,
Oppreſt with drought amidſt the Sand.
Refreſhing Streams were in the Deſart found,
And bubbling Springs broke from the thirſty Ground.
Inſtead of Fire th' Almighty ſtruck
Freſh Water from the Flinty Rock.

When

When God in Triumph did appear,
The lofty Mountains ſhook for fear.
Jordan held back his cleaving Flood
And high in Craggy Heaps the Cryſtal Waters ſtood.
Bare and defrauded of its Tyde,
The ſandy Chanel lay from ſide to ſide;
This Paſſage for the Tribes th' Almighty did provide.
Th' obſequious Deep did raiſe its roaring Voice
And ſplit aſunder with prodigious noiſe
It ſhew'd as if by lifting up the Hand
It's Readineſs t' obey the high Command.

At God's command the reſtleſs Sun
That as a Gyant loves his Courſe to run,
Did in his full Carreer his Chariot ſtay
On Heav'ns Deſcent, and ſtopt the falling Day.
Progreſſive Time was at a ſtand,
His drooping Wings unable to expand.
The Conſtellations, and th' aſtoniſh'd Moon,
Halted to gaze upon the ſtanding Sun.
So long its ling'ring Orb its Light did lend
As *Joſhuah*'s Troops had Spears to ſpend;
As long as they had Darts to caſt away,
Or there remain'd a Foe to ſlay.

In Indignation God thro' *Canaan* paſt,
And with his terrible alarms
And Conq'ring Arms
He chas'd the Kings, and laid the Nations waſt.

Iſr'els

Iſr'els Salvation to compleat
He onward march'd the Heathen to defeat.
To ſave his People and to crown
Great *Joſua*'s Arms with Triumph and Renown,
To *Canaan*'s Kings he gave a deadly Wound
And did their Friends and Familys confound.
He overthrew their Palaces
Th' Imperial Seats of Pride and Wickedneſs.
He broke the Pillars that ſuſtain'd their weight,
And raz'd the ſtrong Foundations of their State.

God did by *Iſr'el*'s Arms ſubdue
Their Towns and all their Villages o'erthrew.
Tho' at the firſt the Nations round aroſe
And like a Tempeſt did our March oppoſe,
They onward came with Shouts of Joy
As ſure the Tribes they ſhould deſtroy:
They did our Army ſo much ſlight
They thought they came to Plunder, not to fight.
O *Iſrael*, in deſpight of theſe alarms,
In ſpite of all their Plots and Arms:
Thou with thy Conq'ring Sword didſt make thy way,
From *Jordan's* Flood to the great Weſtern Sea.

Thus for the Tribes th' Almighty did appear,
Once to their God his People were ſo dear.
But now he threatens to employ
Aſſyrian Arms his People to deſtroy.
For this my Blood hangs curdled in my Veins,
And ſtrong Convulſions rend my tortur'd Reins

My

My Bones all rattle in their rocking Frame,
And in my Heart Fear damps the Vital Flame.
Horror my Spirits does poſſeſs,
Nor can my quiv'ring Lips one perfect word expreſs.
I Tremble now, and Weep and Mourn,
That when the ſad amazing Turn
Shall happen, and the gloomy Day
Of Vengeance all its Terrors ſhall diſplay;
Safe from the Tempeſt I may find,
Peace in my Houſe, and Comfort in my Mind.
I'll to th' Almighty's Mercy fly
And on his faithful Providence rely,
When *Babylon's* inſulting King
Shall all his fierce and numerous Armys bring,
Armys to Blood and Rapine bred,
To pull down *Iſr'el's* lofty Head,
And dreadful Deſolation o'er our Citys ſpread

And then tho' Famine ſhould invade,
Tho' Plants and Flow'rs and Fruits ſhould fade;
Tho' on the Vine no Cluſters ſhould appear,
And tho' the Fig-tree ſhould no Bloſſoms bear;
Tho' th' Olive yields not to the Dreſſer Oyl,
And barren Fields defeat the Farmer's toyl;
Tho' the high Folds no bleating Flocks ſurround,
And in the Stalls no lowing Heards are found;
Yet I'll rejoyce in God my ſure defence,
And in his Strength repoſe my Confidence.

Still

Still will I truſt him ſtill I will believe,
That he will *Iſr'el*'s Captive State retrieve:
That to our Country he'll our Sons reſtore,
And reſcue them from *Babyloniſh* Pow'r.

FINIS.